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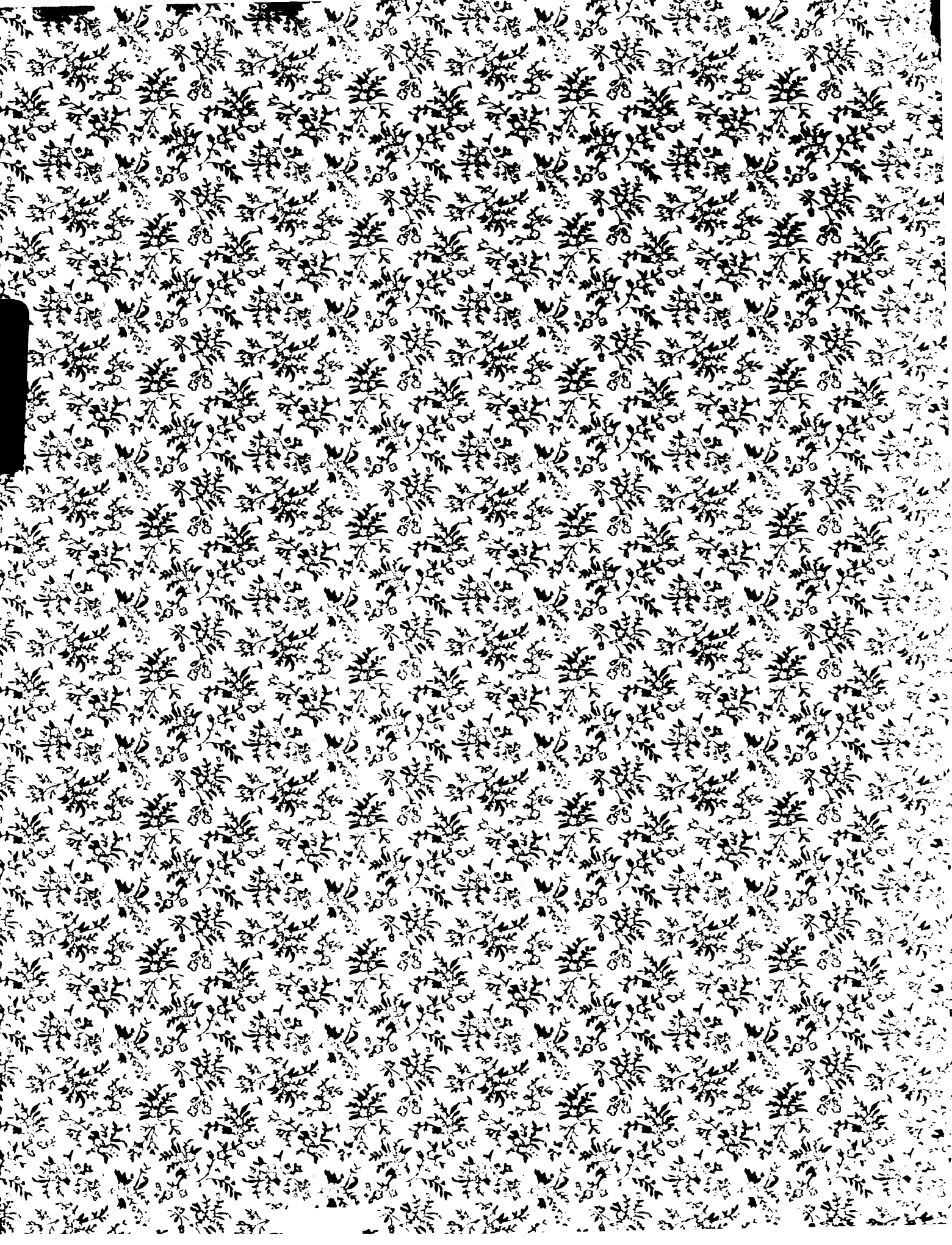

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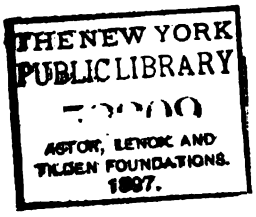

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OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL." MATT. V. 7.

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SPORT

THE COMMON SENSE OF HUMANITY

THERE are not a few clear-headed and right-minded men who imagine that humane societies are composed of amiable sentimentalists, and that their work, though on the whole it may be kindly and to that extent praiseworthy, is not founded on any principle of absolute right, nor conducted under any fixed rules of common sense. In short, the aims and purposes of humane societies are quite commonly supposed to be purely sentimental. Many of their most ardent supporters are satisfied to aid them on that ground alone; and they are regarded at the best with friendly indifference by many men who look upon matters of mere sentiment with something like contempt.

If these impressions were just, it would not follow that the work of humane societies is either useless or contemptible. The moral nature includes right sentiment as well as right reason; the noblest acts of human life have their motives in the heart rather than in the head; and there has never yet been any great advance of civilization in which sentiment has not been one of the most powerful factors.

Nevertheless, we do not admit that humanity is merely sentiment. We maintain that it is founded in the noblest instincts of our nature, that it is grounded on eternal principles of right and justice, and that its foundations are laid in the very constitution of the animated universe. On the truth of this conviction we should be ready to stake the fortunes of our cause; and since it is a cause which we hold to appeal most of all to men of enlightened reason, cultivated understanding, and just judgment, it is to such men that we address ourselves in the present article.

PHYSICAL SUFFERING—ITS USE AND ABUSE

The one thing which distinguishes the animal

world from the rest of the creation is the possession of sensibility. So far as we know, only animals can feel. But sensibility includes the faculty of enjoyment, and with it the faculty of suffering. We are not here concerned with the reason of these facts. We confess them to be mysterious and inexplicable; but they are facts for all that, and, on the whole, they seem to be beneficent facts. Enjoyment, more or less consciously appreciated, is the natural condition of a living creature; when it suffers, it is because something in the operation of its physical structure is disordered. It is warned by the experience of suffering to avoid causes of physical disorder, and if it fails to do so, suffering continues, and the end is death. In the age-long operation of nature, the training of suffering constrains the animated universe to obey the laws which govern and promote its well-being; the "survival of the fittest" is the reward of their obedience; and, if the doctrine of evolution is to be accepted, the development of the higher species from the lower would seem to be their promotion from a lower to a higher plane of physical order. Thus, the suffering of sentient beings appears to be no purposeless or arbitrary thing, but a divinely necessary agent both for the preservation of the individual and for the evolution of the species. Now, if suffering is introduced by human wilfulness, what does it mean? It means that human wilfulness has introduced disorder into nature, interrupting its divinely appointed course, and introducing unreason into its beneficent operations. The statement needs no further argument; a bare inspection of the facts shows, that cruelty, which is the arbitrary infliction of needless suffering on sentient beings, is distinctly and purely diabolical.

THE INJUSTICE OF CRUELTY

Natural religion, no less than revealed religion, teaches that the cardinal virtues of man, on which his personal and social well-being depend, are temperance (or moderation), fortitude, prudence, and justice; but the greatest of these is justice. The just man can do no wrong, either to the least or to the greatest, to the strongest or to the weakest. Justice has no favorites. In the use of power it is as faithful to the helpless as to the strong, and true justice will be even more considerate of the helpless than of those who have the power of self-defence. True justice will observe the laws of right not only between man and man, but between man and nature. It will violate no law of nature; it will be considerate of the right of life and well-being which belongs to every creature in the universe of nature. To avoid wrong even to the least, it will be temperate in the use of power, prudent in foreseeing the consequences of its action, and in every circumstance it will exhibit conscientious self-control. But the needless infliction of suffering on any creature is self-evident injustice; wanton cruelty is a wilful outrage on the elementary principles of justice; and no man who is reckless of the suffering of any living creature can be called a just man. Therefore, the sentiment of humanity is neither more nor less than a spiritual apprehension of the demands of justice.

THE LOVE OF HUNTING

Paradoxical as it may seem, it appears from what has been said above, that one purpose of suffering is to insure right living, to promote enjoyment, and to preserve life. But it will not do to overlook the universal fact that death has its appointed place in the order of nature. It is idle to ask why this should be, for no answer to that question has ever yet been found. We may comfort ourselves with a belief that since death is the inevitable end of every physical life, death itself must have its place in the due order of nature; that it cannot, therefore, be an evil in itself; and that even to the individual which seems to perish, as well as to the multitudinous life which goes on living, death may not be a calamity. Think of it, however, as we may, we have to face the fact of death as a mysterious incident in the order of nature; and we have to face this further fact, that in the economy of nature, the death of some is made the means of life to others. We talk of carnivorous animals, but the truth is, that the great majority of animals are more or less carnivorous, and that even those that do not eat flesh, do constantly, though unconsciously, consume or destroy a multitude of other creatures. Man is no exception to the rule. From the lowest stages of savagery to the highest state of civilization, man is carnivorous. We are free to say that we should be glad if he were not so. It would be pleasant to think that human life at least depended for its maintenance on the destruction of no other life. But the facts are against that; and in the use of an enlightened common sense we have to regard the facts. In the first condition in which mankind appeared upon the earth, ages before the earliest

records of history, he was to a large extent, and in some regions almost exclusively, carnivorous. At the dawn of civilization in every race there appears to have been a hunting period in which the faculties and ingenuity of man were trained for higher things by the daily activities of the chase; and it is remarkable that the strongest races have invariably retained the hunting instinct in the most remarkable degree. Indeed, the wars of conquest by which various races have become great have been little else than hunting expeditions in which men and not beasts have been the objects of the chase. It is remarkable, too, that when the hunting instinct has been prematurely repressed by the conditions of life or by non-natural causes, an abnormal love of cruel pastimes, or some other exhibition of the perverted instinct, has appeared. The bloody conflicts of the Roman Coliseum and the monkish cruelties of mediæval Europe illustrate this truth most painfully. We are obliged, therefore, to concede, not only that use of animal food is lawful to human beings, but that the hunting instinct is originally natural, and that its just indulgence may be lawful. To take animal life for the sustenance of human life is not contrary to the order of nature, always provided, however, that the lower life which is sacrificed to sustain the higher be not subjected to the horrible injustice of needless cruelty. Indeed, justice requires that those whose lives are to be supported by the death of other creatures should feel bound to see that death is not inflicted on them with unnecessary suffering.

THREE LAWS OF SPORT

We are now prepared to apply to the subject of sport, as it is called, certain admitted principles of justice and humanity. We do not deny that animals may be lawfully killed for human food, or for any other purpose of real utility to man, either in the hunting field or elsewhere; but even there we must hold that even the laws of justice, and of humanity which is an essential part of justice, have their place. The brutish love of killing for the sake of killing is repulsive to a true sportsman. The true sportsman is something different from an amateur butcher. We have known an angler, fishing in a lake of Minnesota, far from human habitations, to reel in his line after a half hour of unusually successful sport, because, he said, "this is not fishing; this is merely *killing fish!*" His sense of honor as a sportsman would not allow him to "kill fish" that could not be used. The true sportsman will not kill for killing's sake.

Again, the clumsy owner of a gun is not a sportsman. He wounds often, and kills seldom. No man has a right to kill one bird and send a dozen to die miserably of their wounds. If a man would hunt, he should learn to use his weapons before he risks the infliction of incalculable suffering on innocent creatures. But in gaining skill he should inflict no suffering. Such barbarities as that of pigeon shooting ought to be indignantly condemned by all true sportsmen, and we trust the time is not far off when that shameful barbarity of miscalled "sport" will cease. We do not condemn the "sport" of hunting, but we do not pretend to love it; and we think that all true sportsmen will agree with us in laying down these rules: first, that mere killing is not sport; second, that the clumsy wounding of game is not sport; and third, that the use of living creatures as mere marks for the acquisition of dexterity or the display of skill is abominable cruelty. For our own part, we confess that, although we would not overstrain mere sentiment beyond the line of common sense, we think the better way is that of the old verse:

> "Never to mix our pleasure or our pride
> With suffering to the meanest thing that lives."

THE PRESS AND THE SOCIETY

WHEN we look back only a few years, and remember how Mr. Bergh was opposed by some of the newspapers, and was laughed at by nearly all, it is a great encouragement to observe how thoroughly the whole press of this city now sympathizes with the work and object of our Society. *The World*, for example, has introduced into its Sunday edition a form of subscription by which young persons may pledge themselves to protect animals. We congratulate *The World* on this humane feature of its Sunday edition, and we trust that the example may be followed by other great journals. We observe, too, that reporters are always open-eyed to note cases of cruelty; but we would suggest that they might do more to prevent cruelty by reporting such cases to this Society, than by merely finding fault because no member of our small force happens to be at hand when a particular case of cruelty occurs. The force at the command of the Society is small;

the officers cannot be everywhere at once. There is no class of men in the whole community who could render such service to the cause of humanity as the reporters. We can assure them that their coöperation will always be welcome; that any complaints which may be made by them will be vigorously prosecuted; and that they themselves, as far as possible, will be exempted from needless trouble in the prosecution of such cases.

A happy relation exists between the press and the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in London. The editor of *Truth*, for example, is constantly on the outlook for cases of inhumanity, and the organ of the Society has taken occasion publicly to thank him for his indefatigable zeal. We are not less indebted to the New York press for valuable assistance, even when it takes, as it occasionally does, the form of what we know to be unmerited censure. We are ready to welcome even censure when it indicates an interest in the cause of humanity. We prefer to hear an outcry against cruelty, though it be accompanied with blame that is not justly due to us, rather than to have humanity neglected by the press. Nevertheless, we think that the press will do more for humanity by helping us and working with us than by scolding us when we are not to blame. We are glad that they have taken up the cause of dumb sufferers from human cruelty and heedlessness. We count much on their aid in making our work more and more efficient.

GLANDERS AGAIN

HOW easily glanders may be spread among the horses of a great city has been apparent in the recent experience of London, where between two and three hundred horses were actually destroyed by it in the year 1891. A single company of horse owners lost animals of the value of fifty thousand dollars, and it is said that in the year 1890 the loss of other companies was even greater. Recently two women living over an infected stable have fallen victims to this horrible disease, and a coach builder who had ignorantly purchased a diseased horse has shared their fate. Naturally enough, these facts have alarmed the public, and, as a measure of precaution, the public drinking-troughs have been closed. It is extremely doubtful whether this precaution will not cause more suffering in the extreme heat of the present season than it will prevent; and, with prompt action at an earlier stage, no such measure would have been necessary. Unfortunately, the English law for the prevention of the spread of glanders is cumbrous in its provisions and slow in its operation. It is to be hoped that the present experience will lead to the adoption of quicker and more efficient methods.

In this country the loathsome and fatal disease of glanders exists as well as in England, and in a city like New York it might at any time become alarmingly prevalent. That it has not done so is in some measure attributable to the vigilance of this Society. In this matter, as in many others, humanity is good economy, and we venture to suggest that there is no class of people in the city of New York whom an enlightened self-interest ought to dispose to a more liberal support of the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals than the large class of persons who use horses for business and pleasure.

CRUEL WOMEN AND THOUGHTLESS CLERGYMEN.

IT is not unusual for women to denounce the inhumanities of sport. Their tender hearts revolt at the thought of taking pleasure in killing, but many of them are willing to encourage wholesale slaughter for the gratification of their love of ornament. This observation does not apply only to "society women" or "women of the world." It applies equally well to women of religious character, but of thoughtless conduct. It was observed, for example, at the recent meeting of the Christian Endeavor Societies in this city, that nearly all of the girls and women in attendance had their hats and bonnets decorated with the feathers of innocent birds which had been wantonly slaughtered for the simple purpose of gratifying female vanity. The extent to which this atrocious cruelty is carried is astonishing. The gun, the trap, and even electricity, are used for the destruction of millions of birds of every sort whose feathers can be used by the milliner. M. Raspail writes that fifteen thousand five hundred small birds, including nightingales, red-throats, fly-catchers, warblers, and many other song birds, were caught in nets last summer, in two forests only, in the department of Meurthe and Moselle, and were killed in cold blood for the sake of their plumage. In that same province M. Raspail says that at least 1,200,000 little birds are destroyed in the same way and for the same purpose

every year; and all the world over a like destruction is carried on in order to minister to the female love of ornament. It is not too much to say that the woman who wears a dead bird as an ornament bears a mark of her own heartless or thoughtless inhumanity.

We think, and we take leave to say, that the clergy are responsible for this inhuman freak of fashion. The clergy are the moral teachers of mankind, and they profess to teach the doctrine of One who was Incarnate Divinity, and therefore the very Incarnation of Mercy. Yet, with some noteworthy and honorable exceptions, the clergy seldom speak of the sacred duty of humanity. If they did, their people would soon become humane from a deep sense of religious obligation, and not only from a natural tenderness of sentiment. We appeal to the clergy to do their duty in this matter, and to use their power to banish and drive away thoughtless cruelties which are a disgrace to humanity. What a farce it is for a congregation of Christian people to join in litanies, imploring the Divine Being to "have mercy upon *us*, miserable sinners," while one-half of their number are adorned with trophies of merciless slaughter inflicted upon myriads of God's most beautiful and most helpless creatures!

THE DESTRUCTION OF SPARROWS

IN the State of Illinois they have passed a law offering a bounty for the destruction of sparrows. The prejudice against these little birds, which is without just foundation, is not confined to the West, but is pretty generally entertained throughout the United States, until now an attempt to exterminate the sparrow has become an approved pastime for the gamin in our streets.

The only reason assigned for the attempted extermination of sparrows is that they quarrel with other birds, and that many of our native songsters are being driven from their homes among us to dense forests, where they have no fear of disturbance. If this were true, there might be some reason for destroying the sparrows as a measure of protection to other birds; but, in point of fact, it is the "craze" for the feathers and bodies of our beautiful birds, both large and small, to meet the demands of fashion, that is the real cause of the destruction of those lovely inhabitants of our woods and fields.

Sparrows are no more aggressive than other birds, except when they are obtaining food, and it was because of this characteristic that they were found so useful in destroying the vast multitude of worms that were denuding our trees of their leaves, and threatening the existence of some of the most ornamental shrubs we have in this country.

Thirty-five years ago it was hardly possible to go through a park or to pass under the trees that shaded our sidewalks, without being covered with unsightly measuring-worms. We imported sparrows from England to suppress this annoyance, and these little birds attacked the worms in such a determined way as to excite our admiration, and finally they completely rid us of the crawling scourge that had proved such a great discomfort.

Now that the sparrows have done the work we imported them to do, it is proposed by those who do not recognize their past usefulness and present preventive service to destroy them.

The Illinois enactment seems to have been abortive. *The Chicago News* says: "The sparrow law has been in operation for one month. During that time about ten thousand sparrows have been killed in Cook County, and there has gone along with this comparatively insignificant diminution in their ranks a quantity of damage greater than the birds could do in a year. As between 1,000,000 English sparrows and 10,000 small boys with air-guns, every sensible and two-eyed person will choose the sparrows every time. It is perfectly ridiculous to take the sparrow bounty act as a warrant for arming the boys of Chicago with a weapon fully as deadly as the ordinary 22-caliber revolver and turning them out to war upon sparrows, window-lights, street-lamps, or passengers' eyes, as an irresponsible and flighty fancy dictates. The fairly startling record published in the *Evening News* of cases of injured and destroyed eyes should be enough of itself to warrant a prompt suppression of the air-gun sparrow-hunter."

The above state of affairs is certainly not very pleasant, but we may anticipate a similar experience in this city, even in the absence of a law for the extermination of sparrows, if our boys, armed with air-guns and slings for throwing stones, are permitted to assail every sparrow they see within the corporate limits of New York.

HONORARY membership may be conferred by the Society for some conspicuous act of mercy: annual membership, five dollars; life membership, one hundred dollars.

AT HEADQUARTERS

THE extreme heat of the past few weeks has caused much suffering to animals as well as human beings. The officers of the Society have been constantly on duty, succoring horses which had been overcome by the heat.

Car horses, however, seemed to succumb more quickly than others, although every suggestion of the Society's veterinarians and officers was adopted by the railroad corporations for the relief of their horses. The patrol service rendered first aid to many hundred animals, including horses, mules, dogs, cats, etc. The ambulance was in demand day and night, and it was necessary to hire extra horses to draw the vehicle, in order that the regular teams of the Society might have their proper rest.

The horses of the Third Avenue railroad were in a most deplorable state. The cars are heavy, and the road is long and hilly. On an average twenty-five teams a week were suspended from labor, and as many more were sent to the stable from the several relay stations, being totally unfit for service. Every allowance was made for the weather, and no arrests were made until Bernard Winterfield, a driver of the Third Avenue Company, was found by Officer Corney trying to make a pair of worn-out horses pull a heavily loaded car. The poor creatures could hardly stand, much less drag a load, but Winterfield was determined to get to the depot with his human freight. The animals were unhitched from the car, put into an adjacent livery stable, and provided with food. Doctors Shaw and Dougherty were called in to examine them, and in addition to the other ailments, one of them was found to be diseased with glanders. "In all my experience with horses during the past twenty years in New York and elsewhere, I have never before seen such a wretched pair of animals," said Doctor Dougherty in his report of the case to President Haines. Winterfield was put under arrest, and on being arraigned before Judge Kilbreth at the Fourth District police court, stated that he had protested to the changer, one Mullane, against taking the team. On the strength of this statement the magistrate summoned Mullane to appear before him to answer to a charge of having caused and permitted the disabled animals to be worked. Both of the defendants were held for trial. In addition to the charge of cruelty, both men were held under heavy bail to answer the charge of exposing a glandered horse in the public streets. The defendants demanded a trial by jury. President Haines notified the Health Board of the glanders case, and that department sent their veterinary surgeon to examine every horse belonging to the Third Avenue corporation, with the result that *thirty-one* more cases of the disease were found in the company's stables.

"Why don't you proceed against the officials of the road instead of the poor drivers?" President Haines was asked. "Simply because it cannot be proved to the satisfaction of the court that the president of the corporation or any subordinate officer of the road was present when the disabled and diseased animals left the stable, or that the condition of the horses was known to them. It is fair to assume that the officers of the road knew the condition of the horses used in the service of the company, but that is not legal evidence. While the statute makes it a misdemeanor for a person to 'cause or permit' an animal to be ill-treated, it is absolutely necessary to prove guilty knowledge. When a driver is arraigned before a justice charged with cruelty to animals, the officers of the Society are very frequently asked by the magistrate: 'Why do you not arrest the owner of the horse?' Now suppose a man was found driving a horse totally unfit for labor, and the officer, after obtaining the name of the owner, should allow the driver to go, and then proceed to arrest the owner on the charge of 'permitting' the animal to be worked, the magistrate would demand the legal proof. The driver would be called to testify, and although a witness for the prosecution, he would give his testimony in favor of his employer, and the officer would appear to the court to have made an illegal arrest. On the other hand, if he should apply to the magistrate for a warrant before actually making the arrest, he would be told that the legal offender is the person who is found committing the offense, and that to arrest him is enough. It is morally certain, in nearly every case, that the officers of corporations are cognizant of the physical condition of their live stock, and they ought to be held criminally responsible for the omissions and neglects of their subordinates. It seems utterly unjust that a poor driver should be punished

for driving disabled horses, and that the employer whom he obeys should go unpunished; but the law says that the driver is the legal offender, and if the horse is to be protected, the driver must be prosecuted. It would please me much better to prosecute the master."

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PATRICK CONNOLLY, of Mount Vernon, Westchester Co., was prosecuted on August 16 for having docked the tail of his employer's horse. The operation was most unskilfully performed, and the poor creature, besides being deprived of the only protection nature had provided against flies and other insects, was cruelly tortured. President Haines received information of the cruelty on the very day of its occurrence. He at once detailed Officer Evans of the Society to work up the case, and it is gratifying to announce that the offender was arrested and fined fifty dollars by Justice Tice of Mount Vernon within a few hours after the cruel act had been perpetrated. The following day Superintendent Hankinson appeared before Justice Tice at the City Court, and asked for a warrant for the arrest of Curt Von Wilzleben, the owner of the horse. The warrant was granted; Von Wilzleben was taken into custody by City Marshal Bennett, and was held for trial under five hundred dollars bail.

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THE officers of the Society, from their long service in the humane work of animal protection, have become so used to looking out for "cases," that no matter where they may be, the feeling that "I am always on duty" is ever present, as was exemplified by the following incident: Officer Noble was spending his vacation with his family among the Somerset hills of New Jersey, and one day, while strolling with his wife, the latter called his attention to a something she saw imbedded in a mud bank near an ice pond. The object seemed to move, but what it was could not be determined from where Noble and his wife stood. A closer investigation, however, developed the something to be a poor old gray horse, buried nearly up to its neck in the mud. After much trouble, Noble succeeded in reaching the poor creature, and at once ended its sufferings. "I found," said the officer in his report of the case, "that the horse had been abandoned by some person unknown, and had been in the mud bank for three or four days, slowly starving to death." It seems incredible that a person could deliberately abandon a faithful dumb servant which had become past use from infirmities contracted while in the service of its master, and which would have died a horrible death but for the opportune presence of the officer.

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"SEND down to the Hoboken Ferry, a horse there needs your attention," was the telephone message received at the Society's Headquarters. An officer was at once despatched to the place mentioned. "I found," he said in his report of the case, "a horse, wagon and driver. The latter was in bad enough condition, the former a mere skeleton. The poor creature could hardly crawl, yet the driver said he came from Elizabeth and it was his intention to return the same day." He did not, however, for the ambulance carried the weary animal to the Society's stable, where it was placed in a box stall and given a meal of soft warm mash and sweet hay, after which a comfortable bed of clean straw was provided for it. The driver looked as hungry as his horse, and he was also given a supper and sent home. The horse will be kept stabled until in proper condition to make the return trip.

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MISCELLANY

WHY DID YE SO?

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THESE found a voice who never spake before—
In Shadow-Land these witness evermore!
"I was the moth, flower-like upon the wind,
Your wrinkled savant in his charnel pinned.
Why did ye so?"

"I was the fledgling that, of mine own will,
Did keep fast-closed my soft and tender bill
To food your cruel kindness did prepare;
Famished, I died—for mother-love and care.
Why did ye so?"

"I was Llewellyn's dog that anger smote
When my rash master saw on breast and throat
The lean wolf's blood, the while in safety slept
The cradle-child my faithful love had kept.
Why did ye so?"

"I was the snow-white ranger of the snow.*
The Arctic traveller met me. Blow for blow
I fought; my cub upon my back fought, too,
Till crimson all the snow around us grew.
Why did ye so?"

"I was Harpado from Xarama's bank;
My life the sands in gay Granada drank."
"And I the steed Harpado's horn did gore!"
In Shadow-Land these witness evermore.
Why did ye so?

* Narrated by Dr. Kane.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

A Sermonette

BY JOHN W. KRAMER

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

I DO not mean to preach a sermon, but may undertake an exposition and an illustration of a beautiful saying of Jesus who is called the Christ. In doing this it will become me to remember that readers of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS probably represent all the various religious opinions held in our community, and that the writer has no right to use a word here which may be out of harmony with any such convictions.

Jesus said, "I am the good shepherd." So popular have been these words, that the passage in which they are found has been selected as the Holy Gospel in the services for the second Sunday after Easter by the Roman and the Anglican Churches. In some parts of Europe that Sunday, called in France *Bon Pasteur*, is celebrated as a very joyous festival, with general and gladsome observance. Easter-day, Low-Sunday, and the Sunday of the Good Shepherd fall one after another in a bright sequence.

It is not at all difficult for us, with our poetic idea of shepherd-life, to perceive much beauty and a comforting sense in these words. But possibly we may not discern all that is fine and the profound meaning in them. A pastoral people by intuition get the knowledge of what is said and meant, while we may need study and the use of our imagination.

Any one humane enough to have any right to touch an animal becomes very fond of dumb creatures under his care. The lifting of his hand towards them will usually be to protect, to teach, or to fondle them. If it be at any time to punish one of them, it is to teach, and to spare more pain in the future than the punishment of the present inflicts. Shepherding is not merely an occasional contact with lower animal life, but a vocation which gives daily companionship, and it has come down from ancient days without many changes occurring in it. We should expect, therefore, to find in the shepherd, even though he be a rude peasant, what we notice as traits of the breeders of horses, the herders of cattle, the fanciers of dogs, and the care-takers of birds who are with us. Owners of animals in our neighborhoods, and the

hirelings who are permitted to remain in service, are *kind*. That last word is a very common term, and we pass it so often and so quickly from tongue or pen, that its meaning does not stay by us. These people, then, are said to be *kind* because they act as if they were *kin* to the creatures under their care. The animals have needs so like our own, pains and sorrows so similar to some we know, as to bring an attendant on them—worthy of his place—into sympathy with them. The newly-born are handled as tenderly as an infant by a nurse. The hunger at the feeding-hour, the weariness when the time for rest comes, appeal to his own sense of need. If he nurses a sick one or a hurt one, an affection for the suffering creature is developed in him that gives acute sympathy. Thus it is with the shepherd in his care for the sheep—leading them in the day to green pastures and cool streams, protecting them from harm, carrying the injured sheep or the weak lamb, and gathering the flock into the fold by night. It is all done with *love* for the sheep. And in a pastoral country those who have not the care of sheep know of this affectionate sympathy which the shepherd has. It is expressed in his talks with neighbors, and they observe it in his daily work. Now perhaps we may read the mind of the disciples who heard these words of Jesus, and that of the simple people dwelling in sheep-countries, as they have read or listened to the saying of the Saviour. As the sacrifice of life is sometimes required by professions among us, so has such a community known the shepherd to give his life for the sheep. If we can imagine the mind of the peasantry of a pastoral region, we shall get the full sense of what Jesus said, and its rich beauty confronts us.

Dean Stanley, who had studied the catacombs of Rome, where Christians about seventeen hundred years ago buried their dead, asked how we could learn the intelligent belief of the ignorant class among the early Christians. Those unlettered ones must have been the great majority in the churches of the centuries when Christianity was still a new thing. He finds the answer in the pictures of the Good Shepherd seen in the catacombs. The unlearned could not understand the deep teaching in apostolic epistles read to the congregations. Nor could they understand all that the early fathers wrote, for their writings were addressed to the intellectual Jews, Pagans, and Christians. All these interpret to us the faith held by the intelligent persons of the primitive Church. We wish to know what the common people thought of Christ. Now we may learn the religious belief of a simple people by going to their places of burial and studying memorials of the sleeping dead. In the catacombs, and in the oldest one of them which was used by Christians of the second century for the interment of their dead, the favorite and frequent picture over tombs is a rude sketch of the Good Shepherd. He has a sheep or lamb on his shoulders in some places, and in others a goat or kid. Sometimes he carries his pastoral staff, and in other sketches he is playing on his lute to lead his flock with music. That was a clear understanding these toiling Christians had of Him they called Lord and Master. It was because they knew how pitiable is the life of our lower fellow creatures, and that as these creatures are brought into close relations with man to serve him, they need our compassion and nursing; and it was also because these people had love in their own hearts to minister tenderly to the necessities and the sufferings of dependent animals. Without something of this love, we can never understand the Christ as they did.

Let me not conclude without emphasizing the thought just given. For Christians their Master stands on the pages of their New Testament as "the Good Shepherd," "that great Shepherd of the sheep;" for Hebrews and Christians there is the prayer of the Old Testament: "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel, thou that leadest Joseph like a flock;" and also the joyful song: "The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want." The old Jews knew the beauty and comfort of the metaphor as well as the early Christians; and because its appeal was to a feeling in the people's hearts, it met a popular reception. No one who is destitute of sympathy with the meanest of God's creatures can ever know the profound meaning of the simple representations of God given by old prophets and psalmists, or discern the manifestation Jesus gave of "the Father of spirits."

REMEMBER, that he is indeed the wisest and the happiest man who, by constant attention of thought discovers the greatest opportunity of doing good, and with ardent and animated resolution breaks through every opposition, that he may improve these opportunities.—*Doddridge.*

THE HORSES THAT RESPONDED

By William Henry Shelton

WHEN Lieutenants Mink and Sanderson of Battery "Q" felt the crying need of other society than that of their martial comrades of the mess, they ordered their horses and took their way to the red brick house on the hill, surrounded by tall locusts and elms shaped like umbrellas. There lived the old Colonel Nicholas Randolph, an invalided relic of earlier wars, and his two daughters, Trot and Plumb.

The way lay through a narrow lane, whose walls of stone were not available for fuel in the camps. The old house was within the lines, and for the protection of their new-found friends the two young officers had billeted a battery guard on the place.

The youngsters were always received by the old colonel with a pompous oration, all just as if he had never seen them before.

"Will one of you gentlemen oblige an old wreck by opening that doah into the hallway? I thank you, sir. Ge—urls! Ge—urls!

"The old times have gone, sir. The Old Dominion is crushed for the time being, sir, under the heel of the invader. My honored friend, Bob Lee, will return to the fair fields of Culpeper County. In the meantime, while we are waiting fo' Bob as it were, the flowing bowl of the house of Randolph is at the service of the invader within its gates. If I could get off the small of my back, gentlemen, I should be riding with Bob and hunting such gallant game as you gentlemen I see befo' me, instead of grinning at you between two ornery old carpet slippers, the helpless old booby that I am."

The tall, fair daughters of Nicholas Randolph stand responsive, in the old doorway, to the summons of their father.

"Trot, my dear, and Plumb, you are not unacquainted with the cultured gentlemen from the North who have honored me with their company this evening."

It is one o'clock by the tall old timekeeper in the hall.

"Come here, Plumb, you huzzy, and shift my left foot the sixteenth of an inch to the right. Now bring a bottle of the '56 grape. If Nicholas Randolph, Esquire, is *hors de combat* for the time being, gentlemen, I reckon he can fire one more volley of grape into you fascinating gentlemen from the invading artillery."

"And there is not a thirsty beggar of us in Battery 'Q' knows how to dodge that sort of ammunition," said Mink, stretching out his long legs and toeing over to keep his spurs out of the ancient flowered carpet.

"By the way, colonel, I brought you a bundle of the latest New York papers."

"Have you?" cried the old man out of the depth of his cushions. "Saving your presence, gentlemen, what irritates me is that that youngster [Mink is out in the gallery, dispatching the guard to his saddle pockets], ova'whelming us all with kindness, is a bohn gentleman from the guns on his cap to the spurs on his heels when he's no business to be, by gad, sir! and I am a disgrace to Virginia, but I love you both, sir."

The grizzled old colonel, with his thin, high nose like a hawk's beak, and two restless gray eyes twinkling out of two cavernous sally-ports, the bony head fringed with a bristling abatis of coarse iron-gray hair, is literally resting on the small of his back. His feet are elevated on a padded support nearly as high as the back of his chair. His rheumatic hands, the purple fingers stiffened outward at an obtuse angle with the palms, lie restless at his sides. The colonel rests in a nest of cushions, like a Coehorn mortar in its bed, and the whole complex outfit is mounted on wheels. The door-sills were leveled twenty years ago for the easy transit of the old master's gun-carriage, who thunders at his attendants on his way to the gallery as he stormed Chapultepec.

Mink, with the bundle of papers in his hand, whispered an order to the guard, and as the colonel's car rolled through the doorway, that belted and shining soldier presented sabre. A moist light shone in the old man's eyes, and his right hand struggled with the cushions.

"By the left flank!" he cried. "March! Front! —Now, my dears, for the glasses."

"Let me name the toast," said Mink. "'To the days when we shall all be at peace.'" And it was turned off silently, pretty Trot touching her daddy's lips with the clumsy little one-legged cup of cut glass.

"With your consent, colonel," said Mink, "Miss Plumb and I are going for another gallop out towards the mountain. I'll detail Sanderson to stay with you and hold Miss Randolph's yarn."

"No!" cried the colonel. "Plumb shall not go. The roads are not safe. I'll not have you captured in the company of my daughter, sir."

This rejoinder from the colonel was no more than Mink expected, and the velvet-tongued Plumb hovered persuasive, as usual, over her daddy's chair until the old gentleman came round to her way of thinking.

"I've struck my colors," said the colonel, "so many times to that girl already, I may as well haul down the garrison flag altogether and burn the staff—hey, lieutenant?"

The soft air was loaded with the perfume of honeysuckles from the curtain of vines closing the south end of the high Doric porch. By turning his head to one side the colonel looked out over his fenceless fields to the purple walls of the Blue Ridge. There was not a visible sign of the great army camping so near, except perhaps in the dearth of rails and stacks, and in the plenitude of crows and buzzards flapping against the cloudless sky. Down by the entrance gate two orderlies stood with the horses, and the colonel asked that the animals be brought in on the drive, for, after all these years, his heart was still true to a horse.

The old man's appreciative eye ran over the powerful shoulders, short back, and flat legs of Mink's chestnut, and then up to the animal's bony head and large, nervous nostril.

"There's a horse, sir," said the colonel. "If you ever get in a tight place, Mr. Mink, big as you are, burn my body but he will carry you out of it."

"When he gets in a tight place," said Sanderson, "he rides a government horse. What do you think

of my bay, colonel? Swing him around, Dennis. Miss Plumb will ride him to-day."

"Plumb will have her hands full," muttered the colonel, "but she can ride him, sir; if she couldn't, sir, I'd cut her off without a shilling. I raised my girls in the paddock with the colts;" and the colonel fed his eyes complacently on the glossy coats of the horses, reflecting the blue of the sky above and catching the warm lights from below. "Take up another link in the curb chain," said the colonel, as Mink walked over to inspect his orderly's work and give another strain to the girths of the young lady's saddle; "hey, Mr. Sanderson, you know his mouth."

And here comes Plumb as fresh as a peach, with a kiss for the colonel, and one little hand for Lieutenant Sanderson, who has furnished her mount—Plumb in a ravishing habit of gray, with a white felt hat on her chestnut hair, which falls behind in a net, according to the fashion of that benighted time, a red rose at her throat, and a stiff little scarlet feather in her hat-band, complimentary to the colors of her artillery escort.

The pair—shall I say the lovers? I fear so; for that rogue of a Mink was quite equal to the indiscretion, and young girls were never yet proof against the wiles of the enemy—rode demurely down the pied avenue. Then, too, when Mink whistled up his orderly and graciously excused his further attendance, that shrewd young fellow concluded it was a far gone case, and chuckled and winked to himself as he galloped across the fields to the camp.

It is of no great moment to any one but themselves just what these young persons said to each other as they rode at a walk under the spreading trees, their quiet horses treading the lacework of sunshine and shadow that dappled the road. But the way in which they said it, the bending forward with appealing gesture of one, and the averted head of the other, the movement of the shoulders, the touch of hands, the quiet laughter, the steady gaze of four eyes firing double-barreled volleys at each other!

Love-making on horseback is much more dignified and reserved than the same youthful pursuit in a carriage. It leaves more to be hoped for and less to be regretted.

It is not all walking in the shade, for the fresh horses now and then gallop on in the sunlight, and the mountains are rising and coming to meet them. It is not a safe country for an officer of the Army of the Potomac to be riding in, but Lieutenant Mink and Miss Plumb in her gray habit have forgotten everything but each other. Ten miles have they ridden into the jaws of danger, serenely oblivious of the colonel's parting injunction.

Lieutenant Mink alighted, alarmed at length by their very nearness to the mountains, and, looking nervously about him, tightened the girths of the saddles. A mile back they had met a sober-looking old farmer bestride a steady-going horse, and they had been too absorbed to notice that he had soon thereafter quickened his pace, looking back as he rode.

Mink kept his counsel as they galloped rapidly on the return, thinking to spare his companion unnecessary anxiety, but pretty Plumb knew more of the resorts of the partisan rangers than he. As the sun sank at their backs, throwing longer shadows before, that prudent young lady thought it her duty to speak.

"I have heard," said Mink, laughing, and carelessly snipping his boot with his whip, "that it is the part of good generalship to be always prepared for surprise; to have one's army in hand, you know. Now I am the general to-day, and you are the army. The first lesson for the army to learn is blind obedience. You are a soldier's daughter, my dear Miss Plumb——"

"And half a soldier myself," said she, looking admiringly at her broad-shouldered escort. "I think I should love a charge."

"You may have it, my dear," said Mink. "In any event it is no surrender." And then turning a grave, penetrating look on his pretty companion: "You are sure you will obey the word of command, whatever it is, and that instantly?"

"Whatever it is, and instantly," said she, looking up into the eyes of her general.

"Even if I ride one way and order you another?"

"Even so, I will obey."

A half mile in front, five men, well mounted and well armed, and accompanied by the old farmer bestride the steady-going horse, himself now carrying a gun, are riding in pursuit of the reckless officer and the lady. The shoe-prints are clearly impressed in the sand, for the old farmer had guided his horse to one side, not to disturb the trail.

"You said the officer and the lady was ridin' a

fine pair o' horses, Uncle Billy," said the leader of the band.

"Jes so, cap'; an' you 'un 'll bar me out when ye see them hosses. Nothin' finer haint gone over these roads lately."

"Mighty sorry, gentlemen, to make the gal walk and rob her of her cavalier too. But I reckon there are three animals in that outfit we all will have to take charge of. When they come in sight, you Jack, and you Tom, just ride out on the flanks. I expect they'll give up easy."

The raiders had drawn rein at the foot of a hill, and at this stage of the conversation were a hundred yards from the top, well bunched in the road, and proceeding at a walk. At the same moment Lieutenant Mink, who was half a length ahead of Miss Plumb, intent on getting the first glance over the hill, handed his whip to his companion.

"Now, my dear, for that charge," he said, drawing his sabre from its lashings under the skirts of his saddle. "Ride close to my side and ride hard."

Then shooting on to the top of the hill, with a touch of his heel that stung the nerves of the chestnut and tautened the reins like a bow-string, Mink swung the glittering blade above his head and shouted with all his lungs, "Here they are, boys! Charge!"

In that instant the bay sprang to his side, little Plumb's teeth set and her eyes flashing with excitement. Down the hill the gallant animals plunged to the charge, with a furious momentum that Mink well knew would be irresistible at so short a dash. The bunch of horsemen parted each way, perceiving it was to be a chase instead of a halt. But Lieutenant Mink was not content even with this advantage, and, seeing the captain of the rangers cocking his rifle, swerved the big chestnut to the left, and, as he shot by, swung his long arm around the captain's neck and dropped him over his horse's crupper into the road, as if the man had been a sack of grain.

And on the powerful, mettlesome horses plunged, now spurning the level road under their ringing hoofs, their riders feeling their superb muscles working under them like the throb of an engine. A quarter of a mile is gained at the start and not a word has been spoken, although Mink has turned a satisfied eye on plucky little Plumb flying at his side, with her white teeth set hard and tears of excitement glistening in her eyes. Four bullets have indeed whistled high over their charmed heads, and he draws a breath of relief for the sake of his companion in peril. Then Mink drops his sabre into its scabbard, and leans forward to take a good look in Miss Plumb's face; their hands meet, and he laughs merrily to reassure her, and she laughs a little hysterically in return.

"My darling, you are a worthy daughter of the old colonel, and I am proud of you. One—two—three—four—did you happen to hear the captain's gun?" said Mink. "I fancy he's not in the race. "Ease 'em up, my dear," he continued; "there is time enough to run when we are pressed."

But the horses refused to be eased, and the chestnut took much coaxing before he could be persuaded to slacken his pace.

There was a scattering pursuit, but it was hopeless from the first, for the nervous, high-strung horses of the pursued party sprang forward at the slightest slackening of the rein, running with a joyous, high-headed abandon that kept them easily out of range.

The colonel and his party were still on the gallery when the wanderers rode up the drive, their mounts as wet as if they had just swum the river, and altogether in finer form than when they walked out of the gate.

Little Plumb was as cool as a veteran, not a fold of her habit disarranged, and after kissing her father she gave him the humorous side of the charge and the fate of the burly captain.

"Shiver my trunnions!" cried the colonel, glaring first at his daughter and then at Lieutenant Mink, leaning with his hands in his pockets against a Doric pillar, and then over the rail at the two quiet horses walking off in charge of the orderlies, "dash my buttons, if I know which of the four I admire most!"

HABITS OF THE PAAUW

AMONG the changes in the distribution of animal life which result from the constant improvement in sporting arms and the increasing number of sportsmen, is the gradual disappearance of the paauw, or great-crested bustard, from Cape Colony and the Transvaal.

The paauw are evidently not so stupid as they are credited with being, for they have learned to be very shy of the hunter, and to adopt certain wily tactics of their own to avoid him. Their chief means of escape, however, has been by a

change of residence to the extensive rolling veldt of the Kalahari, lying between the Great Namaqualand and the trade route of South Central Africa. In the solitude of the Kalahari Desert, peopled only by a few Bushmen, and diversified only by a few lagoons or "salt pans" incrusted with salt, these enormous and ungainly birds find themselves comparatively unmolested, and are, doubtless, correspondingly happy. Some interesting information about the habits of the paauw was recently given in the *Illustrated Sporting and Dramatic News.*

"Paauw are usually to be seen in flocks of from four to a score or more, which invariably break up on the approach of the breeding season. The females make their nests on the ground, after the manner of the common lapwing plover, and lay two eggs of a dull olive-green color, blotched with irregular brown spots; they are very shy birds in the breeding season, and invariably forsake their nests when the latter are tampered with. The young chicks, when hatched, are remarkably clumsy and helpless for the first three or four days of their existence, but in a very short time they learn to run round with their parents and to pick up seeds, small blades of grass, and tiny insects, for themselves; they are exceedingly smart at hiding themselves when necessary.

"It is most amusing to observe the antics of an old hen-bird when her young ones are anywhere in the vicinity. I have frequently seen lapwing plovers behave in a similar manner. Directly the mother paauw is alive to the dangerous proximity of a human being she will run along the veldt, hopping and halting every now and then in a most eccentric and unusual manner; then, occasionally, with drooping wings, she will feign to be wounded, acting her part so naturally that one is impelled to 'go for her' as a prize to be easily secured. It is almost needless to state that all this display is expressly intended to draw attention from the young ones, in order that they may have time and opportunity to hide themselves in the grass or scrub without being spotted by the human intruder."

UNSELFISH and noble acts are the most radiant epochs in the biography of souls. When wrought in earliest youth they lie in the memory of age like the coral islands, green and sunny amidst the melancholy waste of ocean.—*Thoreau.*

A LESSON IN POLITENESS

A NUMBER of birds which came in and boldly picked up the crumbs at my feet, writes H. T. Finck in "Spain and Morocco," emphasized the loneliness of the place. On the way I had noticed several cranes which had allowed us to come very near them without stirring; and when I expressed my surprise, the guide explained that these birds were sacred, and therefore never molested. This religious protection seemed to extend to the small birds, judging by their tameness. Here was one of the pleasant aspects of the Mohammedan religion; but it seemed a pity that the Prophet did not extend his protection to some other animals, notably that poor beast of all work, the donkey, whom his followers treat with such indescribable brutality.

In the courtyard was a rooster with his harem—the first of the Mohammedan persuasion I had ever seen. He was a nobler animal than many a Christian rooster I have seen, and might have taught his master a useful lesson. When a Moor travels he selfishly sits on his donkey or camel, and lets his heavily laden wife walk behind; and when he eats, the wife comes in at the end for the crumbs. Not so with the rooster. He, too, was a polygamist, and could not prevent his wives from persecuting one another; but in gallantry he set a noble example to the Moor. He was the first to discover the remnants of my lunch, but not a crumb would he touch before he had loudly summoned all the chickens, old and young, and given them an equal chance, and more.

MANY are the uses to which that faithful companion of man, the dog, has been put by his sometimes inconsiderate master. At one time, not so long ago, it was quite customary in England to set a dog to turning a spit. The dog was enclosed in a small cage in which was a wheel similar to those in squirrel cages. As the wheel revolved, the joint of meat suspended on the spit was turned regularly before the fire. From this servitude the dog has been humanely released by the invention of the roasting jack. In France dogs have been, and still are, made useful in military service, particularly in conveying messages and acting as scouts.

ART springs in its earliest beginnings from religion, and returns to it in its highest development.—*Ambrose.*

TWO INNOCENTS ABROAD

By Rush C. Hawkins

[For our animal friends]

I PASSED a portion of the summer of 1890 at Banff, a fascinating resort in the heart of the Canadian Rockies, established and controlled by the Canadian Pacific Railway Company.

It would be very difficult to find a more charming and picturesque location for a summer resting place. The hotel is situated about four thousand five hundred feet above the sea level, and is nearly surrounded by lofty peaks and mountain ranges which present a great variety of rugged outline.

To the venturesome mountaineer the inducements to climb seem almost endless. In the immediate vicinity of the hotel there is a choice of ascents of from six to eleven thousand feet. Most of them may be made by any one who has a cool head, a sure foot, and sufficient endurance; but there are two or three which ought to be undertaken only by experienced mountaineers. I made several of the lesser ascents alone, and in each instance against the advice of inexperienced and timid persons, who declared that I would either be dashed to pieces by falling down a precipice or devoured by bears, which are supposed to be rather plentiful.

My last climb was to the top of the middle peak of the "Sulphur range." It was neither difficult nor dangerous; but the view from the little table at the top was simply wonderful. As far as the eye could see in any direction were mountain peaks, none covered with snow, but all presenting magnificent rock formations of a character which is quite peculiar, I believe, to that part of the great American range.

The little table at the top of the peak is about thirty feet in diameter and is covered with broken rocks. While sitting there, musing upon the natural wonders by which I was surrounded, I noticed the approach of two chipmunks, coming up from the side of the mountain. They halted when they saw a strange animal; but, finally, after sitting upright for a short time and giving me a deliberate and careful stare, they concluded to come on, and presently they discovered a little clump of stunted grass, growing from a crevice between the rocks, which they proceeded to despoil of its dwarfed seeds. When they had finished their scanty meal, they looked about for something else to eat. Feeling sure of their desires, I crushed a soft biscuit into small pieces, and dropped them at my feet; and soon my little friends were busy eating the crumbs, apparently quite unconscious of the fact that they were within easy range of an animal supposed to have been created in the image of his Maker, but the only one which kills for the sake of killing, and boasts of the pleasure he derives from the destruction of innocent animal life.

Within a very few minutes this pair of little innocents became quite familiar, and the crumbs continued to fall until the chipmunks had filled their stomachs and then the ample pouches on each side of their jaws. Thus loaded they presented a most comical appearance. When I rose to my feet their surprise made them appear still more comical. They were inclined at first to scamper off, but upon reflection they concluded they would see the whole show; and as I moved over to the edge of the table to go down the mountain, they followed a short distance, and gave me a most quizzical parting glance, which said as plainly as their little faces could express their thoughts: "Good-by. Be sure to come again, and don't forget the biscuits."

This is not a story; it is only an incident which proves what confiding little fools the chipmunks were to trust themselves within reach of a specimen of the tribe of superior animals that delights in the destruction of life, kills for pleasure, and enjoys the infliction of pain upon innocent and helpless creatures.

The excuse for their confiding folly consisted in the fact that they had never seen a man before.

JEFF THE SOUTHERN SWAN

By Clare Bunce

[For our Animal Friends]

"THERE'S a deal of human nature in swans," said Timothy Dineen, the keeper of the Central Park flock, when I stopped one day to chat with him about the birds who are his especial charge. And as he proceeded to tell me of their curious pranks and their wonderful instinct, I came to think, as I am sure you would, that he was more than half right.

For thirty years and more Timothy has watched over the beautiful white creatures which you boys and girls have fed again and again, and it is his firm belief, not only that they speak a language of their own, but that the language varies with the nationality of the birds, just as German differs from English, and English differs from French; and that though the European swans, who make up the greater part of the colony, understand one another's speech and ways, they neither comprehend the chatter of their American Trumpeter and African cousins, nor will have any friendly relations with them at all.

So that when Jeff, the South American swan, about whose devotion to her keeper I want to tell you to-day, came to the Park, she was like a child alone in a strange land, and had not one friend among all her kind that lived upon the lake.

It was away back in the time of the late war, of which you children know only through your books and the reminiscences of the older folk, that this same Jeff came from her far-off home to our own Central Park. She was one of a pair imported for the collection, but either from ill treatment or from exposure on the voyage her mate died; she was soon left all alone, and lived for several years without a single companion who could speak the same language as herself.

HOW JEFF WAS NAMED.

According to Timothy, who watched over the stranger with great care, she was set upon by all the flock, and was continually getting into fights, just as one strange boy is sometimes out of favor with an entire neighborhood of friends. And so it happened that the keeper was frequently called on to interfere and set the matter straight; for he thought, you see, that when it was a question of one against many he must take the weaker side. But the strange swan was ever ready to do battle, and came to be looked upon as eager to fight, even at great odds; so that one day a Southern man working on the border of the lake declared she was "as good as Jeff Davis, every bit," and as Jeff she came to be known.

She was fierce, as I have told you, toward all the enemies by whom she was beset, but for Timothy, who so often saved her from harm, she had an affection as deep as that of a faithful dog. She would follow after his boat as he fished about, and would even enter it, and sail with the keeper and his little son; but she would permit no other man or child to come within reach of her powerful wings. She constituted herself guardian of the pair, and woe to him who dared to do them harm. At the first hint of danger, either real or imaginary, Jeff was up in arms; stretching out her long neck she would utter an ugly hiss, just as a dog gives a low deep growl before he bites; and if that were not quickly heeded, she would flap her great, strong wings in a way to drive the bravest foe away.

Jeff really loved her master, and followed him all about. If he walked, she walked too; if he rowed, she either swam alongside or occupied one end of the boat; and so "Tim and his bird Jeff" were known to all the workmen and to the police, who, in their trim gray uniforms, patrol the walks and drives.

DEFENDING HER MASTER.

Now, among the latter was one man who was in deadly fear of Jeff, and for whom she had conceived a great dislike. Whenever he came near she would fly at him with flapping wings, while he, instead of threatening her with his club and driving her back, would run with all his might to get away from her fierce blows. One day, according to Timothy's story, Jeff found him near the lake, and somehow imagined he was doing her master harm. So at him she ran, with her long neck stretched out and her great wings striking angrily at the air until, in despair of escaping her blows in any other way, he climbed up the nearest tree, while Jeff mounted guard below, and wicked Timothy went off to enjoy his laugh.

JEFF'S CHILDREN.

But the best of all the anecdotes I have to tell is of Jeff's babies, and how she showed them off. There came to the lake in the course of time a single African swan, sent there by the authorities in charge, and at once he and Jeff became fast friends. "You see," said Timothy, "they was both from the South, and somehow they made out to understand one another's talk; so when mating time came they built a nest, and Jeff hatched out five fine birds." Both she and the African swan guarded the eggs well, and only her friend, the keeper, was allowed to go anywhere near; so that when it happened that he was ill and off on leave at the very time when the eggs were hatched, no one could get near enough to give the young ones food, and word was sent for him to come, if possible, and feed Jeff's brood. You may be sure the faithful Timothy came at once, and rowed to his favorite's nest. There he found Jeff guarding her babies with all her might till she saw and recognized her master, when up she rose and strutted round with the greatest pride, making all the while the peculiar calling sound of her kind. She marched them out and showed them off, as pleased to let him see what she had done as any old barnyard hen.

Timothy could feed them, and even take them in his arms, without a single dissenting movement on her part; but no other being would either she or her mate allow within reach of their powerful wings.

She was faithful as no other swan of whom I ever heard. She loved her friend, and watched over him just like a noble dog; and he, although the strange creature has been dead for many years, treasures Jeff's memory in his heart of hearts.

UNDER THE SEA

By Kate Elizabeth Clark

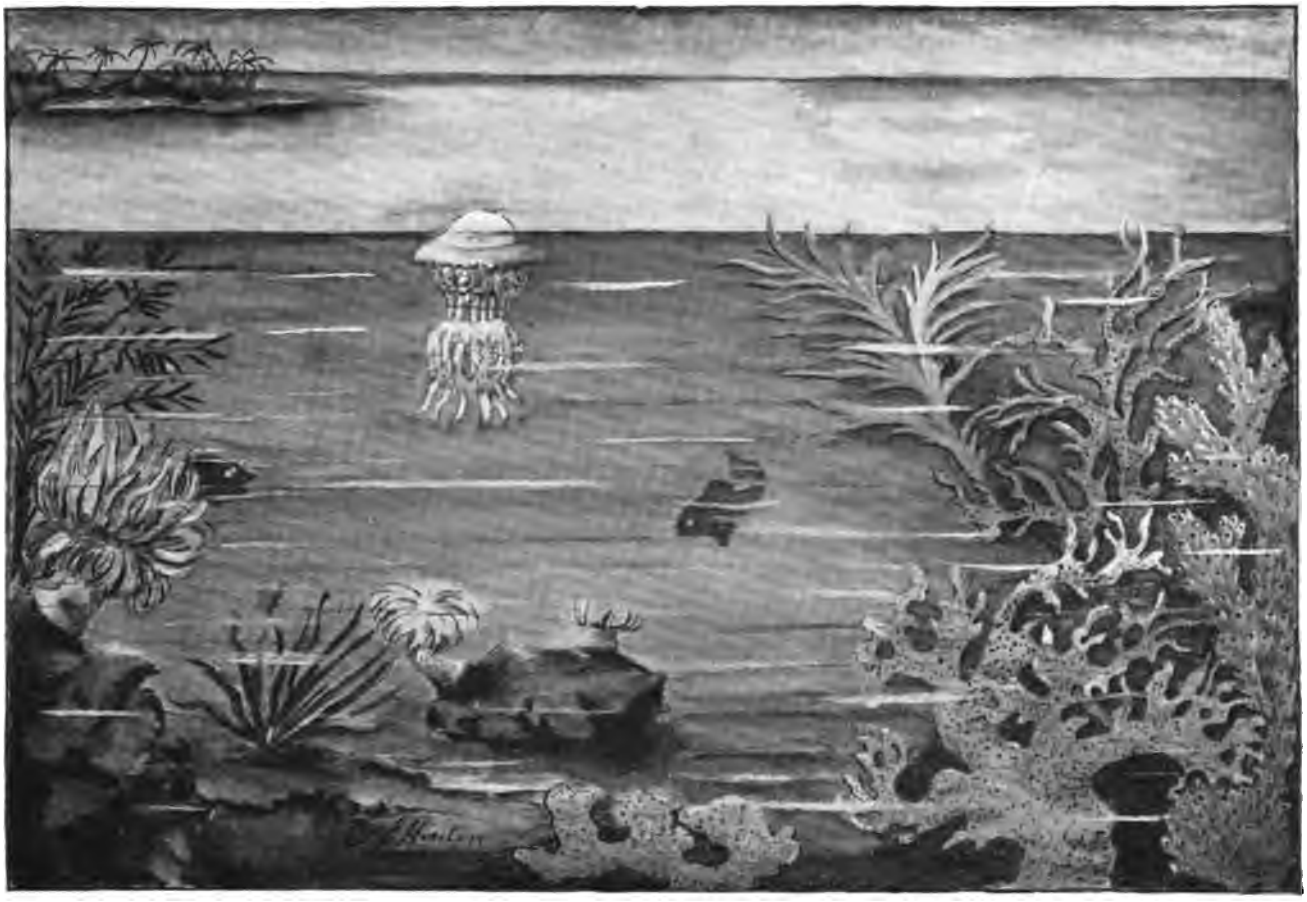
[For our Animal Friends]

THOSE who have seen certain coral islands know that there are as beautiful gardens under the sea as there are on land. Let us look, for instance, into a lagoon, or little lake, which may be found within a circular coral reef. As the sunlight strikes down through the clear water and touches the sand and tips of the rocks with gold, how it lights up the exquisite colors and strange shapes of this fairy world! Here are sea-weeds, large and small, shaded from pink to red or dark brown, from light yellow and sea-green to the darkest shade of green; here are coral branches spreading out like trees of stone; here are all kinds of marine animals which are so much like plants and flowers that one can only realize that they belong to the animal kingdom by carefully noticing their movements.

Men of science themselves have had great difficulty in deciding where some of these little forms belong. Only within the past few years—less than a hundred years in fact—has it been decided that the sea-anemones and their relatives belong to the animal kingdom, and not to the plant kingdom. It was in 1789, in Marseilles, France, that a physician named Peysonnelle read a paper in which he said that the zoöphytes * are animals. Every one laughed at him. Twelve years later, however, Trembley of Geneva made the same statement, and was listened to with attention. After that, others began to investigate, and the question is now settled.

* * * * * *

It is not surprising that men of science were so long mistaken, for the bright-colored branching corals, the hydroids fixed to wharves and stones, the anemones clinging to rocks, and the sea-firs firmly attached to the ground, all look more like plants than animals.



They are very curious, some of these fairy-like creatures. Examine the *Hydra*, which is a type of its order, the Hydroidea. As it rests upon this stone it seems like a small round dot of gelatinous matter. Now, if it is put into fresh water, it will expand into a long tube-like body, probably of a light green color, or possibly light brown. Its foot or disk clings to the stone, and at the other end are long, slender tentacles or thread-like projections, which wave about the head and constantly change their shape and position. When one of these threads is touched it shrinks like a sensitive plant. It is by means of these threads that the hydra seizes its food.

A pretty member of this family is found along the New England coast. It is about five or six inches long, and grows

* Now called Actinozoa. This class includes the reef-building corals and a great variety of animals resembling plants and flowers.

in brackish water on wharves and bridges. Within the outer circle of tentacles are little clusters of buds, resembling bright red grapes. Some hydroids are flesh-colored, and have a long, single stem supporting a single hydranth, or flower. Another consists of a little crystal cup, with a slender tongue which gleams like a little lamp in the centre. In some forms of hydroids, or hydroid jelly-fish, there are tiny buds, which after awhile detach themselves and become independent jelly-fish in turn. While some of the hydroids look like fairy flowers and buds, others look like small dishes of sea-fruit; others, again, resemble ostrich feathers and delicate ferns.

* * * * * *

The jelly-fishes with which we are most familiar are mostly of the larger kinds, such as "sea-nettles," called Discophora, from the shape of the bodies. Some of these, like the one in the picture, swim near the surface of the water; some attach themselves to the ground, like the *Cassiopeia* found in Florida, and simply lie there lazily flapping their disks. A very large one in New England is called *Cyanea*, and its disk is sometimes several feet in diameter. A curious fact mentioned about the *Cyanea* is, that after it is dead and washed about by the waves, its color, which is originally reddish-brown, changes to light blue. In nearly all oceans may be found a lovely variety called the Siphonophora; one of this family has a long, stem-like body of rose-pink, about the size of a knitting-needle, along which cluster glassy little globes, or bodies.

* * * * * *

Although there seems to be a great difference between the soft, transparent jelly-fish and the stony corals, their structure is very similar. The branch of coral which we see in a museum, or take up from some one's cabinet to look at, is only the dried skeleton of the coral animal. The living, reef-building corals have the power of secreting carbonate of lime, so that, according to the modern view, these skeletons are not really the work of the corals any more than the clam-shell is the work of the clam. Coral animals live in groups, and not as separate individuals, like the sea-anemones and the jelly-fish. By bearing this fact in mind, one may readily understand how mistakes have arisen in judging of them and their work. Certain sea-weeds have the same power of secreting carbonate of lime, and they help considerably in forming coral islands and coral reefs.

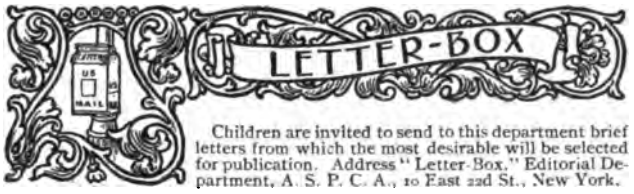
* * * * * *

Coral islands begin sometimes at a depth of one hundred and thirty or forty feet below the water, and generally rise from the top of some volcanic mountain under the sea. The animal growth continues to ascend till it comes to the surface at low water. Then the sea washes over it; fragments of coral are broken off and dashed back again upon the surface, the smaller pieces falling into the crevices. As the waves rub the pieces of coral against each other, a fine sand is formed, which is tossed up over the surface and fills in the smaller crevices which are not already filled by the coral fragments and shells. At last a soil accumulates; seeds dropped by the birds take root; perhaps a tree grows; and after a century or so animals may appear, and man may make a coral island his home.

* * * * * *

Some of the islands formed in this way are circular in shape, and thus enclose the lagoons, which were mentioned in the beginning of this article. But it is not necessary to see a lagoon to know of the beautiful inhabitants of the water. In a corner among the rocks of any coast, or in any good aquarium, young readers of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS may observe some of the lower forms of life we have mentioned, and many curious forms which are entirely animal, both in appearance and reality, as, for example, the squid, the nautilus, the star-fish, the sea-cucumber, the crab, the cuttle-fish. But it is by examining the lower forms of life first that one can best realize that there are no strong dividing lines between the different classes of natural objects, but, on the contrary, that each separate object is closely and beautifully related to others, both below and above it in the scale of creation.

SEA SIDE BABIES


LETTER-BOX
Children are invited to send to this department brief letters from which the most desirable will be selected for publication. Address "Letter-Box," Editorial Department, A. S. P. C. A., 10 East 22d St., New York.

A YOUNG subscriber to OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS being set to the task of writing a composition on the subject of "The Picture I Would Paint," chose to take several of her teachers as the models, and entitled her picture

THE CAT'S PARTY

THE party, which began at nine o'clock, was given by a Miss Velvet, a beautiful maltese cat, in honor of some friends visiting her.

The first guest who arrived was Mrs. Tom's son, whose mother was unable to come as she had a class of uneducated pussies to instruct in grace and eloquence. Next came Miss Gray, an elderly tortoise-shell tabby who was expert in knowing the histories of all the different families of rats, and where they lived. She had for her escort the stout old Dr. Knowall, who thought himself very wise. The arrival of Mr. Maltapowski, the wonderful miaulist, caused a great deal of excitement. Mr. Pierre, a native of France, with Mrs. Teasser, a nice motherly cat who had charge of teaching some young kittens, came soon after. Mr. Gentlecat, not being able to bring his wife on account of her home duties, brought Mrs. Mousehunter; both of them were musically inclined. Mrs. Mousehunter could calculate with great rapidity and correctness how many rats, mice, or birds would make a nice meal. Many other guests not so important came pouring in from all sides, and last, but decidedly not least, came Miss Snoozie, a rather stout and dignified puss, who was slow in everything but temper, and slept a good part of the time.

The evening's gayety began with dancing, in which all joined with alacrity, except poor Miss Snoozie, who was not fond of such violent exercise, and so sat on the sofa and forgot her woes in pleasant dreams. Between ten and eleven, supper was announced, and the cats hurried in to a delicious meal consisting of all the dainties of which cats are fond. After eating very heartily they all sat round the fire and told a few stories or anecdotes—some of them quite funny, and others rather a good medicine for insomnia.

At the first stroke of twelve, the guests rose to go like well-bred cats, and after bidding their hostess good-night, and all agreeing to meet the next evening and have a moonlight concert on back-yard fence number five (much to their pleasure and much to the displeasure of the neighbors who were vainly trying to sleep), they parted.

LILIAN HOLBROOK.

STAMFORD, CONN.

Dear Mr. President:

Is there a bound volume of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS yet? If there is I should like to have one. I think the stories are very nice, and I like the pictures, too.

I live in the country, so we have chickens and cows and roosters and dogs and pigs. When we go to the woods we run after the squirrels, but we never hurt them. We never stole a bird's nest, either. I have one brother and two sisters. Good-bye. From your friend,

JACK S. BRAMHALL.

P. S.—The boys call me Jack, so I sign my letter that way. My real name is John Sedgwick.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

Dear Editor:

I like all animals but spiders and toads and snakes and mosquitoes. The mosquitoes are thick here. When we go out to walk they bite "like sixty," as grandpa says when he gets mad. I slap them when they bite me. You don't think that is wrong, do you?

MARGARET L. S.

BAYONNE, N. J.

Of course it is not wrong to kill mosquitoes or snakes when they injure people. Our Society only objects to "needless killing" of any animal or insect. Most spiders in this country are quite harmless. The common gray spider that you see so often about the house and garden will never hurt you, but a black spider is generally poisonous, and should be killed at once.

Dear Letter-Box:

We are two English boys, and we stay at Brighton in the summer. We like to watch the sea-gulls which fly over the water. Some of them at the fishing villages along the coast are quite tame. One used to come regularly to the boat of an old fisherman.

Ben—that was the fisherman's name—would always give him something to eat when he came. I suppose that was the way he got so tame. The sea-gull knew Ben's boat when it came in sight, for it flew straight up to it. Some of the fishermen shoot the sea-gulls. That seems very cruel, for sea-gulls are not good to eat, my uncle says.

A friend of ours in New York sent us some copies of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, and we thought we would write to you. Hoping you will print our letter,

JOHN and CHARLES MOWBRAY.

THE STORY OF A STUFFED DOG

I saw him one summer in a shop window at Camberwell, a suburb of London, and this is his story:

One night—it was November 10th, 1883—there was a fire at Luton-on-the-Lea. A grocer and his wife were so sound asleep that though the fire and smoke were all about them they did not wake up. Their little dog ran up on the bed and licked their faces and called them in every way he could think of. Yes, I say in every way he could *think* of. Finally they escaped. Of course they took their dog with them when they ran out? Ah, that is just what they forgot to do. But a brave fireman looked for him and found him at last. Alas! the rescue came too late. The poor dog was so burned that he died in a few minutes. That is why the people whom he saved had him stuffed and put where the passers-by could see him and read the inscription in praise of his bravery.

Did you ever think how many statues of dogs there would be if one were erected to each dog who saved a human life?

M. L. B.

THE VETERINARIAN

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians, answers to correspondents, and other items relating to that branch of science.

HORSES IN FOREIGN CLIMES

BY LIEUTENANT F. DE T. CLOTH

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.]

MOST people seem to think that horses can be transferred from one zone to another without injury. This is erroneous. From my own experience, I can assert that every attempt to acclimatize a horse is nothing more nor less than cruelty.

Horses, like men, are affected by climatic influences. The horse, however, lacking control of will-power, and lacking energy to resist such influences, will succumb where the human being continues to exist. Even under normal conditions, experiments in transferring animals of the equine race to other climes than those in which they were born have invariably proven costly failures. English, French, and American horsemen, for example, have tried over and over again to acclimatize and use for breeding purposes the fiery Arabian stallion from the borders of the Sahara. The old horses lost their spirit; their coats had no longer the characteristic glossy appearance of the thoroughbred; the offspring proved invariably toothless, and—large sums of money were lost.

Having lived in almost every clime under the sun, I may say that I have always succeeded in preserving my health, if not contentment and comfort, by adopting the same methods of living as the natives. Interested as I am in the horse, it is only natural that this noble animal should have attracted my attention wherever I found it. Men, I have noted, fall a prey to climatic influences on account of intemperance or other excesses or irregularities. The horse will not succumb from such causes, to whatever part of the world it may be taken. We all know that a horse will not eat when not hungry, nor drink when not thirsty, nor rest when not tired. Indeed, the horse, when it is allowed to follow its own instincts, generally shows a good deal more common sense and intelligence than men of superficial calibre.

Apart from civilized countries where culture and refinement have greatly bettered the condition of the "senseless brute," I know of only one race of men who understand, and always did understand, how to care properly for horses. I mean the Arabs. I have travelled extensively among them, but I have never seen an Arab treat a horse cruelly.

Veterinary surgeons—and I have spoken to many of them—are still unable to account for the fact that horses bred in a certain climate and on a certain soil will not live in a climate where the conditions of existence are changed. The French Government made a very costly experiment in this direction during the war in Tonquin, where the climate at certain periods of the year is murderous to man, and always so to horses.

During my long stay in that country, I observed that in many instances men contracted diseases through carelessness, neglect, or excesses. Different, however, was the case with horses. As I said before, horses do not indulge in excesses, and their natural instinct makes them careful and almost rational in judging what is good for them, and what is not. Several thousand animals were taken from Algiers to Tonquin. Only a couple of them died during the long sea voyage of fifty-six days, but all of them broke down in the space of from three to six months after their disembarkment. The existence of a few, I admit, was prolonged for nearly a year.

Yet the difference between the climate of Tonquin and Algiers, so far as temperature is concerned, is not very great. The grass that grows in Tonquin belongs to the same botanic family as that which is found in Algiers. The soil, of course, is different; fertile and sterile sand plains in Algiers, miasmatic marshes and hyper-fat clay in Tonquin.

I remember that the two escadrons of Spahis (French cavalry composed of Arabs) after nine months' stay in Tonquin had lost nearly all their horses. The animals had arrived in splendid condition and were well cared for, yet they died from causes unknown to the veterinary surgeons. The methods of feeding, etc., were changed, and the Arabian horses had to be satisfied with living under the same conditions as those under which the little Tartarian horses prospered and grew fat. Again it made little difference; they died with exactly the same symptoms as before. Their native fire and energy, and even their instinct, seemed to have vanished. They drooped their heads, and the dull appearance of their once lustrous eyes told the observer the agonies they suffered.

It was perplexing to observe that, while all attempts to acclimatize European and Arabian horses in Tonquin failed, mules did well, and that few of them died of a disease of which a veterinary surgeon was unable to give a diagnosis. But then, mules are not a race; horses are, and so are men.

Horses and dogs have the most forcible way of making themselves understood to men, but, alas! too often in vain. Many of us study languages, and, in order to master them, undertake voyages to distant shores; yet how little trouble we take to understand the domestic animal that lives with us at home. True refinement, good breeding, and culture should not only be displayed by the way in which one talks and behaves to other men, but much more so by the manner in which he treats domestic animals.

THE *New Orleans Picayune* says: "A man who wantonly cuts a horse's tail should be compelled to stand on a sugar dock in hot weather with his hands tied behind his back. He would then know the agony and torture a poor horse suffers, with nothing but a stump of a tail."

ONE remedy proposed for handling a fractious horse is to give him his own way as far as possible. For instance, if he insists on turning around, turn him farther around than he wants to go—a half-dozen times if necessary. If he will not turn and backs to the rein, compel him to go backwards in the direction you wish to go. He will soon prefer to move forward.

A WINTER IN INDIA AND MALAYSIA AMONG THE METHODIST MISSIONS. By Rev. M. V. B. Knox, Ph.D., D.D. With an Introduction by Bishop John F. Hurst, D.D., LL.D. New York: Hunt & Eaton.

Two agreeable characteristics mark this volume—the author's earnestness in behalf of the missions which he went to India to investigate, and his naïve style of writing, which makes up for diffusiveness and absence of literary form. Mr. Knox never loses sight of the main object of his book, however much he may for the moment appreciate the picturesque side of Indian life, the magnificent architecture of palace, mosque, or tower, the splendor of the scenery, and the curious festivals of a people whose habits are so widely different from our own. The truthfulness of the book is unmistakable; so that a decisive value attaches to its accounts of the progress of Methodism in India, and of the present and future needs of the missions established there.

Like other seekers after truth, Mr. Knox acknowledges that the Hindu is deeply religious in the sense of being rigidly observant of the elaborate ritual requirements of his worship. But religion and morals are too often separable in the East. Therefore, even if there is not a surprising number of converts in India, much good is accomplished by missions founded by various denominations, in gradually bringing before the people higher standards of living. A comprehension of this higher standard has resulted in many instances not only in conversion to formal Christianity, but also in the broadening and strengthening of character. It is through individuals that all reforms must be accomplished. Every convert to the principles of Christianity helps to cast down such barriers to civilization as child-marriage, ignorance of women, pandering to vices of priests and fakirs, and the cruel persecution of those who even accidentally break the minutest law of caste. Christian civilization has already weakened the hold of caste upon Indian character and custom, and it is chiefly through the educational influence of schools and colleges that the tyrannous power of caste must be still further weakened.

Respect for animal life is a praiseworthy feature of the Hindu religion, and seems to have one excellent result in removing to some extent the naturally savage instincts of many birds and animals. Among sacred birds the peacock is held in great reverence, and goes about the fields, hedges, and gardens with little fear of the natives. If an Englishman shoots one, a great uproar is apt to follow among the superstitious people. Another sacred bird is the Indian roller, as large as a bluejay, and allied to the fly-catcher. It is described as having a beautiful plumage of blue, green, black, or buff, with wing bars of deep or light blue. An interesting little bird is the *mynah*, a species of starling, which is as nearly domesticated as the English sparrow in the United States. It is about the size of a robin, dark colored, and when flying shows broad white bars in its wings. The natives occasionally tame the common mynah, and teach it to say "Krishna." Many charming native sparrows are found in India, some gray and unobtrusive like our own, but others much more brilliant. One variety is smaller than our smallest species, and of a brilliant, red, black, and buff.

The astonishing variety of birds includes woodpeckers, scarlet tanagers, king-fishers of half a dozen kinds, pigeons, bulbuls, hoopoes, humming-birds, pelicans, cranes, ibises, and a thousand others more or less familiar to us, and most of them more brilliant in color than our own native birds.

Most useful animals to the natives are the bullocks which draw diminutive carts. They are as skilful as horses in threading the crowds that fill the narrow streets, and serve the purpose of horses in many other ways. The natives strongly object to their being killed to meet the wants of the "beef-eating Englishman." These white hump-backed bullocks are trained to travel more rapidly than American oxen. They can even travel ten miles in three hours. The manner of driving in order to acquire this rapid pace is set forth by the author in the following words:

"Our quondam driver was obliged to work his passage. He was the master, who, giving his horses to the manager, came and took the regular driver's seat. That seat was the tongue of the cart, far ahead, between the bullocks. With a short, tough stick in his right hand to use in striking or punching the beasts as he wished, he would do with his left hand what all bullock-drivers here do, curl the tail of the near ox, sometimes giving it a sharp twist, then push the hips of first one bullock, then the other, to one side, all of which things, and various native cries and shouts, are intended to hurry up the team. Yet all these means did not produce speed enough to suit him, so he spread my umbrella, and used that first on one side and then the other to frighten the bullocks to greater speed. They could not run away with us, for there is always a rope passing through a hole between the nostrils to guide and hold them."

Horses are not numerous, and they are miserable and scrawny. In the northern part of India they are used to draw the "ekka," a light, two-wheeled vehicle or cart covered with a cotton awning, and without springs. The driver is very close to the horse, and the passenger sits on a little platform about three feet wide with his feet curled up under him or hanging at one side. The reins of this primitive "gig" are of grass or cotton rope, and are "liable to snap at any unusual jerk or strain." The "tum-tum" of Delhi is more pretentious than the "ekka." It has two seats, one facing to the front, and the other backwards. As a further distinction it has two attendants, the driver on the front seat, and another man on the rear seat, whose duty it is to hold and to feed the horse.

THE BIRDS OF GREENLAND. By Andreas T. Hagerup. Translated from the Danish by Frimann B. Arngrimson. Edited by Montague Chamberlain. Boston: Little, Brown and Company.

A pamphlet valuable to ornithologists, which contains the result of two and a half years observation of bird life at Ivig.

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A sceptic—or perhaps more than one—having insisted that the horses only knew the tune because it was always played last and they were able to calculate time, the experiment was tried of playing "God Save the Queen" in the middle instead of at the end of the evening. Instantly there was the same excitement in the horses standing round "the course," the same impatient tossing of the head and prancing of the feet, the same general stampede, and eagerness to start homeward.

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Vol. XX. NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1892. No. 2.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

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VIVISECTION

TWO LETTERS AND A KINDLY CRITICISM

IN order more clearly to define our position on the subject of vivisection, we think it expedient to print two out of the many letters on that subject which have come to us since the July number of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS was issued, and an extract from a kindly and appreciative notice of our article which has appeared in an English journal.

The first letter is from the venerated and celebrated President McCosh.

JEFFERSON, N. H., *September* 14, 1892.

I have been much interested in the articles on vivisection in OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, which is a very pleasant and useful journal.

I am in favor of vivisection, which has made discoveries. But it has been abused. I am glad that OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS is checking the evil, and it should be encouraged in the efforts it is making. In all cases in which the animal is subjected to pain, anæsthetics should be required, and there should be a law to this effect.

There should be a positive penalty attached to the abuse of the practice.

(Signed) JAMES MCCOSH.

The second letter is from Miss Cobbe, whose devoted labors in the cause of humanity justly command the admiration of the world.

HENGWRT, DOLGELLEY, N. WALES, *August* 3, 1892.

My dear Sir:

Allow me to thank you very warmly for the admirable and judicious articles on "The Barbarities of Vivisection" in the July issue of this handsome organ of your Society. We shall take due notice of this paper in our September *Zoophilist*, and meanwhile I beg to offer you, dear sir, a copy of a little book I have just received, for which there is already a great demand in England—"The Nine Circles." The subject of vivisection has at last, after our efforts of sixteen years, *caught on* to the public interest in this country. I receive daily, through my agents, from a dozen to two dozen cuttings from

newspapers referring to it (articles, paragraphs, letters), and all of us workers are overwhelmed with private letters of inquiry, and requests for books and papers. I received on one day last week forty-six such letters, and next day fifty-three from men and four from women (all strangers to me), to such purpose. Our Church Congress is to debate the subject (probably badly!), and our workingmen's lecturers gather crowds of hundreds, even of thousands, in the parlors and clubs, and have "heckled" most of the candidates for Parliament. I wish you could inaugurate some such agitation in New York, and notably against the abominable clause in the laws of the State to which reference is made in OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS. Any sort of coöperation we could offer (I need not say) will be at your disposal.

Sincerely and respectfully, I am, my dear Mr. Haines,

FRANCES POWER COBBE.

The following extract is taken from the *Journal of Zoophily* for the month of August:

We heartily rejoice in the attitude taken by our valued colleague, the President of The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, on the subject of vivisection, as shown in his editorial in the July number of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, the organ of his Society. It is a strong and earnest protest against vivisection, and we congratulate him with all our hearts on his coming out so nobly in opposition to this constantly increasing and atrociously cruel practice. We regret to see that he says, "For once, and not without some hesitation, we take up the subject of vivisection in the present number." We cannot believe that it is "for once only" that he takes up the subject. We cannot think he is one of those who, having put his hand to the plough, look backward; and having taken this noble stand, we trust that there will not be a future number of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS without some reference to the atrocities of vivisection, and some words of encouragement to those who are fighting the uphill battle against this monstrous iniquity. How can any one who is conscious of the horror of it all, help writing and speaking against it on every occasion?

IS VIVISECTION EVER LAWFUL?

In the letter of Doctor McCosh, which is given above, that eminent gentleman unequivocally says that he is "in favor of vivisection," on account of the discoveries which have been made by means of it, though he admits that it has been abused and approves our efforts to check the monstrous evils which we have endeavored to expose. That so eminent a Christian divine should be able to assert, with whatever qualifications, that he is "in favor of vivisection," sufficiently proves that widely different opinions on the subject may be held by conscientious persons. There are some, like Doctor McCosh, who approve of vivisection for proper purposes and under proper restrictions, while they condemn wanton experiments, and all experiments in which due precautions are not taken to prevent pain by the use of anæsthetics. There are others who condemn all vivisection whatsoever, on the ground that it is not morally allowable, and that the use of anæsthetics by the operator is usually a pretence and never assures the end which it is supposed to reach.

It is somewhat difficult to define our own position on this painful subject, but we shall endeavor to do so as clearly as we can.

(1) If we may speak personally, we must say that we abhor all vivisection without exception and without qualification, because we believe it to be *useless*, even if it were not cruel. We do not pretend to the knowledge of experts, but we are constrained to accept the testimony of experts of the highest rank among men of science who deny that any great physiological discovery has ever yet been made by means of vivisection. On the other hand, we are bound in all candor to admit that the weight of scientific authority is to the contrary, and that most men of science would agree with Doctor McCosh in saying that they are "in favor of vivisection" as a method of valuable scientific observation and discovery, the utility of which they assert to have been demonstrated.

(2) The question of *morals* involved in this discussion does not seem to us to be so perfectly clear as we could wish. It is never lawful to do evil that good may come, and willful cruelty is always evil. But if vivisection can be practised without cruelty, it may be no more unlawful than any other humane way of taking animal life for the use and service of man. We regret this conclusion, but we do not see that it can be avoided. If a dumb beast may be lawfully killed to provide human food or clothing—that is, for the purpose of preventing human suffering from hunger and cold, —we do not see why it may not be lawfully, if humanely, put to death in an endeavor to prevent human suffering from disease.

(3) Unless vivisection can be practised without inflicting torture on helpless creatures, we hold it to be utterly inhuman, and, at the very best, diabolically selfish. But if it is really necessary to the well-being of the human race, and if, by the use of anæsthetics, it can be done without inflicting pain upon an innocent and helpless creature, it is difficult to see how such vivisection can be

denounced by any one who approves the use of animal food.

(4) Thus, there are two questions involved in the problem: first, whether the practice of vivisection is of real value in physiological investigations; and second, whether the use of anæsthetics can and does prevent pain to the living subject of the vivisector's experiments. These questions are answered both affirmatively and negatively by men of equal eminence in science. For us the negative answers are sufficient. In no case and for no purpose could we feel ourselves justified in allowing or consenting to any experiment in vivisection which it might be in our power to prevent.

(5) But the practical fact is that the majority of scientific men maintain that vivisection is necessary. Some of them are confessedly merciless in the practice of it, cruelly inflicting the most atrocious tortures that human ingenuity can invent, and cynically ridiculing the "sentimentalism" which would spare the agony of the victim by the use of anæsthetics. But there are many others who believe vivisection to be necessary, and yet have not become scientific demons. Thousands of the latter, we think, might be induced to become our most powerful allies, if a humane practice of vivisection were clearly discriminated from the hideous atrocities which are needlessly and wantonly perpetrated in the sacred name of science. Indiscriminately to condemn all vivisection is to drive such men into an alliance with the scientific fiends for whom no condemnation can be too severe, and so to array a vast majority of the medical faculty against the cause of humanity in this whole matter. Abhorring vivisection as we do, we are not prepared to take that ground. We would rather appeal to the Christian conscience of the medical faculty and win its best men to our side.

ANOTHER APPEAL TO THE MEDICAL FACULTY IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

Is it too much to hope that our medical friends in the State of New York might agree with us in the following particulars?

(1) That all vivisection which is confessedly useless is wanton cruelty.

(2) That in the practice of vivisection, when it is supposed to be necessary, the use of anæsthetics is a moral duty which it is wanton cruelty to neglect.

(3) That physiologists are not exempt from obedience to the moral laws of God and man; and that the practice of wanton cruelty in the name of an honorable profession is a degradation of the profession, disgraceful to the practitioner, and corrupting to the moral nature of a student who is compelled to witness it.

(4) That, as a matter of fact, wanton cruelty is now extensively practised in medical schools and colleges, by the performance of experiments which are confessedly useless, by the neglect or total disuse of anæsthetics in conducting them, and by the encouragement given to students to perform such experiments on their own account, without the supervision of their instructors.

(5) That the enactment of some effectual measure is necessary to prohibit all such wanton cruelties under heavy penalties.

We do not see how any right-minded medical man can refuse to admit the truth of these propositions. They represent no extreme view of humanitarian "sentimentalism." They include no more startling or extravagant view than that cruelty wantonly and wickedly practised is as wanton and as wicked in a medical man as in any other man. To refuse to admit the conclusion with which these propositions end would be to confess, first, that vivisection is practised with wanton cruelty in medical schools; and second, that the medical faculty desires these wanton cruelties to be continued. We cannot believe that the medical men of the State of New York, or elsewhere, desire any such thing. We do not believe that a majority, or any considerable minority, of the physicians of this State are advocates of cruelty. If it were so, then it might be necessary to rouse the living conscience of the public to condemn and execrate the cruel wickedness which the deadened conscience of the medical faculty cannot even perceive. We must continue to hope for better things; and if the medical faculty of this State could be induced to establish just and humane restrictions on a practice which can be regarded only as a horrible necessity, and which eminent physiologists deny to be a necessity, we should infinitely prefer such a voluntary reform to a reform compelled as the result of long and painful agitation.

Once again, then, we appeal to the medical faculty of this State to second our efforts to abolish cruelties which are confessedly needless, which are utterly disgraceful to the men who perpetrate them, and

which are manifestly degrading to the moral natures of students who witness them. If the medical faculty of this State would itself move in this matter and secure the necessary legislation, it would do high honor to itself and earn a new title to the gratitude of humanity.

AN ANTI-VIVISECTION AGITATION.

We would fain hope that the medical faculty of the State of New York, and other medical faculties in other States, will do themselves the justice to take up this subject and so prevent the necessity of a resolute agitation for a change of the law which shall compel the authorities of medical schools to obey the laws of mercy and humanity like other men. We shall not willingly abandon this hope, but if our hope shall prove to be hopeless, then we shall most reluctantly, but, therefore, all the more resolutely, bend our energies to the inauguration of such an agitation as the medical faculty will be unable to disregard.

Our kind friend, the editor of the *Journal of Zoophily*, need be under no apprehension. We have not put our hand to the plough in this matter with any thought of looking backward. Our feelings are too keen and our conscience is too sensitive to the atrocious wickednesses which we have already in part exposed, for us to think of leaving them to go on without restraint and without rebuke.

We sympathize profoundly with the feeling of our contemporary when he asks, "How can any one who is conscious of the horror of it all, help writing and speaking against it on every occasion?" But that is just the difficulty. It will not do to write and speak of the horrors of vivisection "on every occasion." Even in a campaign against vivisection it is necessary to see that one does not injure a good cause by saying right words to the wrong person. In the article which has attracted much attention at home and abroad, we said that we took up the subject in these columns "for once;" but the subject of which we were then speaking was that of the *cruelties* of vivisection, a very few of which we then described. We cannot think it right to publish such descriptions in every number of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS. There is a lesson to be learned from the experience of medical schools. Young men who have fainted in horror when they first witnessed the cruelties of vivisection, have not unfrequently been hardened by habit, until they themselves became remorselessly cruel vivisectors. Just so, in a magazine which counts many thousands of children and young persons among its readers, we think it might be possible so to familiarize them with descriptions of cruel experiments as to dull the edge of their sensibilities. Our mission in these columns is to cultivate a humane affection for our animal friends, and we must be careful not to injure our cause in the hearts of the young by giving a too free course to our own zeal even in the suppression of monstrous cruelty. Cruelty is the most inexcusable of vices. To be hated it "needs but to be seen;" yet he would be an unwise teacher who should seek to train the young to virtue by familiarizing them with stories of vice.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS has limitations which we must respect; but The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is not confined within the same limitations. If it shall be necessary to agitate the barbarities of vivisection until an indignant public shall demand their utter abolition, the means and methods of such an agitation are abundantly at hand. We trust that they may not be needed, but the medical faculty has secured a clause in the present law of this State, under which it is impossible to prevent, or in the least degree to mitigate, those barbarities, and public opinion, when properly informed, will demand an amendment of that iniquitous provision. It would surely be wise in the medical faculty of the State to anticipate and remove the necessity for a public agitation to secure the necessary legislation, by proposing such an amendment as would satisfy the public conscience.

INCREASE OUR MEMBERSHIP

THE members of our Society could do us no better service than by using their influence to increase our membership. Such an increase would add to the revenue of the Society, and it would do still more by adding to its influence. In every great work of moral and social reform, the all-important means of success lies in the creation of right public opinion, and in the attraction of public sympathy. Our Society, after a long struggle, has had much success in these respects. It is no longer ridiculed, and when it is opposed by individuals, it can usually count on the support of

public sentiment. Nevertheless, much remains to be done. The Society needs more than a vague and generally unintelligent public approbation. It needs the active, intelligent, and principled support of enlightened men and women; and it is specially desirous to secure the active support of the young. A large increase of the membership of the Society would include an increase of revenue. But it would bring much more than revenue. It would bring to our work the inestimable strength of living power and influence.

By a change in the by-laws of the Society, a life membership can now be obtained by persons of either sex on payment of $100, and an annual membership on payment of $5. It has also been provided that minors shall be admitted to membership on the same terms as adults. Every member of the Society is furnished with a card, which entitles him or her to peculiar privileges in securing attention from the authorities in cases of cruelty which may fall under their notice, and, by the use of these cards, the members of the Society, with very little inconvenience to themselves, can become efficient agents in the furtherance of the Society's work.

We appeal to our present subscribers to lend us their aid in securing an addition to our list of members. We can think of hardly anything else which, at this time, would do more for the advancement of our cause.

A BROOKLYN OFFICE NEEDED

IT is an old saying that "a prophet is not without honor, save in his own country," and if The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals cannot complain that it is "without honor in its own country," it is glad to know that some parts of its work, which are regarded as mere matters of course here, excite something like admiration abroad. The *Journal of Zoophily* for the month of August says:

"Think of it! The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, New York, has 'a life-saving derrick' that, with its corps of experienced officers, perambulates the thoroughfares of that famous city, to drag horses out of excavations in the streets into which they have fallen. On Third Avenue alone, during the past month, six horses have thus been humanely hoisted out of muddy graves."

After all, when one considers it, the criticism to which the Society is sometimes subjected, with the best motives, at home, implies a high tribute to its efficiency, rather than a censure of its short-comings. With means which are extremely limited in proportion to the work it has undertaken, it has been fortunate enough to do so much that it is expected to do all; and the public wonders that it should leave anything whatever undone. As we have said, we do not complain of criticism, but rather welcome it as a sign of interest in our cause. Nor do we pretend to say that the criticism of our work is always unjust. It is perfectly true that we fail from time to time to accomplish very much that we desire to do. Yet we submit that the fault, when there is a fault, is not justly chargeable either to lack of zeal or to inefficiency of administration, but to a lack of means to complete and carry out our plans.

There is one plan which we are extremely anxious to be enabled to execute. The city of Brooklyn is obviously a proper centre for the work of our Society, not only in that great city, but throughout the whole of Long Island. The truth is, that much of our most important and most difficult work has to be done in the suburbs of Brooklyn. Yet our force there is much less than we require, and its equipment is altogether inadequate. Our Brooklyn office is established in two rented rooms at No. 415 Fulton Street, and our ambulance is housed in a livery-stable. To do our work in Brooklyn and Long Island as it ought to be done, we require much better arrangements. We ought, at least, to have a modest building, conveniently situated and properly constructed for our special business. Such a building might be erected for about thirty thousand dollars, including the cost of the land. Will not our generous friends in Brooklyn take this matter in hand, and see that our Society is furnished with the means to accomplish its beneficent purpose by the suppression of cruelty and the cultivation of humanity throughout the length and breadth of Long Island?

A NOVEL way of supplying water to dogs has been proposed by Commissioner Aldrich of Chicago. His plan is to make drinking fountains of the fire hydrants by attaching to each one a faucet and a receptacle at the bottom for waste water —a humane device for benefiting human beings as well as dogs, by helping to free them from the perpetual "mad dog" worry, and by offering an extra number of convenient fountains for their own refreshment.

AT HEADQUARTERS

To those who may feel disposed to donate by WILL to the benevolent objects of this Society, the following is submitted as a form:

Form of Bequest of Personal Property.

I give and bequeath unto "The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," a corporation created by and existing under the laws of the State of New York, the sum of.....dollars, to be applied to the uses of said corporation.

Form of Devise of Real Property.

I give and devise unto "The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," a corporation created by and existing under the laws of the State of New York, all (here insert description of property). Together with all the appurtenances, tenements, and hereditaments thereunto belonging or in any wise appertaining. To have and to hold the same unto the said corporation, its successors and assigns, forever.

"LABOR DAY" was a day of unremitting labor for the officers of the Society, who were kept going from one place to another to suppress cruel amusements, one of which had been audaciously advertised as follows in several of the daily newspapers of this city:

"A MAD DOG will be let loose at Rye Beach on Labor Day. Don't fail to see it. After the dog is killed a clam-bake will be served."

This invitation was accepted by President Haines. On arriving at Rye Beach, Mr. Beck, the proprietor of the place at which the killing of a mad dog was to be the appetizing relish of a clam-bake, laughed at the idea that his advertisement was to be literally understood. He had no intention to let a mad dog loose, he said, but only intended to tie a tin kettle to the tail of an old dog that had been in his family for eighteen years. The antics of the dog when let loose among the crowd, he thought, would furnish his guests sufficient amusement. When he was asked whether he thought it necessary to entertain his guests with the sufferings of a poor dog in order to attract their custom, Mr. Beck vouchsafed no answer, and he was warned that if he attempted to carry out his programme, he would be arrested and prosecuted. On Labor Day the officers of the Society were on hand to see that no cruelty should be practised on Mr. Beck's dog or any other animal. By that time, however, Mr. Beck had become somewhat alarmed, and when the officers made their appearance, at the time when the mad dog was to be let loose, he offered them profuse assurances that nothing of the kind should be done, and that no animal of any description would be tormented for the amusement of the spectators. This was to a certain extent satisfactory. But if the officers had not made their appearance, there is no doubt that the dog would have been tormented according to Mr. Beck's original programme, and if they had been satisfied to accept Mr. Beck's assurances, there is just as little doubt that the programme would have been carried out as soon as their backs were turned. Consequently, the officers thought it expedient to remain on the premises until the close of the day, when all the guests had left for home without enjoying their promised amusement.

On the same day another piece of cruelty was prevented by the officers of the Society, namely, the placing of a live fowl in a box, with its head exposed, to be shot at by men and boys for a small prize. Seven would-be marksmen were taken into custody, and when they were arraigned, the magistrate warned them that if they should be arrested again for any such offence, they would be sent to jail.

It will be a thousand pities if Labor Day shall be perverted to the practice of cruel and brutal sports. All honest workingmen, and all friends of labor, ought to frown down every such attempt to desecrate a day which, by law and by public opinion, has been consecrated to humanity.

* * *

"GUILTY, BUT WE RECOMMEND THE PRISONER TO THE MERCY OF THE COURT," was the verdict recently rendered in a trial by jury, in Justice Peterson's court, against one George Gunnon, who was charged with having driven a horse to death.

It appeared from the testimony that Gunnon hired a horse and a light wagon from John McLean, a livery-stable keeper, to take his "girl" out for a drive. The horse was of a gentle disposition and in excellent condition. Gunnon knew nothing about horses. He started off with a great show of importance; drove to Coney Island, then back to Prospect Park, stopping there for a few minutes to listen to the music; then back to Coney Island,

where he drove rapidly up and down the surf road several times; then back through the park to the stable. The whole distance travelled was about thirty-six miles, with not more than fifteen minutes of rest, and the day was one of the hottest of the summer. The horse, when it reached the stable, was in a cold sweat, its head drooping, its eyes expressionless, its limbs trembling. After it had been unharnessed and put into a comfortable box-stall, the Society's veterinary surgeon applied every remedy known to his profession without avail. The poor creature died within a few hours. An autopsy was held, and the veterinary surgeon's report was that "the horse had died from overdriving."

When he was asked what he had done to the horse, Gunnon appeared indifferent and refused to make any explanation. The case was brought to the notice of President Haines, who instructed Inspector Clark to make an investigation. Gunnon was taken into custody, tried and convicted, but with a recommendation to mercy on account of the respectability of his parents and his own previous good character.

In passing sentence, Judge Peterson said: "The jury, in finding you guilty, did right, and in passing sentence upon you I must take into consideration the recommendation to mercy. Just such young men as you, have kept me and many others from enjoying an evening ride. You hire a horse and run the life out of it. You have no feeling for a dumb brute. I want you as well as others to understand that animals have rights, and that they must and shall be protected. So far as I can, I will see that the humane laws of the State are enforced. If the jury had not presented a recommendation for mercy, I should have sent you to the penitentiary, but, as it is, I fine you twenty-five dollars, and in default to stand committed to the county jail for twenty-five days. Now, let this be a warning to you and others in the future."

The defendant is a young man about twenty years of age. His parents are very respectable, and keenly feel the disgrace their son's conviction has brought upon them. He took "his girl" out riding; like a great many other young men, he wanted to show off at the expense of the horse, and he never thought of the consequences until too late. He admitted that he had not given the horse a drop of water all the time it was out.

MICHAEL JORIE was arrested for driving a sick, lame, and decrepit horse attached to a loaded coal-cart. When he was stopped, Jorie declared that the horse was fit for any kind of work. He was arrested, nevertheless, and committed for trial. A short distance away the same officer arrested M. S. Underhill for shooting a dog in the head with a rifle when the animal was quietly sleeping on a stoop. Underhill was fined ten dollars.

For overdriving and beating a horse, Cora and Etta Fry were arrested and charged with cruelty. They demanded a trial by jury, and the jury, simply because they were *women*, brought in a verdict of not guilty. Not a very good reason!

Charles Bennett abandoned a poor old horse to die. In his defence he stated that he had no further use for the animal and could not afford to buy food or to hire a stable for it. He was convicted and fined ten dollars.

Thomas Connelly was found driving a team of horses attached to a stone-truck. Both of the animals were suffering from wounds on the breast, unprotected from the harness. The offender pleaded guilty to the charge of cruelty, and was fined two dollars.

Edward Harper, for compelling a team of horses to pull a heavily loaded wagon, while they were in a sore and feeble condition, was fined five dollars.

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MISCELLANY

THE FICTITIOUS CATBIRD

BY OLIVE THORNE MILLER

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THE real catbird stands before me as I write; beautiful, graceful, alive to the tips of his shining black toes, having an honest clear eye and composed manner, with neither the mad panic of a cardinal if you happen to look at him, nor the serene, other-worldly gaze that the wood thrush turns upon you.

Of all the birds that set up their homes in our orchards and around our doors, the catbird is at once the most intelligent and the most friendly to man. So proved by close study and scientific research, he is a desirable neighbor, taking a share of our fruit, it is true, but earning a thousandfold more than he eats by destruction of hosts of insects which devour fruit and foliage alike.

His song! I have listened to it for hours, and its spell is over me yet. Words cannot express its alluring charm; like all bird-song, it must be heard to be appreciated.

Such is the real bird, not merely in the eyes of a bird-lover who looks always for the good instead of the bad, but in the searching light of hard facts and scientific investigation. The fictitious catbird exists only in the imagination of man, yet he flaunts himself in some of our best books, and is so firmly intrenched in the minds of the people that even when the real bird is before them they are unable to discern his true character.

What, then, are the characteristics that belong to this creature of fiction, this man-created usurper, who wears the livery of our slate-colored darling? If we search the books—those only which profess to be true, and so have influence—we shall find that frivolous and absurd indeed are the charges against him, worth while to refute only because they have been so long and so often repeated as almost to become true by iteration, on the ground of the familiar saying that "a lie well stuck to is as good as the truth."

As a matter of fact, the only truth proved by them is what everybody knows—that there exists a wide-spread prejudice against the bird; a prejudice which I assert to be as cruel as it is unfounded. But since, unfortunately, we are prone to see what we look for, whether it is an Indian arrow-head with Thoreau, or a skulking disposition in one of the most open and friendly of our feathered fellow-creatures, we are certain to see in the catbird what we have already made up our minds is there.

The child in his school-book, as well as the adult in his magazine essay, reads that the catbird is thus and so, and as it rarely occurs to either of them to question what is so confidently affirmed, they go out firmly convinced that they know the catbird, whereas in fact they know only a fictitious creature of that name.

There must be a reason for misrepresentation so persistent and so extended. There is: and it is not far to seek. The character popularly attributed to this bird is a curious survival from the darkest days of superstition, and when we trace it to its source, it is absolutely ridiculous. In his *name* lies all his woe! From a fancied resemblance of cries the bird was named after the cat, and straightway endowed with the odium already fastened upon that grossly maligned animal; so that we must go back of the bird to the beast to get at the root of the matter.

The cat has suffered for ages under a load of prejudice resulting from superstition, though eloquent pens have cleared his reputation again and again. Is it not doubly cruel first to name a bird after his natural enemy, and then gratuitously to present him with the supposed qualities of that inveterate foe?

Happily, many persons have learned to know the real catbird, and have borne their testimony. A beautiful, useful, and charmingly musical little creature—says Maurice Thompson—naturally inclined to love man and serve him; entitled to protection and grateful regard on account of the great number of insects it destroys, a service to us against which the small quantity of fruit it eats is no offset.

Harmless and inoffensive, of great musical ability, and a benefit to the agriculturist—says Coues. His confidence in man, his song, and the innocent playfulness of his manners—says our genial Wilson—will always be more than a recompense for all the little stolen morsels he snatches. The same writer found the catbird of all birds the

most affectionate, intelligent, unsuspicious, and friendly to man.

Of all the feathered choristers—says a keen and discriminating observer, Mary Treat—none were so charming, none so confiding and intelligent as the catbird, three pairs of which nested close to the house. And she goes on to give an interesting account of them. Though distinguished by his song—says Robert Ridgway—which is eminently original in style, it is his manners which commend him most to our notice.

Why is it worth while to try to clear the catbird from the bad name fastened upon him, when happily he does not understand English, and is ignorant as well as indifferent regarding our opinion? A little in the interest of pure justice to an innocent creature; but more because the real bird is so bonny and winsome that I long to have every one know and love him; and most, perhaps, because persecution is having its effect on him, and I fear he will lose some of his most attractive qualities.

I have just spent a day with the catbirds, trying to overcome the shyness which they are learning. I did not succeed—to my great regret.

I began early, seating myself before a cedar-tree, where, resting on a branch close against the trunk, was a nest with four nestlings. Madame was out, and while I waited, her tuneful spouse entertained me from the rose-trellis beside the cottage door. Never was song so unique, rarely one so bewitching. I could have listened for hours; but he finished, and I looked about for his mate. She did not appear; I became conscious of whispering sounds all around me; then of a low, gurgling sort of talk, hardly more perceptible; at length a subdued "mew"—then silence.

I fixed my eyes upon the nest, and waited. Nothing was to be heard except the song of the bobolink "with his heart on fire," in the next field, and the quaint rattling cry of the meadow lark across the way, for this was a favored spot of earth where the voice of the English sparrow entered not.

Soon I heard the soft flitting of wings behind

the hedge, and the anxious mamma ran out on the drooping branch of a spruce, whose leaf-twigs hung downward and left the bare branch a highway for clinging little feet. She was speaking her mind rather freely when her mate turned up again.

"He sang as if it were
The one day of summer in all the year,
And the very leaves seemed to sing on the trees."

It was delightfully soothing to me, but it had not the same effect on his mate; it even seemed to irritate her that he could sing while the enemy menaced his household. The cry became impatient, almost a squawk. Now and then he paused and answered, but the morning was so delicious and he was so happy he could not help bubbling over with song, though no doubt he kept me well in sight and held himself in readiness for action if my attitude became offensive.

Still I waited for her to find those infants, but that she could not make up her mind to do with the foe before her door. She circled about that charmed spot; she begged and entreated in all inflections of her sweet voice; she exhausted her vocabulary of expostulations and reproaches; but I hardened my heart against her appeals and sat immovable.

It was a beautiful nook in which to wait, what our grandmothers called a "door yard," protected from the road in front by an impenetrable hedge of overgrown lilacs with an occasional evergreen tree; screened from the vegetable garden behind by a close row of spruces that had never known the pruning knife, and so made a dense wall to the ground. One end—shaded by a tall tree or two—looked into the bobolink's meadow; and the other afforded glimpses of an enchanting old orchard, where mourning doves built their careless nests, and raised their quaker-clad twins; where woodpeckers revelled on the old apple trunks, and where catbirds and cardinals sang the whole day through.

"Here was the place to lie alone all day
On sheltered grass beneath the maple-trees,
With leaves forever trembling in the breeze."

But the hours, even of a rare June day, will pass, and down the orchard I knew of another catbird-home in an old apple-tree, next door but one to where a dove brooded her pair of eggs. This bird perchance might be less timid than her cedar-tree neighbor, who I feared would abandon her nest before she would point it out to me. I resolved to call on the second one.

Before her castle in the air—at greater distance, however—I seated myself. Our dove took flight with whistling wings, and was seen no more; the catbird, alas! was just as much disturbed as her namesake. No meekness of demeanor, no absence of motion, no assumption of indifference to her doings imposed for a moment on that acute bird. From her point of view human beings were thieves and robbers who coveted both eggs and young, not to mention her own skin. In that sunny nest, she knew perfectly well, were four of the most beautiful babies in the world, and what could one of this plundering race want but to steal her treasures? They were hidden, she hoped, by sheltering leaves, and she would die before she would reveal them.

Such was her attitude toward me, and greatly as I regretted her sentiments I could not blame her for them.

Still another nest I knew on the lattice beside a cottage door, where children played and people passed all day. Surely a bird that would take up her abode in such a place would be less alarmed. Before her door I sat me down. She was absent, but in a moment I saw her returning. I looked the other way, as if I was interested in anything but birds, but the instant she saw me she stopped, paralyzed. She saw at once that I was not a thoughtless passer-by—I was watching her—I had designs.

So although I knew of nests enough, not a study could I make of one. For a nest that is taken by force, as it were, does not, any more than a town besieged by an enemy, furnish a study of its natural life, the only study I desire. Unless I can start earlier and win a catbird's confidence before nesting is begun, I fear I shall never know much of nesting time in the catbird family—hence my protest.

* * *

TO me Emerson taught two great lessons. The first was to rely confidently on that order of the universe which makes it always really worth while to do our best, even though the reward may not be visible; and the second was to have self-reliance enough to trust our own convictions and our own gifts, such as they are, or such as they may become, without either echoing the opinions or desiring the more brilliant gifts of others—*Hamerton.*

MEN AND MONKEYS IN INDIA

By John Fulton, D.D. LL.D.

[For our Animal Friends]

THE British Secretary of State for India has authorized the publication of five most interesting volumes on the fauna of British India, including Ceylon and Burma. The first volume, by W. T. Blanford, is on "Mammalia"; the second, by Eugene W. Oates, on "Birds"; the third, by George N. Boulenger, on "Reptilia and Batrachia"; the fourth, by Francis Day, C.I., LL.D., on "Fishes"; but by far the most interesting is the fifth volume, on "Beast and Man in India," by J. Lockwood Kipling, C.I.E.

It is simply impossible to give more than a glance at the contents of these volumes; yet the most cursory glance can hardly fail to be of interest. Thus it is singular to learn from Mr. Kipling that the humanity of Hindus to the inferior animals, of which so much has been said, has hardly an existence. Mr. Kipling says: "The Hindu worships the cow, and, as a rule, is reluctant to take the life of any animal except in sacrifice. But that does not preserve the ox, the horse, and the ass from being unmercifully beaten, over-driven, over-laden, under-fed, and worked with sores under their harness; nor does it save them from abandonment to starvation when unfit for work, and to a lingering death, which is made a long torture by birds of prey. And the same code which exalts the Brahman and the cow, thrusts the dog, the ass, the buffalo, the pig, and the low-caste man beyond the pale of merciful regard."

The existence of hospitals for dumb animals in India has been mentioned as a proof of the humanity of the people among whom such institutions are found. But it appears that they are exceedingly few in number, since there are but three in the whole country. Moreover, Mr. Kipling says: "They are not hospitals in the true sense, for ailments are not treated, but simply refuges for halt, maimed, diseased, and blind creatures, for whom nobody cares. . . . Ritual reverence for life does not include the performance of acts of mercy. It is enough to save the animal from immediate death, and to place food within its reach. So you see there creatures with unset broken limbs, with hoofs eighteen inches long, and monstrous wens. The dogs were a heartrending sight, confined, with nothing to do but fight, insufficiently fed, and all afflicted with one equal misery of mange."

Among the most interesting of the animals of India are our poor relations, the monkeys, especially those man-like creatures, the *gibbons* or long-armed apes. In tertiary times a species of gibbon far larger than any that now exist upon the earth had its habitat in the forests of Southern France. Now they are found nowhere but in Southeastern Asia. The most striking peculiarity of their grotesque figure is the enormous length of the arms, which reach to the ground when the creature stands perfectly erect; and yet, in certain points of physical structure, the gibbon more nearly resembles man than many other creatures which are described as anthropoid. Their food consists of fruit, leaves, insects, birds' eggs, and young birds, so that they are to a certain extent carnivorous as well as graminivorous. Their voices are said to resemble the chanting of human beings. Though they are capable of inflicting serious wounds with their long and sharp eye-teeth, the gibbons are exceedingly gentle and are often kept as household pets.

The sacred monkey of India, the *hanuman* or *langur*, is held in the greatest respect by the natives. Mr. Kipling says: "Under a benign rule of protection the monkey increases rapidly, and, being a daring and mischievous pilferer, becomes a serious nuisance. Indian shops have no doors or windows, but are like large cupboards, open to the street, in which food-grains and other articles are exposed for sale; and in towns where Hindus preponderate, and a busy current of trade has not swept the streets, bulls, calves, parakeets, sparrows, and monkeys take tolls which the dealer would fain prevent, but that he is few and fat, while the depredators are many and active. A stout grocer nodding among his store baskets, while a monkey, intently watching the sleeper's face, rapidly stuffs his cheek-pouches with grain, is a common sight, as well as a comical one. Of late years the tradesmen, who form the bulk of the members of our municipalities, have felt that there are too many hanumans abroad. Numbers of the marauders have been caught, caged, and despatched on bullock carts to places many miles distant. There they have been let loose; but, as the empty carts returned, the monkeys, quick to perceive and defeat the plan of their enemies, bounded gayly alongside, and trooped in through the city gates with the air of a holiday party returning from a picnic."

Although the relations of the hanumans to their human cousins are, on the whole, peaceful, peace does not always prevail among the hanumans. In the "Proceedings of the Asiatic Society of Bengal" for 1884, Mr. T. H. Hughes described a contest which he had witnessed between two communities of hanumans for the possession of a cluster of mangroves. The battle opened with a duel between one male champion from each flock, but as soon as one of them was killed, the females came to the assistance of the survivor. A touching but ludicrous incident then followed. Mr. Hughes saw a monkey which had been so wounded that one hand was crippled, and he went slowly along, supporting himself on his wife's shoulder. Thereupon, says Mr. Hughes: "We threw them bread and raisins, and the wounded warrior carefully stowed the greater part away in his cheek-pouch. The faithful wife, seeing her opportunity, sprang on him, holding fast his one sound hand, and opening his mouth, she deftly scooped out the store of raisins. Then she sat and ate them very calmly at a safe distance, while he mowed and chattered in impotent rage. He knew that without her help he could not reach home, and was fain to wait with what patience he might till the raisins were finished. It was a sad sight, but, like more sad sights, it was touched with the light of comedy. This was probably her first chance of disobedience, or of self-assertion, in her whole life, and I am afraid she enjoyed it. Then she led him away, possibly to teach him more salutary lessons of this modern and advanced sort, so that at last he would go to another life with a meek and chastened soul."

Strange to say, Mr. Kipling does not credit the monkeys of India with the intelligence which is so freely attributed to them by the natives, who suppose that the ape refrains from speech only in order to avoid slavery. According to Mr. Kipling, the monkey actually has not sense enough to go in out of the rain, and whole troops of them will sit shivering for hours in driving storms within a few yards of covered spaces which seem to have been specially provided for their shelter and comfort. Yet all monkeys are certainly not stupid. Thus the *rhesus*, or Bengal monkey, is said to be "as impudent as the hanuman, and even more mischievous. Very intelligent, and, when young, fairly docile, it is one of the commonest animals kept tame, and throughout Northern India it is the monkey carried about by itinerant showmen, and taught to perform tricks of various kinds. It is a most amusing creature, the incarnation of mischief and curiosity, but frequently rather ill-tempered. . . . They are perpetually screaming and fighting, or teasing each other; in fact, they behave like unruly children. The rhesus monkey swims well and takes readily to water."

An odd incident is told of some itinerant showmen who happened, when Mr. Kipling was present, to bring some tame monkeys and a goat into the presence of some wild ones. "The wild monkeys drew off at first suspiciously, but when the man sat down to his performance and made their tame brethren dance, put on strange raiment and mount the goat, they crept closer, with horrified curiosity and evident disgust. The tame monkeys off duty regarded their free kinsmen with listless indifference, and the artiste at work never seemed to glance at them, though they watched him with jealous, angry eyes, much, I imagine, as laborers on strike watch black-legs."

The family life of the Bengal monkeys is extremely human. "Monkey mothers are tender to their little ones, with a care that endears them to the child-loving Oriental. The babies are quaint little mites, with the brown hair, that afterwards stands up crest-wise, parted in the middle of their brows; their wistful faces are full of wrinkles, and their mild hazel eyes have a quick glancing timidity, that well suits their pathetic lost-kitten-like cry. Yet even in the forest there are frisky matrons. I have seen a mother monkey, disturbed in her gambols on the ground by the whining of a tiny baby left half-way up an adjacent tree, suddenly break off, and hastily shinning up the tree, snatch up the baby, hurry to the very topmost branch, when she plumped it down, as who should say, 'Tiresome little wretch!' and then come down to resume her play. Thus is a mischievous midshipman mast-headed, and thus is the British baby sent up to the nursery while mamma amuses herself."

The *wanderoo* of Southern India is a very odd creature, with tufted tail, and entirely black, save for the quantity of long gray hairs which project from all sides of the face except the forehead. It is described as a shy and wary animal, and in captivity is said to be sulky and savage. It goes about in troops of from twelve to twenty or more, and it would appear from a Hindu proverb that in its family arrangements the wanderoo is a monog-

amist, since the proverb says: "The Veddahs are like the wanderoos, they have only one wife apiece."

It is much to be wished that the progress of civilization in India may not entail the same fatal consequences to the monkey tribes that American civilization has inflicted upon the buffalo, and is likely to inflict upon the seal.

AN AUTUMN RAMBLE

By Sarah Charlotte Reese

[For our animal friends]

FOR a real lover of the country, each season and, indeed, every month has its own charm. "Nature never did betray the heart that loved her," and to such a sympathetic heart she offers, with a generosity all her own, a continual feast. It is to be regretted that many who spend the summer in the country are obliged to leave it just as the delightful autumn season is opening. September, October, and even November, have indescribable attractions; in truth, this is preëminently the season for thoroughly enjoying country life. Summer heat no longer makes exercise burdensome. The fresh, crisp air is a magic wooer, and few can resist the charm of a quiet, country walk through field, wood, or lane.

As we walk through the fields in the golden sunlight of October we breathe pure, balmy air which is the best of tonics. The odor of ripe apples floats from a neighboring orchard. In a green meadow cows and sheep are peacefully grazing beside a tiny brook whose banks are gay with the yellow marsh daisy. We walk over the stubble of what was a rich field of waving corn a few short weeks ago. Hark! there is music in this field! Music and dancing! for here is a gay and festive company of crickets and grasshoppers, chirping and jumping in the glad sunshine, and in a quiet corner of the field we come suddenly upon a tortoise taking a sun-bath, his beady eyes greedily watching an unsuspicious little black cricket!

There are not a great many birds to be seen now, most of our summer songsters having taken flight, but we notice a few little gray birds, with a clear, sweet note, and we hear a woodpecker at work, and the sharp, shrill note of the "flicker," and constantly the hoarse "caw-caw" of the crows high over our heads. As the trees and bushes drop their leaves we sometimes spy a bird's nest which has been all summer so carefully concealed by green drapery. It is empty now; and what a curious, wonderful little structure it is—its dainty meshes of straw and hair so deftly woven together! John Burroughs, in one of his delightful books, tells us of the many enemies with which the poor birds have to contend, and when we think of the constant dangers to which they are exposed, we only wonder that so many survive. Between owls, weasels, snakes, squirrels, mice and bird enemies, to say nothing of thoughtless boys and so-called "naturalists," thousands of nests are robbed of their eggs every year, and the parent birds frightened off, only perhaps to have their troubles repeated.

On a mild October morning we have heard a katydid making its curious music, usually reserved for evening concerts. We remember that the night air has been vocal with the sound throughout August and September, and that the cheerful clamor mingling with the contented chirps of the cricket and the tree-toad has often soothed and pleased us. The katydid is said to begin its music six weeks before frost appears, and as the weather grows cooler its note becomes shorter and more feeble, till, with the first sharp frost, it ceases altogether.

How rich and soft are Autumn's tints! and how gorgeous are the woods now clothed in Dame Nature's glowing drapery! How she loves variety and revels in every lovely shade and color! What painter's brush can rival these rich tints, or what pen can describe the indescribable beauty of this season? The deep crimson of the maple and gum-tree, the yellow and umber of chestnut and beech, the scarlet sassafras and tawny oak, the dark red dog-wood and bright yellow maple, with here and there the steadfast, dark green pine or cedar—how they all combine to delight the eye! As we walk through a quiet lane we stop beside an old stone wall, now a "thing of beauty," richly covered with crimson creepers and the gay orange berries of the bitter-sweet, while here and there are growing late sprays of golden-rod, and the brave little aster. A tiny brook runs placidly through an adjoining field, a field so green and rolling that we instinctively think of English downs. Two or three cows are grazing, and an old woman in clean print gown, red kerchief, and frilled cap approaches to drive them home. As we pass she gives us a smile and says:

"Foine weather for walking, and gude for the health it is!"

Sensible woman! It *is* "foine weather," and walking is truly "gude for the health;" yet how few of those who have opportunity take advantage of this simple pleasure, or appropriate to themselves Nature's kindly ways!

Driving and riding have their own undisputed charms, not to be depreciated; but the quiet lover and observer of Nature who goes on foot has, as Mr. Jennings so truly says in his charming book, "Field Paths and Green Lanes," far more at his disposal, is more independent, more open to sights and sounds which would otherwise be unnoticed, finds many more treasures in wood or field, and grows altogether more intimate with Nature as he reaps the "harvest of a quiet eye" and gathers from her generous lap some beautiful or curious thing.

On our homeward way we stop at an old farmhouse to refresh ourselves with a glass of milk and admire the handsome, stately dahlias at the door, and the lovely view of rolling country and rich woodland. We cross two fields by a winding path, starting a rabbit from a clump of young maples, their red leaves contrasting well with a cluster of rudbeckias.

By the skirt of the wood a little squirrel is busy nibbling nuts, and in the next field we hear merry "Bob White's" precise, military call. A farmer and his boy are raking hay, and the fragrance fills the air, already sweet with woody perfumes. Happy young voices mingle with the joyous, excited barks of the dogs as we approach the old homestead—a merry ending to our little ramble.

Truly, it is good to enjoy these simple pleasures, and to lift our grateful hearts—"from Nature up to Nature's God"—gladly remembering that "we are His people and the sheep of His pasture."

A NOISELESS SPIDER

"I MARKED where on a little promontory, it stood isolated;
Mark'd how to explore the vacant, vast surrounding,
It launched forth filament, filament, filament, out of itself;
Ever unreeling them—ever tirelessly speeding them.
And you, O my soul, where you stand
Surrounded, surrounded, in measureless oceans of space,
Ceaselessly musing, venturing, throwing, seeking the spheres to connect them;
Till the bridge you will need be formed—till the ductile anchor hold;
Till the gossamer thread you fling, catch somewhere, O my soul."

WALT WHITMAN.

FRENCH HORSES

IN the *Revue des Deux Mondes* not long ago M. F. Musany expressed his great regret at the present deterioration of French horses, for which he observed that there is no good reason, since the conditions under which certain famous breeds of horses—the Auvergnat, the Percheron, the Norman, etc.—were produced, are still unchanged. Yet now, he said, race-horses are mostly imported from England, and the French cavalry find it difficult to procure satisfactory mounts.

M. Musany blamed the owners of racing stables for this state of affairs, as they sacrifice every other quality to speed, and he spoke forcibly of the improper training of colts. His views on the latter subject are worthy of consideration here as well as in France. In substance, he says, it is time to do away with the old tradition that young animals are made hardier by exposure. On the contrary, they should not be allowed to run wild and ungroomed in all kinds of weather, picking up food where they can find it. Such freedom may be all very well for wild animals, since its result is the survival of the fittest; but even so, animals which survive exposure may have impaired constitutions, a fact which may account for the disappearance of certain species. Domestic animals should be treated differently. By lack of care they become weaker instead of stronger; they catch cold easily, and their illnesses are not attended to in time; and the consequence is that they require special care before entering upon full work.

M. Musany thinks that most horse-paddocks are too large. Several small enclosures, in which the horses can be more readily observed, are better than one large field, and in a small paddock the ground is trodden to a smoother surface.

AN EXCUSE FOR RUNNING AWAY

By C. M. Pennington

[For our animal friends]

A CURIOUS incident came to my notice some years ago in connection with a horse that had for many years borne an unsullied record, but which suddenly developed an apparent viciousness impossible to account for. The horse was driven in a tally-ho coach. He was beautiful, and though high-spirited, gentle; but upon several occasions he surprised his master by fretting and plunging in harness and demoralizing the other horses, and finally he disgraced himself by running away.

The first offence was overlooked, and the animal was retained and driven alone; after a long period of docility he again ran away, when it was decided that he could no longer be trusted with the lives of the family. His fate was sealed, and he was sold at a great sacrifice.

The new owner found his purchase satisfactory in every way, and concluded that the past misdoings of the horse were attributable to careless grooms. One night when being driven in a sleigh the horse began rearing and plunging; he finally became unmanageable and started off in a mad run which resulted in a demolished sleigh. It was again decided that the horse should be sold, and arrangements were made accordingly. During the examination of the mouth of the horse a bright spot was observed between his teeth, which was presumed to be a filling, as the horse was of value; but upon closer scrutiny it proved to be a galvanized tack which had probably been taken with his food, and had been wedged between his teeth, and by pressing upon them had at times occasioned excessive agony. This it was that had repeatedly rendered the poor animal frantic with pain, so that he had lost all control of himself. The tack was removed, and the horse proved himself kind, gentle, and trustworthy under all circumstances.

If we had only a little more sympathy with the noble animals who do so much to contribute to our comfort and pleasure, we should inquire more carefully into the reasons of any disagreeable peculiarities which may appear in them. Undoubtedly there is always a cause, if we would only be at pains enough to discover it.

TU-WHIT! TU-WHO!

THE unfortunate owl has almost universally been an object of hatred and persecution, and in the lower ranks of civilized nations we find no more intelligence in this respect than among naked savages. No sane man would waste his time in argument with those who believe that the hooting of an owl betokens a death, or who regard mere coincidences as cause and effect; but a better understanding of the true habits of these birds should be inculcated in the minds of all concerned in the preservation of game. Within thirty miles of the centre of civilization and intelligence—to wit, London—I once saw, says a recognized authority, the mouldering remains of several owls nailed upon the door of an outhouse adjoining the gamekeeper's cottage, in company with such well-known felons as carrion crows and stoats. On inquiring of sapient "Velveteens" why these poor birds had paid the last penalty of a barbarous code of laws, I was informed that they destroyed the young partridges and pheasants, made cows slip their calves, and caused disturbance in general among men and beasts. Perhaps his knowledge of bovine obstetrics may have exceeded mine; but I ventured to ask how these birds could possibly assail the feathered game under his charge when brooded at night by their mothers in thick cover or long grass. To this, of course, was returned the conclusive answer that "he knowed they did it." In the United Kingdom at least, where the eagle owl is at most a rare visitor, and the snowy owl extremely scarce or nearly extinct, we need entertain no apprehensions on account of the smaller common species, whose services to the farmer have, besides, been repeatedly demonstrated.

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AN instance which illustrates the remarkable power of the swordfish is mentioned by Hugh M. Smith of the United States Fish Commission. The case was that of a vessel which returned to port with the broken end of a sword projecting from her hull. When examined it was found to have pierced the copper sheathing of the vessel, an inch-board undersheathing, a three-inch plank of hard wood, a solid white-oak timber three inches thick, a two-and-a-half-inch hard oak ceiling, and the head of an oil cask, where it finally remained fast.

BOYS who are fond of diving might see strange sights under the water if they could keep their eyes open. But only divers who go below prepared to look about them can tell of the wonders of the deep. One celebrated diver has a friendly feeling toward the fishes. He says, in relating his experiences to a recent writer:

I have had a curious experience with fish during my career, and have learned to look upon them as friends and company when I am buried out of sight of the upper world. The kinds that I meet with are legion, and they swarm all about me. Ugly sculpins peer into the eye windows of my helmet and grin and work their jaws in a hideous manner. Snake-like eels squirm around my legs. Crabs and lobsters claw at my armor, making themselves sociable in every conceivable manner. But it is the common, every-day perch that annoy me above all others. They take my fingers for bait, and nibble and gnaw as though I belonged to them. We can't wear gloves, you know, for it would impair our sense of touch, which is all that a diver has to depend upon when forty feet down.

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A strange fact worth while to remember, since it is only a late discovery, is that life can exist at a very great depth under the sea. The discovery came about in this way. In 1861 a submarine cable broke at a depth of more than six thousand five hundred feet below the sea. When it was fished up, there was found adhering to it a whole colony of polyps, annelids, and shells. Since that time ships have been sent out by several nations to dredge for ocean treasures. Mr. Beaugrand, a French writer, describes the spoils obtained by two French ships and exhibited in the Natural History Museum in Paris. He says:

There were siliceous sponges, Holtenia, that might have been taken for birds' nests or cups made with braided threads of glass. Other sponges, by the strange shape of their skeletons, recalled the comb made by bees; and farther on, side by side with dense corpses of corals, there were Echinodermata star-fishes, radiates of all sizes, forms, and colors, such as naturalists had never seen even in dreams before.

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At this great depth beneath the sea, where all is gloom and silence, the fishes themselves furnish light. Some of them are phosphorescent, and others are furnished with luminous plates. It is supposed that they are supplied with light in this way so as to attract each other, as the glowworms and the fireflies attract each other on land.

Fishes existing in the lower depths of the ocean cannot exist in higher waters. Their forms are only adapted to a pressure equal to many times the weight of the atmosphere. The pressure of the water, which increases in proportion to the depth, is necessary to hold them in shape, and if taken up to the surface they would decompose into a soft gelatinous mass. Every living creature has been made for a certain place, and for certain surroundings. Among the lower as among the higher animals it is sometimes the worst form of cruelty to take them from their proper places and attempt to make them change their ways of living.

THE IMPRISONED BIRD

[ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

CHILD, you have caught a bird of the fields, and you are jubilant, and you cry out victory! But the poor little bird languishes in his dark cage, and what you fancy a song is only a plaintive moan.

For many a long day you have schemed to trap him, in listening to his song high up in the trees of the woods; and you have lain low upon the grass so that you might not frighten him away from your snare. And he will amuse you until to-morrow; and for this brief pleasure you have cut his wings, and shut him up between bars, where he can fly no higher than your hand. You have watched him now for an hour, beating his poor little head against the prison bars of his cage, and fluttering his crippled wings in vain, frantic endeavor to escape, all the time giving forth that plaintive cry. And then you strew his cage with flowers, so that he may see the flowers, his companions of yesterday—yesterday, that happy yesterday, when his voice, merry with love and liberty, poured forth its joy in song as he flew through the forest, free as the winds.

You did not know, dear, the sweet mystery of paternity that inspired his song as he thought of the nest high up in the tree-top. For you it was only a song; to the nestlings he is a father. A father as tender, as loving as yours, my boy; teaching his little ones to fly in the blue skies; to praise God each day that dawns; and imparting sweet counsel, all in song. Then he leaves the little mossy nest to seek a little grain, which he straightway carries up and feeds them, so that they, too, may grow big and strong; and soon their cries will burst into song, and their pillow to a wing.

The smallest birds that fly God loves and blesses! He gives them grain that the gleaner rejects, and into the little swaying nests drops sweet crumbs of His love and care. And when your captive, who flees your endearments and avoids your caresses, stops his plaints and seems as if listening, he hears the little wailing voices of his nestlings from the depths of the woods, hungry and comfortless because he does not return. The mother, faithful guardian, shelters them with her wings; but it avails not—they die, without ever having sung.

Listen then, my darling, to the bird when he warbles in the heavens; enjoy the sweet fragrance of the rose, without snaring the one, or plucking the other. For our hand may carry misfortune to God's creatures even when we caress them.

MAKING THEIR TOILETS

By L. J. Vance

[For our animal friends]

LITTLE does my lady think, when she brushes and combs her hair, puts powder on her face, and washes her hands, that she is imitating the pretty actions of some of her animal friends. Do you know that swallows and martins are quite as dainty, quite as finical in their choice of bath-water as any "professional beauty"? They prefer to bathe after a summer shower, and they usually seek some clear, shallow pool which a summer's sun will dry up within an hour.

Perhaps cats take the most pains with their toilets. Of course you have noticed how, after greedily eating her meal, pussy licks her hands, wipes her mustache, and brushes her coat. She wets the dark, india-rubber-like ball of the fore foot, and rubs it over her face and behind the ears. The foot is both a sponge and a brush, and the rough tongue is a comb for the glossy coat. Lions and tigers go through the same performance as the cat in washing. You may watch them in Central Park, or in any menagerie to which you have access. After a few lessons some cats will not dare to venture into the house or into a room unless their feet are clean. They learn very quickly that they will not be admitted indoors to make "dirt tracks."

Most dogs pay particular attention to their bodies. Pet dogs and blooded dogs, especially, are quick and clever in making their toilets. They seldom need to be told to keep themselves clean. In this respect they differ from mongrels, which take little or no pride in their appearance. One sign of a dog's high breeding is that he will not come into a room with dirt or mud on his feet. Sporting dogs, which must go through mud and snow and wet, begin even on their way home to get rid of their mud by rubbing themselves against the side of a haystack or a bush so as to clean their coats. If a dog shows patches of mud or dirt next morning, you may at once guess that the poor fellow was too exhausted the night before to clean himself. A gentleman tells a story of his spaniel, which was allowed to come from the stable and to live in the house on condition that he must never show any traces of dirt. One day, at the close of a day's tramping, his master seated himself, wet and with half-frozen drops of ice clinging to his shoes, by the fire. The spaniel put on a comical look of mingled surprise and pain. Then he ran up and licked off the frozen ice, giving now and then an anxious look to his master, as much as to say: "Dear me, he will be sent off to sleep in the stable if I don't get him clean before bedtime."

The feathered tribes have many peculiar ways and fancies about the details of their toilets. Some birds use water only, some water or dust, while others prefer dust and no water. Birds are not only exceedingly nice in their choice of bath-water, but also very particular about the quality of their "toilet dust." It is said that wild ducks, though feeding by salt water, prefer to bathe in fresh-water pools, and will fly long distances inland to running brooks and ponds, where they preen and dress their feathers in the early hours of the morning. Ducks seem to enjoy a shower bath more than any other kind; spreading open their feathers to allow the drops of water to soak in, and dressing the surface with oil which is carried in a small reservoir.

It is no easy matter to catch more than a glimpse of wild birds bathing at early morn. They are exceedingly shy and glance about them in every direction to make sure that they are not observed, before they take their "dip." Note how warily they go about. See the suspicious look they give ere the little head is thrust under water. How like a flash the plunge is made. Now observe the coquettish shake of the head with which the glistening drops of water are flung backward. Altogether, it is a pretty performance, and well worth rising up early to witness.

Sparrows bathe often, both in water and in dust. They are not so particular about the quality of the water as about the quality of the dust. They prefer clean water, but I have seen them take a dip in shallow pools that were quite muddy. The New York sparrow must take a water bath where he can get it—in the streets or on the tops of houses: but he is most careful in the choice of his dust bath. Road dust the dryest and finest possible, suits him best. I have noticed the city sparrow taking his dust bath in the street, and invariably he chooses a place where the dust is like powder. Partridges prefer dry loam: they like to scratch out the soil from under the grass, and fill their feathers with cool earth. Most birds are fond of burnt ashes. Some early morning, walk across a field that has been burnt over, and see the number of winged creatures that rise suddenly

from ash heaps. A darting form, a small cloud of ashes, and the dusty bathers disappear.

Nature has kindly supplied to animals many accessories of the toilet. Most animals are provided with brushes and combs. The northern fur seals have neat little combs fixed to their front flippers, with which they can smoothe the fur on their faces. The favorite gathering-places of these seals are the rookeries on the Pribylov Islands, where they may be seen by thousands, young and old, smoothing their faces and using their fore flippers as fans. By noticing how the seals fan themselves, Mr. Barnum's animal trainer was able to teach some of them to ring a dinner bell.

As we have seen, ducks and divers are provided with oil, or "brilliantine," which is carried in a reservoir. Mud is a substitute for cold cream and vaseline, dust for pearl powder, and water is, of course, the most necessary item. Even animals seem to understand that "cleanliness is the first law of health."

"RAILROAD JACK"

By Emily Supple

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

PERHAPS no canine personage has attracted more attention or given more amusement to the travelling public through Central New York than Railroad Jack. He is a brown spaniel who has the regulation long, curly ears, but has an exceptionally bright pair of eyes, which peep out through his "silken tresses" with an unusual expression of pathos.

Jack came to Albany early in life, and took up his abode at the restaurant of the N. Y. C. & H. R. R. station. Though a poor "tramp" dog, he seems, through his ambition and persistency of purpose, to eke out a pretty good living, and he certainly enjoys an experience in life that falls to the lot of few of his "contemporaries."

Jack travels for a livelihood, but not on foot, as you would suppose. He is an almost unremitting patron of the New York Central Railroad. It is said that an ordinary passenger coach does not satisfy him, and that he considers nothing short of the buffet car a suitable conveyance. He absolutely refuses to ride on an accommodation train.

When the conductor calls "All aboard!" if the train is an express, Jack springs up into the buffet car and takes his place among the passengers. He is on excellent terms with the porters and waiters, who frequently give him bits of delicacies left from the tables. There is no doubt of Jack's power to distinguish between an accommodation and an express train; for, if he happens to have taken a seat on the platform of an accommodation car stopping at a station, he jumps off quickly when the guard cries "All aboard!" knowing perfectly well that it is not "his train."

Jack prefers to stop over night in cities of importance, and makes his plans accordingly. Once by mistake he went down into Pennsylvania and stopped over night at Erie; but it is reported that, for some private reason known to none but himself, he decided to return by the first express in the morning, and has never been known to go to Erie since.

Railroad Jack is only a dog, but he has endeared himself to the hearts of nearly all with whom he has been brought in contact, and his natural pluck and persistency offer a lesson that might be studied with profit by many men and boys.

A LIVELY CARPENTER

ONE of the keenest observers of out-door life, John Burroughs, writes amusingly in the *Youth's Companion* about some of the strange ways of birds in their nest-building. A curious trait, he finds, has been developed in his vicinity by the "high-hole," a variety of woodpecker. Mr. Burroughs says:

"It drills into buildings and steeples and telegraph poles, and in some instances makes itself a serious nuisance.

"One season the large Grecian columns, made of wood, of an unoccupied old-fashioned summer residence near me were badly marred by them. The bird bored into one column, and finding the cavity—a foot or more across—not just what it was looking for, cut into another, and still another. Then he bored into the ice-house on the premises, and in the sawdust filling between the outer and inner sheathing found a place to his liking.

"Every season of late years they bore into the large ice-house on the banks of the river, and cut so many holes and let out so much sawdust that the men about the place have had to shoot them.

"One bird seemed like a monomaniac, and drilled holes up and down, and right and left, as if possessed of an evil spirit. It is quite probable that if a high-hole or other woodpecker should go crazy, it would take to just this sort of thing, drilling into seasoned timber till it used its strength up. The one I refer to would cut through a dry hemlock board in a very short time, making the slivers fly. The sound was like that of a carpenter's hammer. It may have been that he was an unmated bird, a bachelor whose suit had not prospered that season, and was giving vent to his outraged instincts in drilling these mock nesting-places."

THE "timid hedgehog," as he is so often called, is not so timid after all, according to an English writer, who speaks about him in this pleasant fashion: "While seated on the roots of a magnificent beech-tree we heard a rustling in the tall grass, and finally a hedgehog appeared and poked about among the dead leaves for beechnuts; he would poke his little black snout into a mass of leaves, sometimes burying his entire face out of sight; then he would stop to scratch little holes in the mass of rubbish. We were at first very silent, fearing to frighten the timid creature, but he seemed absolutely fearless. Only once he got very much excited when he disturbed a large moth, and he looked anxiously for it, giving a series of little pounces with his fore-paws in order to catch it, which were very pretty to see. We saw the moth fly away, but the hedgehog did not see it, for he kept on looking for it. When we rustled the leaves with an umbrella, Mr. Hedgehog retired into his prickles and declined to come out again. He evidently did not mind human voices and laughter, but any other sounds frightened him."

THE "'GATORS" BALL

BY CLARENCE B. MOORE

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

SOME Florida 'gators once gave a grand ball,
With 'gators for guests, for musicians and all.
So they supped on small darkies and little pigs sweet,
Since they lived in a lake and composed the *élite*.
The Committee decided, although it seemed harsh,
To exclude every 'gator that dwelt in the marsh;
For commonplace reptiles that wallow in mud
Can't mingle with 'gators that boast of blue blood.
So those poor, "low-down" 'gators left out, it appears,
Stayed at home in their marsh and shed crocodile tears.

THE VETERINARIAN

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians, answers to correspondents, and other items relating to that branch of science.

DISEASES MISTAKEN FOR CANCER—MALIGNANT STOMATITIS

MUCH misapprehension exists concerning the prevalence of cancer. Affections of the mouth are nearly always called cancerous if they present a malignant aspect. We therefore call attention to the following extracts from an article in *The Field* (London), which ably sets forth certain facts of interest to farmers and cattle owners in general.

"Complaints are frequently made by practical men that cattle affected with cancer are sent for sale to public markets, and anxious inquirers ask if the flesh of such animals can safely be used for the food of man. To all this it may be replied that cancer is rare in the lower animals, and almost unknown among those which are used for food. The diseases which are mistaken for cancer are recurring fibrous tumors, ulceration of the tongue and mucous membrane (malignant stomatitis), and wens, as they are called, due to the growth of a peculiar rayed fungus (actinomyces), which enters the structure of the mouth through any slight abrasion, and causes inflammation with its attendant consequences, exudation and sometimes ulceration.

"Malignant stomatitis is a disease of the mouth and tongue which may easily be mistaken for cancer, as the affected part is the seat of a form of ulceration which is disposed to spread over the surface, and also to penetrate deeply into the structures.

"Calves are more subject to the disease than older animals, and it is extremely probable that many animals have died from the effects of this disease without manifesting any symptoms which would lead an inexperienced person to look into the mouth for the cause of the fatality. As a rule, if a calf dies, it is buried or otherwise disposed of without any post-mortem inspection; and even if, owing to the death of several calves in quick succession, some kind of an examination is made, it is quite likely that the head will altogether escape notice, while the attention is directed to various organs of the body in which no disease exists.

"Symptoms of malignant stomatitis are not of a sufficiently definite character to enable any one to diagnose the disease without an examination of the affected structures. The animal gradually becomes emaciated, takes very little food, and has a dull and anxious aspect, which is doubtless due to the pain it suffers. Death occurs, not from the effects of starvation, but from the debilitating influence of the suffering which is associated with the extension of the disease, plus the poisonous action of the microbes.

"An experienced veterinarian, knowing that malignant disease of the mouth is a malady to which calves are liable, will naturally suspect that the debility from which the affected animals are suffering is due to the existence of that affection, and will examine the mouth and tongue with the certainty of being able to recognize the characteristic signs if they are present."

The writer observes that, in most cases of malignant stomatitis, the tongue is implicated. He fully describes the symptoms of the disease, but as these can only be judged of accurately by a skilled veterinarian, we omit special reference to them. He continues.

"Malignant stomatitis is not only a serious disorder among calves, but is likely to attack other animals, and also the human subject, if by any accident the organisms are transferred to the mucous membrane of the mouth.

"Cases of the disease have been met with in children, and it is at least probable that the disease might exist without being recognized by the attendant. The symptoms presented would be deemed to indicate some form of ulceration of the mucous membrane, or the condition might be considered to be of a cancerous nature, and no further inquiry would be thought necessary, especially if the treatment applied was successful, as it most likely would be, in treating the disease.

"Cure of malignant stomatitis is less difficult than its detection. Dr. Lingard, formerly of the Brown Institution, investigated the character of the disease some years ago, and ascertained that the removal of the dead structure from the diseased parts, and the free application of some powerful antiseptic agent to the exposed surface, for the purpose of destroying the parasitic organisms on which the disease depends, is successful in all ordinary cases. It may happen in very advanced forms of the disease that so much of an important organ, like the tongue for example, is destroyed that it would be impossible to clear away the dead material; but short of this condition, which can only occur from neglect, the disease may be cured by comparatively simple measures. Removal of the yellow masses of broken-down tissues may be effected by means of an iron spoon, the edge of which has been sharpened for the purpose. With this instrument the whole of the material may be scraped away. The cavity should then be sponged thoroughly with a strong solution of chloride of zinc. One good dressing may be sufficient, but the case should be watched day by day, and if the disease continues to spread, a repetition of the treatment will be necessary."

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FROM the seventeenth annual report of the American Veterinary College (New York) we learn that in the hospital proper 2,811 patients have received attention, while in the dispensary 535 were registered in the clinics, making the total number of animals treated, 3,439. It is stated that this is the highest figure reached yet in the practical work of the college. There has also been a gratifying increase in the number of matriculates since the organization of the college in 1875, the graduates for 1891–92 numbering 146, as against 18 for the first year.

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BECAUSE a hard-working horse can sleep in a standing position, it does not follow that he needs no more complete rest. It is necessary for a horse's well-being that he should be able to lie down. A clean bed should be kept ready for him, and if there is no room for it in the stable, then the horse should have free access to a yard or field wherein he can find a comfortable place to rest. In respect of their ordinary wants, horses are not so different from human beings as is commonly imagined.

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CONTRACTION of the hoof, says Mr. Bonner, is almost always caused by raising the frog from the ground, and so depriving it of moisture. As if this were not enough, the ordinary blacksmith insists on cutting away the bars of the foot, which were expressly provided by Nature to prevent over-contraction. Nature in her wisdom has made the off fore foot of the horse larger than the nigh one, but this does not suit the smith, who always tries to make them of one size. A too free use of the knife destroys the balance of the foot, and is sure to cause trouble.

THE SPEECH OF MONKEYS. By R. L. Garner. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

Mr. Garner is the pioneer in an entirely new field of research. He is therefore entitled to respect from scientific observers and to appreciation from the general public, which cannot fail to be ultimately benefited by his labors. He justly says: "A knowledge of their (the Simian) language cannot injure man and may conduce to the good of others, because it would lessen man's selfishness, widen his mercy, and restrain his cruelty."

The difficulties which have attended Mr. Garner's attempts to solve an intricate problem, may be more fully realized when one takes in the significance of the fact that he has had no precedents to guide him. According to his own statement, "not a line on this subject is to be found in all the literature of the world."

These essays and sketches, which have nearly all appeared in various periodicals, are much more impressive now that they are gathered together in one volume. After reading them as a whole, even a confirmed doubter must feel the possibility of breaking down that impassable barrier hitherto existing between man and his so-called speechless brethren. Attempts at a friendly understanding have been made, so far, mainly by the lower animals. Their endeavors to comprehend our speech, and their delight when they succeed in finding out our meaning, are most pathetic to the humanely disposed. It seems high time that efforts should not be confined to one side only, but that the higher intelligence should try to adapt itself to the lower.

Nine words, or sounds, belonging to the Capuchins have been determined by Mr. Garner's experiments, and some of these sounds are, he thinks, so inflected as to have different meanings. One sound, that for food in general, when modulated in a certain way seems to specify the kind of food. That for drink appears more fixed; that for weather seems to be allied to those for discontent and pain; the alarm sound includes three kindred words quite alike in mere sound but closely allied in meaning. He also notes the sounds for laughing, for dissuasion, and for love in the sense of ardent friendship and attachment. The phonetic effect of these sounds is very carefully described. The alarm sound, for instance, may be imitated by placing the back of the hand gently on the mouth and kissing it with great force, prolonging the sound for some seconds. The pitch corresponds to the highest F sharp on the piano, while the word Drink is two octaves lower, and the word Food three. Mr. Garner has no doubt of the sign for No, which is made by shaking the head from side to side in a fashion almost exactly like that used by man to express the same idea. The sign for Yes, a nod of the head, also appears to be used to some extent among the lower primates. Both these signs are in common use among various races of mankind.

Some of the author's general observations are not less interesting than his accounts of special sounds. He states that some monkeys can count as high as three, that they can discern values by quantity and number, and that they have favorite colors and are pleased with some musical sounds. They do not, however, seem to appreciate melody or rhythm. Real tears are shed by monkeys in distress; not so abundantly as they are shed by human beings, but resulting from similar causes.

Mr. Garner, in fact, attributes to monkeys the rudiments from which all faculties possessed by man could easily develop, including thought, reason, speech, and the moral and social traits of man. He considers that whatever may be the intrinsic difference between reason and instinct, the same motives actuate both man and ape in the same way, but not to the same extent.

While very much in earnest in his researches, Mr. Garner does not aim to convert others to his views, but tries to set forth carefully facts which will give others a basis to work from in proving or disproving his theories. For that reason his experiments appeal the more strongly to scientists, who will await with interest the results of his trip to Africa. There, living among the anthropoid apes, which of all animals, excepting high-bred dogs, rank nearest to man in intelligence, it is to be hoped he may gain valuable confirmation of the possibility of our learning an animal language.

AN attractive volume in the Riverside Library for young people (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.),—a series which includes history, biography, mechanics, natural history, and adventure—is "Birds through an Opera Glass," by Florence Merriam. The author recognizes certain difficulties in the way of beginning observations, and therefore outlines a very simple and practical method of work. She teaches how to divide birds into classes by bringing into play first hearing, next sight, then perception of form and color, and she also gives many sensible suggestions about the necessary laws of field-work. Even young readers who do not care to observe for themselves will be interested in the writer's sketches of seventy of our best-known birds. For example, it is well to know why the oriole's bill is long and pointed, the chickadee's short and strong, the robin's thin and slender, and the sparrow's stout and cone-shaped. It is pleasant, too, to see a picture of the finch's wooing when he bows and dances before the little brown lady he is trying to win for his bride; his pretty magenta head and back, his rosy throat and white breast, his graceful ways and tender song all making him a most attractive suitor. We are glad to note that the author calls attention to the brilliant plumage of some of our Northern birds, such as the purple grackle, oriole, blue jay, goldfinch, scarlet tanager, yellow-throated vireo, and others which would "excite wondering if they should bear South American or European labels." The little volume is rendered complete by a carefully prepared appendix showing how to "pigeon hole" the birds mentioned in the book, and explaining the general family characteristics of the birds treated.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE opens its fall literary campaign with a comparatively fresh and interesting number. An article of interest to our readers is "The Last of the Buffalo," in which George Bird Grinnell tells of the range and the habits

of the buffalo, the primitive mode of slaughter, the old sport of buffalo-running, and ends by showing how completely the herds of this animal have disappeared. The only wild buffalo now within the borders of the United States are, he states, in the Yellowstone National Park, where they are protected from destruction by the United States troops. Among other articles in the same number are "The Tilden Trust Library," by John Bigelow; "The Névsky Prospékt," by Isabel F. Hapgood; "Education of the Blind," by Mrs. Frederic R. Jones, and poems by Edith M. Thomas, Lizette Woodworth Reese, and Anna C. Brackett.

A NOTEWORTHY article in the *Review of Reviews* for September is "Louise Michel; Priestess of Pity and of Vengeance," by the editor of the English edition, W. T. Stead. Mr. Stead refers to her love for the animals which were welcomed and cared for in her grandfather's home, and notes that she grew up

"with a tender sympathy for the dumb and helpless, a sympathy which fretted her almost into frenzy when she saw the dull brutality of torture to which the voiceless ones were subjected by the peasants who lived in the neighborhood. She was ten years old before her mother could induce her to taste meat of any kind."

She used to ransom imprisoned larks and linnets by parting with her toys, and would often rescue the victims of brutality. "The Progress of the World," which appears in each number of this valuable magazine, gives a complete editorial *résumé* of the most important events which the busy reader may wish to know about.

PRESIDENT G. STANLEY HALL, LL.D., of Clark University, contributes to the *University Magazine* for September the leading article, entitled "The New Movement in Education." The writer ably reviews the educational progress of the academic year which closed last October, and which he characterizes as the most eventful in all the history of education. He further extends his survey of educational advance to the several preceding years, and finds, after comparing the progress of our own country with that of other countries, that America is not inclined to be behind in this marvellous growth. The United States now spends over $170,000,000 on its schools, not including over $10,000,000 annually spent on its colleges and universities. He particularly points out the need of special training for teachers; and shows that in improving higher education all other good causes are effectively aided.

"Charity for hospitals and almshouses is holy, Christ-like work, but better teachers should show the young how to avoid the causes of sickness and poverty. Sympathy must always tenderly help the feeble and defective classes, but to help the strongest in the struggle for existence is to help them not alone, but all others within their influence."

APROPOS of the coming national celebration, the October number of *Harper's Magazine* contains two entertaining and historically valuable articles. One, "The Baptismal Font of America," by Frank H. Mason, relates in full how this country first received its name, and is accompanied by fourteen illustrations, including a fac-simile of a page in the "Cosmographiae Introductio," a small Latin treatise on cosmography (1507), in which the name America was first suggested. The other article, by Professor Ruge, of Dresden, estimates dispassionately the character and achievements of Columbus as we now know them. In "Tiger-hunting in Mysore," the English artist, R. Caton Woodville, gives some adventures of his own, and decides that the tiger is a necessary evil in India, that he keeps the deer and wild boar within bounds, and relieves the "ryots" from watching their fields by night in unhealthy localities. The tiger, he thinks, ought not to be totally exterminated, except in cases of the destructive man-eater.

A NEW department in *Lippincott's Magazine* is "Men of the Day." It begins in the October number and presents sketches of G. A. Sala, Sir F. Leighton, Camille Flammarion, and, for home subjects, Speaker Crisp and General R. A. Pryor. The complete novelette is "The Kiss of Gold," by Miss Kate Jordan, whose portrait is given as a frontispiece.

OUTING for October gives renewed evidence of the care and skill of the present management. Stories of adventure, of sport, of outdoor life; instructive hints in riding and boxing; editorials, poems, and interesting notes, make up a number which will be appreciated by the regular readers, and ought to be looked at by those who are still ignorant of the value of *Outing* as a pleasant addition to the library table.

THE ELECTRICAL ENGINEER, an ably edited journal published in the interests of electrical science, is naturally in favor of the trolley system in place of horse-cars. A recent editorial enumerates among the advantages of the system that it is less expensive, that it is less unsightly and cumbersome than the elevated road, and is more healthy and cleanly in its workings and surroundings than a horse railroad. Of the advantages to horses in being released from a painful bondage, the editor does not speak. Yet to those of wide sympathies that is not by any means the least of the recommendations that might be brought forward in favor of the trolley system.

UNDER the heading, "Birds I have Known," a writer in the *Youth's Companion* recounts her experience with a number of pets. She observes especially a fact that we have often insisted upon—that the human voice is of great assistance in the taming of any wild creature. A soft, gentle tone and kind manner will go far to win the confidence of birdish hearts.

PROFESSOR W. H. FLOWER, whose valuable work on the horse was recently reviewed in these columns, has been made a K. C. B. He is director of the Natural History Museum at South Kensington. During the earlier part of his career he was a surgeon in the army and served in the Crimean War. He afterwards held several appointments in London, and succeeded to his present post in 1884. His later writings include a number of articles contributed to the last edition of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.—Bright, fresh, renewed and enlarged, that excellent monthly journal, OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, still continues to do effectual work in its special sphere. It is published by The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and while faithful to its noble mission, abounds in excellent reading matter relative to the animal kingdom. It should be read by every boy and girl in the land, and there are many children of a larger growth who would derive benefit from its pages.—*Spirit of the Times*, New York.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS is one of the best magazines of the times, and serves well the Society in whose behalf it is published.—*Central Baptist*, St. Louis, Mo.

AS an educator, the paper is doing good work, and it should be in the hands of philanthropists and teachers everywhere.—*Home and Mart*, E. Boston, Mass.

USEFUL and needed.—*Messenger*, Wilmington, N. C.

ALL humane people should support and sustain the efforts of those whose efforts are directed to the amelioration of the condition of the poor dumb brutes who toil uncomplainingly for the benefit of man.—*Journal of Commerce*, Galveston, Tex.

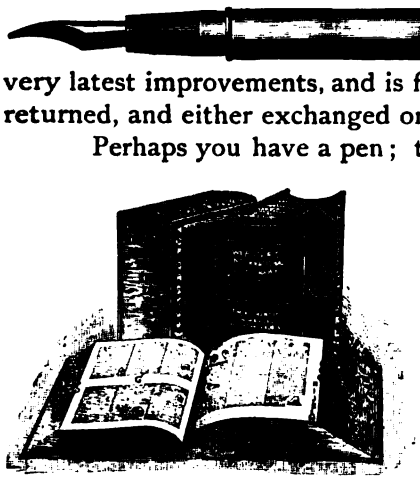
IT is a grand instructor in the methods of treating domestic and other animals with kindness and proper care. There is often too much thoughtlessness and neglect in looking after the comfort of even our cherished pets.—*Christian Cynosure*, Chicago, Ill.

VERY interesting is the account of the Society and its work, how done and what accomplished.—*Houston* (Texas) *Daily Post*.

OUR SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFERS.

We wish to increase the circulation of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS to 100,000 copies each month before the present volume is completed, and in order to accomplish this we need the co-operation of our friends. That they may not go unrewarded, we make the following liberal premium offers:

To every person sending us the names and addresses of ten new subscribers, we will present a beautiful Four dollar "Waterman Ideal" Fountain Pen, and also send OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, postage paid, free for one year. This pen is universally admitted to be "the best in the world"; it has the very latest improvements, and is fitted with a fine gold pen. If you receive one that does not suit you, it can be returned, and either exchanged or made satisfactory. Remember this costs you nothing.



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10 EAST 22D STREET, NEW YORK.

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OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

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Vol. XX. NEW YORK, NOVEMBER, 1892. No. 3.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

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ARE DUMB ANIMALS IMMORTAL BEINGS?

THE belief in the immortality of human beings has not been as universal and as continuous as many persons suppose. Among the Hebrews it was of slow growth. In the older parts of the Hebrew Scriptures there is absolutely nothing to indicate that the thought of immortality existed in the writers. In some of the Psalms there are passages which seem almost to deny it; in others there is a distinct evidence that at least the hope of it inspired the heart of the Psalmist. In the Book of Job there is one famous passage which, in its English rendering, triumphantly affirms it. The prophets, in their highest inspirations, seem to have expected it. At the time of Christ only the Sadducees denied it. In the Christian Scriptures it is boldly claimed that life and immortality were brought to light in Jesus Christ. Thus, according to the Christian Scriptures, the belief in immortality is founded on revelation, not on arguments of human reason; and, with one notable exception, the immortality conceived by Christian thought in the primitive age was the immortality of man, in which the brute creation had no share.

In other religions the growth of a belief in human immortality has been quite as gradual, though in some cases it has been less exclusive. The immortality expected by Greek heroes was hardly desirable. It was a shadow life, cold, dreary, passionless, a mere existence, destitute of all enjoyment. The immortality expected by Marcus Aurelius, thirteen or fourteen hundred years later, was nobler. It was a spiritual immortality, in which the disembodied soul might hold high converse with the sages, heroes, poets, and philosophers of every age. But at no time did the Greeks, nor their pupils, the Romans, so much as entertain the thought of immortality for the inferior animals.

Buddhism teaches, and has taught for many ages, that all lives are immortal, and that every living

creature, after passing through innumerable forms of life, is destined at last to reach the passionless peace of Nirvana. Thus, to Buddhists, all life is sacred, since all life is at last to reach one and the same divine plane of everlasting forgetfulness.

In that department of modern philosophy which has been called natural religion, many arguments are adduced to show the probability of human immortality. It is needless here to recount those arguments. It is enough to say that the great Bishop Butler himself admits that every one of them applies as fairly to the case of brutes as to the case of men. In other words, the great Bishop of Durham concedes that, so far as natural reason goes, it shows the immortality of brutes to be as probable as that of man. It follows, therefore, that no man who considers human immortality to be sufficiently proved by the arguments of natural religion can reasonably refuse to admit that the immortality of brutes is proved by the same arguments.

DR. PUSEY AND JOHN WESLEY ON ANIMAL IMMORTALITY

It has often been observed that the absorption of the early Christians in the thought of personal redemption withdrew their thoughts to a regrettable extent from the larger thought of the redemption of the universe, including all orders of creation. That grand thought, however, is often and nobly expressed by the Apostle Paul, in his Epistle to the Ephesians; and in the eighth chapter of his Epistle to the Romans he declares, with an explicitness which ought to be beyond all cavil, that "the whole creation" which now "groaneth and travaileth in pain together," has been "made subject to vanity," not hopelessly, but with a divine purpose that the creation "itself also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God." Thus revelation comes in aid of natural religion, and seems to promise that, in the consummation of all things, all creatures which are capable of suffering shall be delivered into the glorious liberty of children of God. We are perfectly aware that this significant passage has been variously interpreted; but we must confess that the interpretations which deprive the suffering universe of the "immortal hope" which we believe to have been cherished by the apostle, seem to us not only to be unauthorized, but to deprive Christianity itself of its sublime significance. We do not care to argue the question, however. What we wish to do just now is to quote two brief passages from two great Christian writers.

In his "Parochial Sermons" (vol. ii., page 303), the sober-minded Dr. Pusey says that "all nature, having suffered together, shall be restored together. Things animate and inanimate, as being the works of God, bear in themselves some likeness to their Maker, and traces of His hands. As, then, to us death is to be the gate of immortality and glory, so in some way to them. . . . Creation includes all created beings. . . . All creation must include our nature too, in that one common groan and pang."

John Wesley, in a sermon entitled "The General Deliverance" (John Wesley's Works, vol. vi., page 243), takes high ground on the same subject. He says: "Nothing can be more express. Away with vulgar prejudices and let the plain Word of God take place. They shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into 'glorious liberty,' even a measure, according as they are capable, of the liberty of the children of God. A general view of that is given in the twenty-first chapter of Revelation. There the following blessing shall take place (not only to the children of men—there is no such restriction in the text—but) on every creature according to its capacity: 'God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes, and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away.'" After this noble outburst of Christian hope, Wesley offers this conjecture: What if it should then please the All-Wise and All-Gracious Creator to raise the creatures which we now call the inferior animals, to a higher grade in the scale of creation? What if it should please Him, in the great regeneration, when He makes us "equal to the angels," to make them what we are now?

For our own part, we hold it to be of the very essence of Christianity to believe, with Pusey, that the lower creatures, as well as man, are the works of God, bearing some likeness to God, included in the eternal and merciful purpose of God, and destined to share in the final redemption of all things. We hold that Christianity would lose both consistency and truth if it did not allow us to deny, with Wesley, that when "God shall wipe away all tears from off all faces," the suffering brutes whom men have tortured are to be clean forgotten, while the

men who tortured them shall bask in everlasting bliss. We are frank to declare that if we may not believe in the immortality of the brute we know no good reason to believe in the immortality of man; and if John Wesley's conjecture should be true, how can eternity itself dispel the shame with which a cruel man, though he were "made equal to the angels," must then regard the human creatures he has injured in their lower and more helpless earthly lives?

BULL-FIGHTING

BULL-FIGHTING is still one of the regular amusements of Spain and Mexico. It is a disgrace to both of those countries that it should be so. It is a disgrace to France that bull-fighting should have been permitted during her last great International Exposition. The people of the United States, however, are hardly in a position to condemn those countries with great severity, for it is a fact that before The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals was organized, dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and bull-baiting were openly practised and publicly advertised in the City of New York. It is true that the bull-baiting of England and America was not the same as the bull-fighting of Spain and Mexico, since it was not a contest between the bull and human beings, but between the bull and one or more dogs which were encouraged to attack it, while the bull was partially restrained, so as to be deprived of freedom to defend itself. It was not until 1866 that these disgusting exhibitions were abolished, through the efforts of the Society. Bull-baiting has now been completely suppressed. Dog-fighting and cock-fighting, so far as they are still continued, are carried on only in secrecy, and when discovered are properly punished.

It seems to be incredible, but it is true, that more than one attempt has been made to introduce Spanish bull-fighting into this country, and, as one of these attempts has been of very recent date, it may be well to state in a few words just what a bull-fight is.

It is this: the bull is let loose in an amphitheatre, to be tormented to madness and then killed in the presence of thousands of spectators. It is annoyed by the flaunting of red flags, and goaded to frenzy by sharp darts, with ribbons and miniature flags attached to them, which are stuck into its flesh by men called picadors, every one of whom risks his life in tormenting the maddened beast. Many of the picadors are on foot. Some are on horseback, their horses being miserable and emaciated hacks which cannot, and are not expected to, escape the bull's charge. It is part of the sport of the occasion to see these wretched horses gored by the bull, while their riders slip off and escape. The spectacle of a horse being led out of the arena with its entrails dragging behind it is peculiarly acceptable to refined spectators. Sometimes it happens that a man is tossed and killed, and then the sport is at its best. The climax and close of the performance are reached when the bull is killed by an accomplished caballero, called a matador, with a single thrust of his sword between the shoulder blades of the exhausted brute. *That* is bull-fighting.

A BULL-FIGHT THAT WAS NOT HELD IN NEW YORK

In the year 1880 a company of Spanish adventurers undertook to amuse the good people of New York, and incidentally to gather in a goodly sum of money for themselves, by introducing the bull-fight into this city. Having completed their arrangements, they distributed thousands of hand-bills bearing the following announcement:

GRAND BULL-FIGHT
AT THE
CENTRAL PARK ARENA,
CORNER 116TH STREET AND EIGHTH AVENUE,
BY THE
CELEBRATED (TOREROS) BULL-FIGHT TROUPE.
THREE WONDERFUL BULL-FIGHT ENTERTAINMENTS.

The Spanish gentlemen were both disappointed and disgusted to find that in this unenlightened country there is a law to prohibit spectacles of that sort, and a Society which exists for the purpose of seeing that the law shall be enforced. The exhibition was prevented, and the speculators returned to their own land sadder, wiser, and poorer men.

A BULL-FIGHT THAT WAS NOT HELD IN ALABAMA

But that was not the last attempt to introduce bull-fighting into the United States. If a recent announcement, which has been extensively made through the newspapers, can be credited, an intention was seriously entertained to introduce it as

one of the attractions of the State Fair of Alabama in this year of grace 1892. It was publicly announced by the press that "the State Fair managers had completed arrangements" to disgrace the State of Alabama by introducing the disgusting spectacle of a bull-fight as one of the features of their enterprise. It is to be hoped that the announcement was unauthorized, but in the absence of an explicit denial, which the managers of the State Fair did not do themselves the justice to make, there is only too much reason to fear that they did seriously entertain the intention attributed to them. On the appearance of the announcement President Haines, of the American Society, immediately corresponded with President Dane, of the Mobile Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. The correspondence is given below. It is gratifying to know that the bull-fight did not take place. It would be still more gratifying to know that the projectors of it are as heartily ashamed of themselves as they ought to be.

FROM PRESIDENT HAINES TO PRESIDENT DANE.

NEW YORK, *August* 23, 1892.

HON. RUFUS DANE,
President of the Mobile Soc. P. C. A.,
Mobile, Ala.

My dear Mr. President:

I have before me a newspaper clipping of to-day, headed "Bull Fight in Alabama," which announces that at Birmingham, in the State, the "State Fair Managers have completed arrangements to have a bull fight," as an attraction on that occasion.

The President of the Board of Managers of the Fair is quoted as saying "that a proposition has been made to him for a first-class bull-fight in which professional matadors will take part. An inclosure thirty feet high will be erected, and the seats arranged in a circle as in the arenas at Mexico." The article further states that there is considerable opposition, however, in certain circles, and it is likely that there will be a lively controversy. I trust that there will be an uprising of the right-thinking and law-abiding citizens of your State to aid you in your efforts to suppress such an outrageous affair, which is not only an insult to our civilization, but likewise to the dignity of the people of the State of Alabama.

It is almost incredible to believe that a proposition for such a brutal entertainment would be for a single moment entertained by a citizen of Alabama, and that in connection with the annual exhibition, whereat the products of the land will be brought and presented to the people as evidences of the prosperity and progress of the State.

I trust, sir, that the machinery of your civilizing institution will be set in motion in such a way as to forcibly remind the officials of the State Fair that the good and humane people have some moral rights which they, the Fair Managers, are bound to respect; that the statutes of your State declare cruelty to animals to be a crime; and that your organization for the enforcement of the humane statutes will stand as a bulwark between the people's rights and the brutal orgy that is contemplated.

I feel confident that you will not permit such a disgrace to blot the fair escutcheon of Alabama, and that ere the arrangements for the proposed bull-fight become matured, your Society will have entered its protest and declared war.

Anticipating your favorable reply, I am,

Yours very truly,
JOHN P. HAINES, *President.*

FROM PRESIDENT DANE TO PRESIDENT HAINES.

MOBILE, ALA., *August* 30, 1892.

HON. JOHN P. HAINES,
President of the Am. Soc. P. C. A., New York.

My dear Sir:

Your esteemed favor of the 23d inst. was duly received. It contained the first intimation I have had that such a thing as a "bull-fight" was ever contemplated and published as an attractive feature of the great State Fair soon to be held in Birmingham, Ala. Such a disgraceful and barbarous exhibition of cruelty I feel assured will not be tolerated in this State, nor would it be in any great state or country where civilization exerts its benign influence and Christianity exists. If this bestial thought of returning to the dark ages and to gladiatorial combats to find "attractions" to our otherwise attractive State Fair had an origin at all, it must have emanated from the brutal sporting element that forms but a small and irresponsible portion of our people. Mobilians would not permit such a thing as an arena, with trained matadors plying their barbarous and cruel avocation, and I dare say as much for the Christian and right-minded people of Birmingham. Such "sports" are contrary to all civilized laws, humane, moral, religious, and statutory, and our Society will invoke the power of all of these laws, if need be, to estop "bull-fights," or other barbarous acts of cruelty, in the great State of Alabama.

Yours very truly and sincerely,
R. DANE,
President Mobile S. P. C. A.

THE ENGLISH CHURCH CONGRESS

DURING the first week of the month just past the subject of vivisection was discussed at the English Church Congress. It has been remarked with truth that this event is a "distinct landmark in the progress of humanity, since it is the first occasion on which the Church, during the two thousand years of its existence, has formally and openly taken the lower animals under its protection." In a religion which is so emphatically a religion of mercy, this is surely a strange inconsistency. In the Hebrew Scriptures there are many passages in which cruelty to animals is directly forbidden or discountenanced, and it is

always to be remembered that the humanity of the Old Testament is implied and included in the New. Nevertheless, it is certainly strange that humanity to the inferior animals has been so slightly inculcated by the Christian Church. A plausible reason for this has been given by Mrs. Jameson in her "Commonplace Book," in which she says:

"It should seem as if the primitive Christians, by laying so much stress upon a future life in contradistinction to this life, and by placing the lower creatures out of the pale of hope, placed them, at the same time, out of the pale of sympathy, and thus laid that foundation for this utter disregard of animals in the light of our fellow-creatures."

There are many indications that the tendencies of Christianity at the present time are practical rather than theological; and while the question whether an animal has or has not an immortal soul may be a matter of interesting discussion, it is very certain that the religion of Jesus Christ, if practically realized in His spirit, must secure a kindly and compassionate treatment of all dumb animals, and must condemn all wilful injury and unkindness to them.

A NOBLE CHRISTIAN UTTERANCE.

IT gives us more pleasure than we can express to record another notable evidence that the cause of humanity is more and more engaging the interested attention of Christian people in their corporate capacity.

The pastoral letter of the Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church to the clergy and laity of that communion at the late Triennial Convention contained the following noble passage which is understood to be from the pen of Bishop Hugh Miller Thompson, of Mississippi. We print it without further observation, because it needs none; and we hope the time is not far distant when the Church itself shall become what it ought to be, a Humane Society of the most practical sort.

"The Church of God must be a name for all that is helpful, gracious, merciful and loving toward men. She has the world to redeem. She must redeem it as the Lord Jesus set her the example. She must redeem it by love; she must redeem it by sacrifice. She must redeem it by an infinite mercy:—'Father, forgive them; they know not what they do.' Let her faith be mighty; let her hope be clear and strong; but 'greater than these' must be her love, her *Agape!*

"Love for those fallen by the way in the cruel strife of 'competition' and the hard 'struggle for existence'! Love for the lowly, and help and a strong shield over them, against the pitiless working of an iron 'economic law'! Love for what men have dared to call the 'submerged' masses in our triumphant civilization! Love for the little children whose cry goes up to God from the very centres of our enormous wealth—Christ's lambs drowning in the gutters of our rich cities! Love and help for all who have no helper but the good Father of us all above, and His Church and Kingdom here below!

"It has been long in coming, the clearness of the Vision; but, thank God, it has come at last; and we wonder that men saw it not clear in the dawning before, that the world is to be saved by Love, that Christ's Church stands for Love, that Christian men are to draw men by 'the cords of a man'—Love. Even the poor beasts, the birds of the air, the fishes of the river and the sea, we must learn, are under our Lord's hand. He careth for all His holy hands have made. Even a sparrow falleth not without our Father; and the helpless dumb things we make our own for our profit, our pleasure or our companionship, are under the high law which appeals to us because they, too, are creatures of our Lord and shielded by His infinite love."

AT HEADQUARTERS

THE third annual convention of Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals and Children of the State of New York, was held at Buffalo on Wednesday and Thursday, the 4th and 5th inst., in the Buffalo Library Hall.

Nearly every humane organization in the State was represented. The convention was called to order by Colonel E. A. Rockwood, President of the Erie County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who introduced the chief executive of the City of Buffalo, Mayor Bishop. After cordially welcoming the delegates, and extending to them the freedom of the "Queen City of the Lakes," the Mayor said among other pleasant sayings: "Your association has already accomplished much good, the record of it speaks for itself, and proclaims your principles to the world in tones more eloquent than any feeble words of mine could do at this time." Hon. E. T. Gerry, presiding officer of the meeting, in response, thanked Mayor Bishop for his presence and kind words of welcome.

"It is, indeed, gratifying to the friends of humanity," said President Gerry, "that the chief magistrate of a great city lays aside for the moment, his cares of office, and welcomes with outstretched hand those who meet within his municipality to

consider the best methods of alleviating the sufferings of the brute creation, of the oppressed of the human race, and of helpless infancy."

The first day's business was devoted exclusively to matters pertaining to the protection of animals. Among those present as delegates were: John P. Haines, New York; Charles H. Hankinson, New York; D. Bookstaver and O. R. Casey, of Syracuse; E. A. Rockwood, Miss L. S. Lord, Mrs. D. M. Cheney, Mrs. C. H. Utley, Mrs. Lily Lord Tifft, Miss F. J. Sears, John L. Cronin, J. H. Dormer, O. P. Letchworth, S. Cary Adams, H. Ramsdell and B. Churchill, of Buffalo; Edward Lee, of Oswego; R. J. Wilkin, of Brooklyn; G. J. Appleton, of Newburgh; Miss U. C. Walker, of Watertown; Miss Florence C. Cottle and Mrs. Seymour Dexter, of Elmira; Hon. Elbridge T. Gerry, Mr. and Mrs. E. Fellows Jenkins and Mrs. Clumm, of New York; C. D. B. Mills, of Syracuse, and the following from Rochester: Miss E. P. Hall, Rev. and Mrs. Max Landsberg, John Garnett, Mrs. J. M. Demarest, Rev. James H. Dennis, Mrs. Joseph O'Conner, Mrs. E. K. Knichling, Mrs. George Moss, Mrs. Alexander Prentice, Miss Olive Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Sanger, Miss L. O. Caldwell, Mrs. William Eastwood.

The reports of the secretary and treasurer for the year were then presented and unanimously adopted. The following societies presented reports showing the work and present condition of their respective organizations:

The American, the Central New York, of Syracuse; the Erie County, of Buffalo; the Elmira Humane; the Humane, of Rochester; the Jefferson County, of Watertown; the Mohawk and Hudson River, of Troy; the Oswego; the Ossining, of Sing Sing; the Onondaga County, of Syracuse; the Newburgh; the Pelham; the Poughkeepsie; the Rockland County, of Nyack; and the Ulster County, of Rondout.

The Parent Society's report was most interesting, and by request, was entirely read by the secretary. After reciting details, the report concluded as follows:

"The patrol service has rendered first aid to six hundred disabled animals found in the streets.

Over one hundred horses have been rescued from drowning, and saved from perishing in street excavations into which they had fallen, by the use of the Society's derrick.

Over five hundred cats and dogs have been rescued from starvation in the streets and in vacant houses, and have been mercifully disposed of.

Many persons have been arrested for engaging in dog-fighting, cock-fighting and rat-baiting; the places which were used for such purposes have been closed; and the paraphernalia seized and confiscated under the law. Several turkey shoots and pigeon matches have been stopped. A race in which a dog was advertised to run against time was prevented.

Early in the summer two experienced officers from Headquarters were sent by President Haines on a tour of inspection along the several canals of the State. Their reports to Headquarters from time to time showed a marked improvement in the condition of the horses and mules used in towing the boats. They had occasion, however, to make a few arrests and suspend from labor several teams of horses.

The same course will be pursued next year, and will be continued until the abuses which have heretofore existed shall be known only as a part of the past history of canal cruelty."

The convention then took up the matter of the selection of a place for the next convention. It was decided to meet on the first Tuesday of October, 1893, at Rochester.

President Haines, chairman of the Committee on Legislation for Animals, then presented his report; but before doing so requested permission to introduce a resolution. His request was accorded. Briefly Mr. Haines offered the following:

"This convention learns with deep sorrow of the recent death of Hon. James W. Husted. During his long and honorable legislative career he was ever the friend of both the animals and the children, and it is to him that our societies are indebted for securing the legislation which alone has rendered them effective. In placing this imperfect tribute to his memory upon its records, this convention tenders to the widow and family of the deceased its heartfelt sympathy."

The resolution was unanimously adopted by a rising vote.

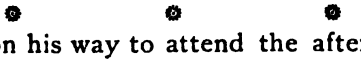
The report of the Committee on Legislation for Animals showed that many bills were introduced at the last session of the Legislature which more or less affected the cause of animal protection. President Haines, as chairman of the committee, opposed the passage of all measures antagonistic to humane work, and, by personal argument and me-

morials addressed to each member of the Legislature, succeeded in defeating the objectionable bills. The report would take up too much space if given in detail. Suffice it to say that the committee had performed the arduous duties imposed upon it to the entire satisfaction of the convention.

The subjects of Dishorning Cattle, Vivisection and Humane Literature were then taken up and discussed by President Haines, Rev. L. H. Dennis, Hon. Edward Lee, Daniel Bookstaver and others. President Haines addressed the convention in relation to OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, which he hoped would receive the aid and encouragement of all interested in the work of the Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.

After other business pertaining to animal protection had been disposed of, and last year's Committee on Legislation for Animals had been reappointed, the Third Annual Convention of Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals of the State of New York adjourned.

In the evening the delegates were tendered a reception by Mrs. Edward C. Warner, Mrs. Frances G. Sears, Mrs. Cornelius S. Holmes, Mrs. Edwin Fleming, Mrs. Alexander W. Guild, Mrs. Charles H. Utley, Mrs. Lily Lord Tifft, Mrs. Roswell Park, Mrs. Charles W. Miller, Mrs. P. H. Griffin, Mrs. Charles M. Underhill, Mrs. Edgar B. Jewett, Mrs. Norris Morey, Mrs. Harry T. Ramsdell, Mrs. Edward C. Walker, Mrs. Daniel N. Lockwood, Mrs. Bryant B. Glenny, Mrs. James W. Putnam, Mrs. Henry E. Perrine and other citizens of Buffalo, in the Art Rooms of the Library Building. The spacious rooms were transformed into a veritable bower of beauty with palms and rugs ingeniously used for decorative purposes. Delightful music delighted the brilliant assemblage, and in all respects the reunion was most enjoyable.



WHILE on his way to attend the afternoon session of the convention, President Haines instructed officer Noble of the Society to arrest one Joseph Deginfelder, who was driving a very lame horse while attached to a heavy van. The poor creature was literally walking on three legs. "Why do you drive such a lame horse?" asked the President. "I didn't think it hurt," was the unfeeling reply. To officer Noble, Deginfelder admitted that the horse had picked up a nail several days before, but the animal had received no surgical attention, and its suffering had increased every day. President Haines summoned the ambulance of the Buffalo Society and had the disabled horse taken to a veterinary hospital for treatment. Deginfelder was taken before Judge King and fined $5. The magistrate took occasion to assure Mr. Haines that he warmly sympathized with him in his good work.

FOR driving a lame, weak, sore, and exhausted horse attached to a dirt-cart, Nicholas Kelly was convicted and fined five dollars. He attempted to justify the cruelty by saying that he had kept the horse in the stable for four weeks, and thought it was well able to work.

John M. Korszoas, an Italian, was found driving a lame and sore horse attached to a cultivator. The poor creature was in a horrible condition, and was compelled to haul the machine through a ploughed field. Korszoas was fined five dollars.

Arthur Kipp was arrested on Broadway for driving a team of horses, both of which had sores on their breasts unprotected from the harness, and were otherwise disabled. Kipp was fined five dollars.

Frank Anderson was convicted and fined five dollars for driving a very lame, sore horse.

For cruelly beating a team of horses attached to an ice-wagon, Edward Harrison was fined ten dollars.

William Gernam, for driving a horse attached to a loaded express wagon, while lame and sore, was fined ten dollars.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

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MISCELLANY

TALKING IN STRANGE TONGUES

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THE situation would be an odd one, if, meeting a stranger of another tongue than your own, you should find that by a spontaneous gift of mimicry you could convey ideas to him in his mother tongue, at the same time yourself understanding not a word which you uttered in that tongue. On the other hand, without the intervention of a miracle of tongues there would exist between that stranger and yourself a primitive universal language of appeal and sympathy; as, should he laugh you would answer with laughter; should he weep you would follow suit, in effect saying:

"Come, child of misfortune, come hither,
I'll weep with thee tear for tear."

Now there are certain familiar yet foreign-spoken individuals between whom and ourselves exists a sort of friendly, but mainly silent, reciprocity as between superior and subordinate. We imperfectly understand them, and they, in turn, have but a limited apprehension of us. But since it is more to their interest, as subordinates, to understand us, their superiors, their endeavors to gain our meaning are sometimes most earnest and pathetic. Even so, their apprehension rarely goes beyond the language of gesture and tone. Our common vocables are exceedingly few. "Rats!" to the liveliest-witted terrier conveys but one idea. "Rats!" to the terrier's youthful god (man being the dog's divinity) has also a subtle derisiveness of meaning which is not set down in the canine primer.

If, however, man should put forth as strenuous efforts to understand his humble, four-footed worshipper as the dog does to understand his beloved divinity, it is possible that we might more than realize the fables of Æsop—not only should the different animals converse with one another, but we with them and they with us. Some sort of useful Volapük might eventually be established. I am not at all sure that his dogship would take kindly to a language founded upon the basic "bow-wow!" I have noticed that his exceeding sensitiveness seems to resent any mimicry on our part of this honest and expressive watchword—appeal—protest—running, as it does run, through innumerably varied inflections. Still more does he resent our imitation of the growl (which is a reversion to his savage dignity) or of the howl of bereavement (with its tradition of almost sacred horror); and he is grieved to the heart if his whine of distress is mimicked. It is little to say that though the dog may understand few of his master's *words*, he is doubtless a greater adept in catching the tones of his master's voice than the master is in noting and enumerating the variety of sounds which make up the dog's language. And surely no creature under man uses such a variety as this faithful friend of man, unless we except the bird, with its seasoned changes of song, its matins and its vespers, its love-note, its migrant cry, its song for the simple love of singing and perhaps of being heard. If it were not for the general contempt which has fallen upon the vocal accomplishments of the cat, I would like to cite our comfortable fireside familiar as an individual whose powers of expression through the voice are scarcely second to those of the dog. The mew in various tones, conveying the impatient demand for food, and the supplication for our caresses; the explosive sound which we call "spitting;" the distraught midnight wail, which makes of the outer darkness a jungle of wild beasts; the growl, so different from that of the dog; the rhythmical purr, vibrating through the whole frame; and —most curious and characteristic of all—that little, tender, half-nasal note between a mew and a purr, in which the most devoted and fatuous maternal creature in the whole world answers the cry of her helpless darlings.

I observe that the cat is far less sensitive than her household foe, the dog, to human imitation of her voice. In fact, she often lends a humorous if not very profound interest to the experiment. I used to hold conversations with a great gray sage in the form of a cat—conversations in which he was most earnest, eloquent, and fervent of response, and in which I may have said many things I did not intend to say, for I never understood a syllable of all I uttered, but raised my mewing, or conversation, according to the cue which old Grimalkin gave me. Sometimes, indeed, he became so excited that I was constrained to mew my apologies and desist from further discussion.

"ALAS, POOR TONIO"

By Florence Clarke

[For our animal friends]

PERHAPS some of the readers of Our Animal Friends may have heard the refrain, "Alas, poor Tonio!" A few nights ago as I sat listening to it, the stage, filled with a gayly dressed chorus, seemed to fade away; I was looking down into a pair of clear brown eyes, honest, faithful eyes. Only a dog: yes, not even a very well-bred specimen; a lean little fox terrier, very sparse as to tail and ears, in a word—Tonio.

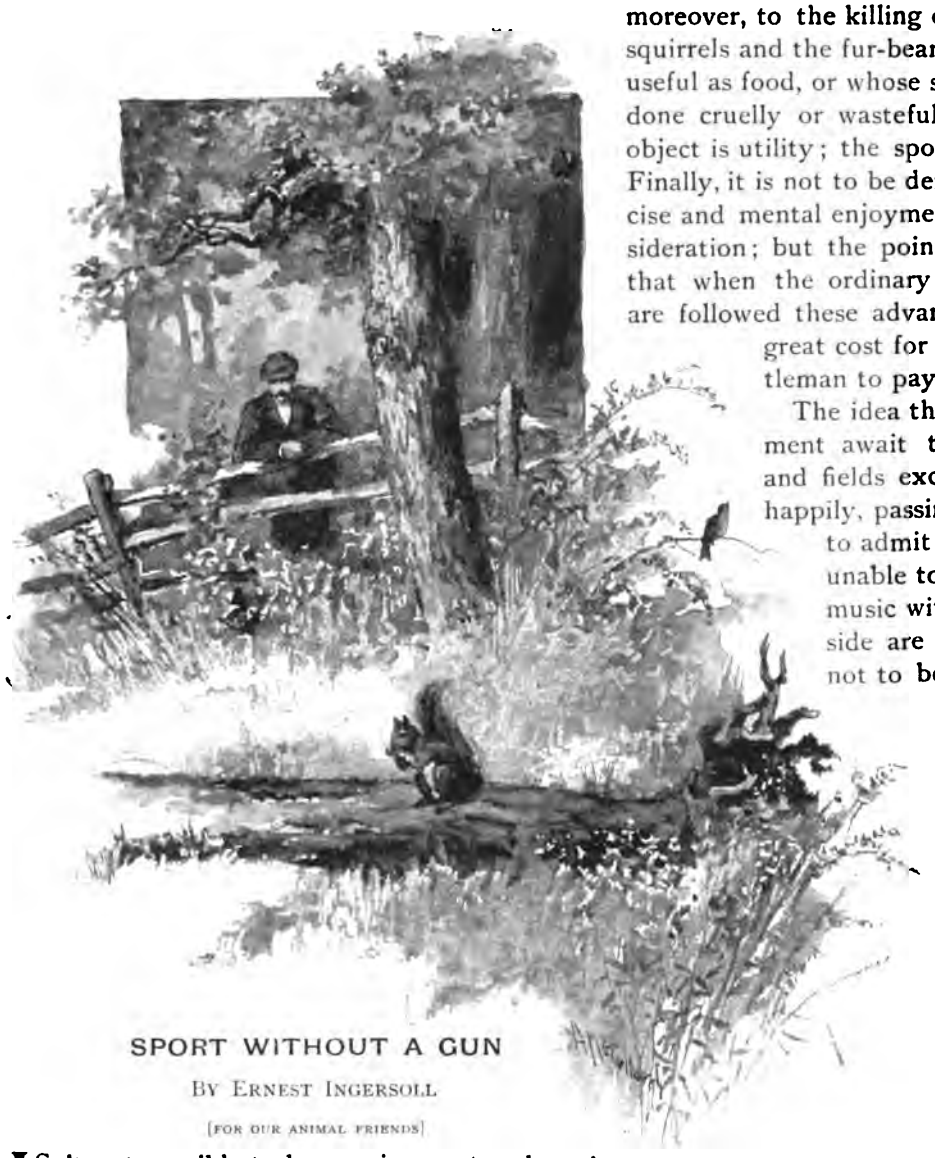
The dealer of whom I had bought him was reticent as to the date of his birth, so Tonio's age remained veiled in mystery to the last. His first appearance, and indeed the whole of his brief career, was a distinct success, chiefly owing to his amazing adaptability. He instantly adopted the sofa and the easiest chair in the room, kindly leaving the bed and the rest of the furniture at my disposal. Snugly curled in the depths of the chair, he managed to keep an alert watch on my movements. I never had time to teach him anything; but Tonio, I don't know where or how, had picked up several tricks. He would say his prayers with great devoutness, and one day I found him trotting about the room with one of my slippers in his mouth. I do not consider leather nutritious, and Tonio's state of chronic hunger made me tremble for its fate; but a moment's inspection showed me that I was simply expected to wait until, after many coquettish airs and graces, Tonio finally deposited the slipper at my feet.

As a rule these antics occurred in the evening; during the day I was obliged to lock him up in my room. I had tried leaving him with my landlady, and tying him in the backyard, but both of these arrangements proved disastrous failures. In the one case Tonio spent his spare time barking and howling at the top of his voice, to the delight of the neighbors; in the other he escaped my landlady's careless surveillance and strayed into the street; and after an exhausting and expensive search, I found him at the pound. This last experience determined me to run no risks, and Tonio was locked up each day in my sanctum. Apparently he spent most of his time looking out of the window, where a high chair was placed in the alcove. When I came up from business in the afternoon, I was sure to see that sharp little face peeping out between the dingy lace curtains, and a shrill excited yelp always welcomed me.

Tonio had no moods (unlike his master); he never asked for money, or bored one with unwelcome confidences; in a word, he was only a dog, not a superior human being. He adored a hand-organ; if it happened to be accompanied by a monkey, his satisfaction was trebled. Many a spring morning before I went down town I have opened the window that Tonio, trembling with excitement, might feast his eyes on the skinny little monkey slowly ascending toward us. "Down went McGinty" and "Razzle, Dazzle" were both favorite airs, but "Little Annie Rooney" produced a frenzy of delighted barks and whines. The organ-grinders soon discovered what a warm patron they had in Tonio, and I was pestered by early visits from those enterprising men, who reaped a rich harvest from my frantic efforts to get rid of them at unearthly hours of the morning. I often realized, especially at these moments, that Tonio was a great trouble; but the little rogue had by this time become a part of my rather lonely life.

Well! my story is nearly done. One evening I came upstairs to find Tonio curled up in a corner of the room, moaning pitifully. What was the matter no one knew; I had my suspicions, and sent at once for a veterinary surgeon. All that night he worked over Tonio, but without success. Poor little chap, he was very good, lying with his tiny black nose in my hand, and his patient eyes fixed on my face. . . . As morning approached I opened both the windows to their widest extent. The early spring sunshine flooded the room and tried to warm the shivering little body, but Tonio was past help. He lay quiet until from the street below us the notes of "Annie Rooney" floated out on the air. Tonio had never before failed to welcome his friends the organ-grinders with a bark, and he tried desperately now to make some acknowledgment of their presence. Alas, poor Tonio! it was too late; the little head dropped limply back; the kind eyes glazed over; Tonio was dead. . . .

I have never had another dog; I am often urged to buy one, but somehow it would seem to be an act of unfaithfulness to the little fellow who, for a few months, brightened my quiet life. A middle-aged man of business, I still cling to the notion that if there be a heaven for dogs—and perhaps "there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamed of in our philosophy"—Tonio's claim to a place will not be questioned.



SPORT WITHOUT A GUN

By Ernest Ingersoll

[For Our Animal Friends]

IS it not possible to have enjoyment and excitement in outdoor adventures without the use of the gun or deadly traps—sport without cruelty?

Let us not be unreasonable. Fierce animals which threaten our lives, happiness, or property—tigers, panthers, poisonous reptiles, or other creatures which interfere with farming and gardening, as gophers and the like—must be killed. It is necessary, too, in order thoroughly to study the animal kingdom, that we should be able to examine the anatomy of all animals; so that our argument is against the indiscriminate and useless making of "collections" by persons who are mere amateurs, or worse, when the country abounds in well-organized museums,—rather than against any shooting for genuinely scientific purposes. No one objects, moreover, to the killing of animals such as deer and squirrels and the fur-bearers, whose flesh is needed or useful as food, or whose skins are valuable, if it is not done cruelly or wastefully. In all these cases the object is utility; the sport is altogether subordinate. Finally, it is not to be denied that the healthful exercise and mental enjoyment of sport is worthy of consideration; but the point to be emphasized is this: that when the ordinary methods of the sportsman are followed these advantages are purchased at too great cost for a humane man and true gentleman to pay.

The idea that no opportunities of enjoyment await the rambler through woods and fields except in the use of a gun is, happily, passing away. To maintain it is to admit that one's eyes and ears are unable to appreciate the pictures and music with which woodland and wayside are filled, or that one's mind is not to be affected by the wonderful things which nature is constantly disclosing to the attentive observer, or else that one's soul can be satisfied only by the brutal delight of killing something.

I was once standing at a railway station in Canada, when the winter was just relaxing its icy grasp. Masses of snow were still banked in the fence corners, but here and there the grass was to be seen, the sun was shining, and every one stood out-of-doors basking in its warm beams, and apparently reflecting joyfully that soon the long siege of cold would be over, and leaves and flowers would enrich the landscape with color and fragrance. Yet what a shallow and ineffective veneer upon the character this gentler mood proved to be! At that moment a bird came flying over the desolate fields, carolling its sweet greeting, and perched upon the telegraph wire. "Oh, there's a bluebird!" exclaimed a half-grown youth to his companion, "let's kill it!" He stooped for a stone, and when I shouted, "Drop that!" all the people stared in amazement.

What sort of a disposition must those boys have had, who were eager to kill the first bluebird of spring in a winter-beset region? And what shall

be said of the grown and presumably sensible people who saw no reason or were too weak-kneed to protest?

The blunting of the sensibilities in a person who either does or acquiesces in an inhuman act is a sure consequence, and is one of the worst consequences of the action. In the higher and farther-reaching sense cruelty injures him who inflicts it more than the creature on which it is inflicted. One bluebird more or less in Canada may be of small moment; but no community can afford to nourish or tolerate such a sentiment as the stoning of that little harbinger of spring implied.

One of the most satisfactory directions in which amateur photography has turned has been towards the "taking" of living animals in their native haunts. Here is a substitute for the gun. It has all the excitement of the chase, except the sight of the death-pang, and it brings back a durable memento of achievement—a trophy worth having. Like the hunter, the photographer of living animals must know their habits, find their haunts, outwit their vigilance, and lull their suspicions. Modern long-range firearms, with improved powder, make it a comparatively easy matter to get within shooting distance of almost any animal; but the sportsman who seeks to take the picture instead of the life of a wild creature, must stalk it far more carefully, get much nearer to it, and obtain a clearer view of it. Those who have tried it affirm that the uncertainty, cleverness, and excitement belonging to successful photography of this kind are far more than are required in shooting the same game, and *far more fun.* The trophies, too, are much more interesting. A stuffed hide, no matter how well done, requires a tremendous strain of the imagination that is asked to make it real; and a skin stretched as a rug upon the floor, or a pair of antlers hung against the wall, are useless to bring back the scene of the chase to any one except, perhaps, the hunter himself. But the photograph of a stag browsing in his native glen, of a woodcock crouched upon her nest, or a heron intently fishing in some reedy pool, unsuspicious that a camera has been focussed upon it, forms a vivid memorandum whereby other eyes than those of the artist can realize the scene and share the pleasure.

What can be more sportive or sportsmanlike, or more exciting and enjoyable, than the search of a botanist for some rare plant, with the constant surprises that greet his observant eye, and the eager watch and hope for others? The naturalist needs no gun for his enjoyment, and only to a

small extent for his work. As he ranges the woods with opera-glass, note-book, and collecting-boxes, his hours are full of amusement, his faculties are alert, and his mind is as pleasantly occupied as if he must kill everything he sees in order to satisfy the savagery left in him from the childhood of the race, or the more artificial and meaner feeling of rivalry with some other sportsman who has made a big bag. "There was a time," says the author of a recent and delightful book of English rambles ("Within an Hour of London Town"), "before I knew better, when I thought the gun was necessary to make a man acquainted with wild creatures; but the destructive spirit has left me now; both gun and fishing-rod have been laid aside."

These are only hints or suggestions of the enjoyment reserved for him who leaves his gun at home; and he will find that instead of losing he has gained, for if really he be the "true sportsman" he vaunts himself, he cannot but feel a twinge of shame whenever some innocent creature yields its life in agony, that he may experience a momentary thrill of savage triumph. To-day he argues or crushes down these troublesome thoughts of self-reproach and sympathy; but having laid aside his gun, he will by and by come to perceive that it is better to let his nobler instincts prevail, and will conclude that the truest sportsman is he that is true to himself.

"NOT SO BLACK AS HE IS PAINTED"

SPARROWS have lately received so much abuse that it is only fair that now and then a word should appear in their defence. Evidently they are not nearly so greedy and ill-natured as they are often represented. A correspondent of *Nature Notes* (E. V. B.) suggests that the dispositions of sparrows must vary in various localities, since observers seem to hold such widely differing views. The same correspondent's testimony is worth quoting:

"For instance, I never saw a single bird of any other species driven away by them from our breakfasts. I never, on any occasion whatever, have seen a sparrow even speak to any other bird, much less fight him; and since the food is on the gravel walk, in full view of my window, whence I don't fail to keep an eye on the birds, and on all that goes on, I can hardly be mistaken. As a rule, we have about fifty sparrows at a time; four robins, three hedge sparrows (I beg pardon, I mean accentors), half a dozen blackbirds, the same number of thrushes off and on, with a chaffinch or two."

THE ALLEGORY OF BALAAM

By Samuel Beswick, C. E.

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THE seal of "The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals," placed on all its publications, is well chosen for its significance and appropriateness. It represents, in a modern dress and formula, the ancient biblical story of Balaam's cruelty to his faithful beast, and the presence of the Angel of Mercy (Numbers xxii.). History repeats itself in the motives, passions, sentiments, and deeds which influence persons, nations, and ages as they come on the stage to act their part, and then pass away. In this manner the most notable become types of the less notable, and are used to represent them. Hence the man who, in a fit of passion and wanton cruelty, strikes down his animal friend, that carries his burdens and lays down its life for its master, is a modern Balaam, marked as such by the agonies and sufferings of a sentient creature, and the mingled feelings of sympathy and indignation which our Christian civilization calls forth. The design embodied in the Society's seal is therefore the most appropriately expressive of its humane object that could have been adopted. We trust the time may not be far distant when Christian civilization will provide that, whenever and wherever any modern Balaam shall strike down his animal friend, an angel of mercy shall be present to open his eyes to the enormity of the crime.

The biblical story of Balaam and his ass has been a standing joke of the infidel ever since the days of the exodus under Moses. But it matters not whether the incident of the speaking ass be historically and literally true, or whether it be the recorded narrative of spiritual and literal events blended together as cause and effect, occurring simultaneously and forming one incident, for the lesson is the same; and the brutality of Balaam is a notable type of the inhuman cruelty of our race, past and present, to the animal servants and friends who carry our burdens, multiply our products, pleasures, and comforts, and in manifold ways contribute one of the most important elements of our civilization.

In our former article on "The Horse in Mythology," we explained the reasons which led the ancients to use the horse as a type and symbol of

the human intellect, especially in its highest developments and achievements. We had not space to allude to its familiar and more modern significance, and its intimate relation to our race as a symbol of the human intellect.

The ass and horse were regarded by the ancients as symbols of the lowest and highest grades of the human intellect; of the latter, Pegasus, the winged horse that took its flight heavenward and became a constellation, is the most classic illustration. The horse is quick in apprehension, fiery in temper, ready and willing to respond, impatient of restraint, impulsive and sensitive. The ass, on the contrary, is patient, slow of apprehension, resistance, and effort; it is dogged, stubborn, never ready nor willing to move with rapidity, and destitute of an impulsive or sensitive nature. It will stand almost any amount of abuse with the whip or club without resentment or resistance. For these reasons, and others growing out of his physical form when contrasted with that of the horse, the ass and the mule have ever been regarded as a type of the lowest condition of the human intellect. The ancient world so regarded them in their classic mythology and symbolism; and in our day the ass is used as the type of a dull, stupid, heavy dolt and dunce, without effort or impulse. Yet the very qualities that bring discredit upon the ass make him willing to bear and carry heavy burdens at a slow pace, and render him far more useful than the horse in carrying heavy loads over steep, hilly, rocky, and dangerous roads. Very few people ever saw an ass bolt and run with fright at a railway train as most horses are apt to do.

Although the ass is a classic type of the lowest order of human intelligence, yet in the recorded case of Balaam the depraved prophet, the rider and his asinine servant seem to have exchanged their natures. The prophet was dull, stupid, persistent, and unreasonable; whilst his asinine friend, with his long ears, was transformed into a rational, intelligent, and reasonable being: "Am I not thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? Was I ever wont to do so to thee?" The wisdom of Solomon could not have devised a more rational, pertinent, and practical appeal. But Balaam was a prophet who knew he had no power to curse and inflict punishment and disaster upon the tribes of Israel, yet persisted three distinct times in attempting to do it. He was a prophet of the lowest type of intelligence, and the ass was his representative.

In looking over the ancient classics, we find the Egyptians were the most eminent of all the primitive nations of antiquity in their knowledge and use of symbolisms. They represented the man who knew but little, with a low grade of intelligence that had never been developed by culture, education, or travel, by the head of an ass. The Hebrews symbolized the same character by the word *ayir*, a young ass. The same word has a secondary meaning of a walled-up city or place, or a confined, limited intelligence and narrow field of observation. The name of a full grown male ass is *chemur*, with a similar root meaning. The classic Egyptians consecrated it to Typhon as a symbol of ignorance and of the profane who are morally and intellectually imprisoned in the confined limits of error and prejudice. The white ass was a symbol of man not yet possessing the higher order of intelligence, but who is poor and just. The ancient story of Alpulee develops this myth and ancient meaning in a very clear and significant way. Alpulee is metamorphosed into a white ass to indicate his character. He travels for a considerable time, seeking knowledge and improvement; arrives in Egypt, where he is initiated, instructed, and enlightened in divine knowledge, and finally recovers the higher intelligence, and with it the human form. An equally interesting symbolic lesson is taught in the classic story of the ass of Silenus that carried the beverage of eternal youth drawn from everlasting fountains. This heavenly beverage he foolishly exchanged for a few drops of water. The story symbolizes the profane who prefer a few drops of sensual knowledge and truth to the higher beverage from eternal springs that never dry up. This is a classic way of calling a man mulish and asinine.

The Bible constantly uses the horse, the ass, and the mule, with the same symbolic reference to the human intellect. The sacred poet King David (Ps. xxxii. 9) says: "Be ye not as the horse and mule which have no understanding." The ass has always been noted for its quiet endurance, untiring patience, and sure-footedness. These qualities induced the ancients to use it as a symbol of safety, reliability, and cool, impassive judgment. Hence the prophets, high priests, nobles, and judges used to ride on white mules and asses. Deborah the prophetess, in her song of triumph (Num. v. 10)

alludes to this custom and its significance: "Speak ye that ride on white asses, ye that sit in judgment." So the Saviour, as the supreme judge, high priest, and king, rode in honor and triumph into Jerusalem on the young colt of an ass, on which no man had ever yet ridden.

In Oriental countries, and especially in a wild state as now seen and found in Tartary, Persia, India, and Africa, asses and mules are more stately, active, and lively than their modern types. She-asses especially were highly prized for their swiftness and sure-footedness, and were preferred for riding purposes on that account; hence in the Bible we so often read of she-asses alone; whilst mules, on account of their swiftness, endurance, and ability to subsist on the rudest and scantiest fare, were anciently used in preference to horses (Esth. viii. 10–14) for postal service in long and weary distances, and over rugged and untrodden paths. The ancient Oriental ass and mule were larger, much handsomer, and more dignified animals than the common domestic ass and mule of modern Europe and America. In the time of King David the handsome mule became a favorite animal, and was preferred to the horse. Solomon rode his father's royal mule when taken to Gihon to be crowned king (1 Kings i. 33, 38, 44). The princely sons of David rode upon mules (2 Sam. xiii. 29). His wives and royal household rode upon white asses (2 Sam. xvi. 2). And if we come down to the times of Christ, and leave prosaic history for prophecy, we see this symbolic use of the horse, the ass, and the mule stand out in well-marked and unusual features. In the Apocalyptic vision of John (Rev. xix. 17, 18) an invitation is given to a supper in these notable words: "Come and gather yourselves together unto the *supper* of the great God; that ye may eat * * * * the flesh of horses, and of them that sit on them."

A divine *menu* is provided at this feast, whereat the guests are asked to eat horses and their riders —a notable supper indeed! But the ancient symbolic science of Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia, Persia, and the Holy Land would decipher the symbolic meaning to be that at this supper of the great God he would fill the guests with understanding and intelligence (horses), and the highest skill and wisdom to guide and govern (riders)—a divine *menu* worthy of God to give and of man to receive.

The impassive patient immobility of the ass causes its nature to be terribly misunderstood by the community, and especially by ignorant, brutal-tempered teamsters. Asses are urged, beaten, and brutally driven to force them against their nature to move as rapidly as horses. There are few horses that would stand the blows and lashings given to the ass and mule without bolting in maddened fury, or breaking away furiously from their tormentors. The ass takes the blows apparently with stolid stupidity, and gets usually a larger share of brutality than the horse would stand, simply because its nature is not understood by its ignorant masters.

Be patient with it, don't press its nature too far, and expect it to be and to do the work of a horse; it has a lower grade of intellectual qualities, but it has more patience and endurance, and will carry heavier burdens in proportion to its size, and live longer than its more wonderfully endowed equine fellow, the horse. But you must give it time to act according to its nature, and it will faithfully do its best. Be as willing to do your best for your animal friend as it is to do its best for you, and when your patience is well-nigh exhausted, and you feel disposed to strike your dumb friend and servant, call to mind the sublime appeal of Balaam's ass: "Am I not thine ass upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine unto this day? Was I ever wont to do so to thee?" God endowed the dumb creature for that once to speak on behalf of all dumb creatures to the end of time, and to remind brutal Balaams in all lands of their unnecessary cruelty to the animal servants in their employ.

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JUSTICE may be defined, that virtue which impels us to give every person what is his due. In this extended sense of the word, it comprehends the practice of every virtue which reason prescribes, or society should expect. Our duty to our Maker, to each other, and to ourselves, are fully answered if we give them what we owe them. Then justice, properly speaking, is the only virtue, and all the rest have their origin in it.—*Goldsmith.*

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THE best part of one's life is the performance of his daily duties. All higher motives, ideas, conceptions, sentiments in a man are of no account if they do not come forward to strengthen him for the better discharge of the duties which devolve upon him in the ordinary affairs of life.—*Henry Ward Beecher.*

AN OPHIDIAN PUZZLE

AN egg-eating snake has been exhibited recently in London, and the ordinary observer has been in nearly the same state of bewilderment about it that a certain English king was in when confronted with the apple-dumpling. "H-h-h-how did it get in?" asks Tony Lumpkin, and his question is echoed by spruce young Buttons and majestic Yellowplush, and, perhaps, by "Chollie" himself, as they see how much larger the egg is than the throat down which it slipped.

Anatomists answer the question very easily, however, by saying that the jaws of all ophidians which swallow objects larger than themselves are very distensible. The lower jaw separates from the upper at the sides, and the two halves part from each other in the centre. An interesting member of the egg-eating family of snakes is the *Dasypeltis inornatus*,* which has a throat no larger than the little finger of a man. Yet the *Dasypeltis* can swallow an egg three times the size of its throat. Mr. W. B. Tegetmeier, writing in the London *Field*, explains that the teeth in the jaws of the *Dasypeltis* are very small and do not crush or pierce the egg as it is swallowed. The most singular part of this snake's anatomy consists in two rows of several small teeth in the throat, which are, in reality, not teeth at all, but projections from the vertebral column or backbone; they are the anterior processes of the vertebræ, which project into the gullet through a series of small holes, and are tipped with very hard enamel. In a snake two feet five inches in length these teeth commenced two inches behind the head, in the place where the middle of a hen's egg would be situated after being swallowed.

The manner in which the genus *Dasypeltis* takes its food is thus described: as the egg passes behind the head, the enamelled spines of the vertebræ pierce the shell, and by the aid of the violent contractions of the muscles the contents are forced out and pass down the gullet into the stomach, while the crushed shell is expelled through the mouth as a pellet.

Mr. Tegetmeier says that the eggs swallowed by the African egg-eaters are of enormous size compared with that of the snake; and that they are not broken or pierced by the teeth, but, after passing through the throat, are penetrated by the remarkable enamelled points that enter the gullet from the vertebral column. His conclusion most readers will agree with: that while the modifications of parts to particular uses in the animal kingdom are infinite, the conversion of the vertebræ of a snake into teeth for a special purpose is most certainly not one of the least interesting.

* An egg-eater found in the southeastern part of Cape Colony.

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SIR WALTER SCOTT once told a visitor that two hounds, which were lying before the fire, understood every word he said. The friend seeming incredulous, the novelist, to prove his statement, picked up a book and began to read aloud: "I have two lazy, good-for-nothing dogs, who lie by the fire and sleep, and let the cattle ruin my garden." The dogs raised their heads, listened, and then ran from the room, but finding the garden empty soon returned to the hearthrug. Sir Walter again read the story with like result; but once more the dogs came back disappointed. Instead of rushing from the room when their master commenced reading the third time, both hounds came and looked up into his face, whined, and wagged their tails as if to say: "You have made game of us twice, but you can't do it again."

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LIKE many another celebrated author, Taine, the French critic and historian, has a special fondness for cats. He has even composed half a dozen sonnets to his favorite feline pets. One familiar with his household says that he may frequently be seen on winter evenings, sitting on the floor with a cat in his arms, or again on his knees before an easy-chair, talking nonsense to one of his pets asleep there.

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AN interesting story is told in a foreign paper of a stork which travelled wisely and well. For years he and his mate regularly built their nest in the park at Schloss Ruhleben, near Berlin. The owner of the castle, desiring to ascertain whether the same stork always returned there, ordered that a steel ring, upon which was engraved the name of the place and the date, 1890, should be fastened around the bird's left leg. Last spring the stork came back as usual to the park, and upon his other leg was a ring of silver, bearing the inscription: "India sends Germany her greeting."

MRS. OLIVE THORNE MILLER, who has written so much about birds, thinks there are two sides to the question of freeing caged birds. She has always taken such good care of the birds she has in her own house, where she studies their pretty ways, that her words are entitled to attention. For instance, she says in effect that the canary born in captivity, and of parents who were also captives, is not fitted for freedom. He has lost the power of self-protection. If he is to be freed at all, he must be shown how to pick up food for himself just as the wild birds do.

Birds who live out-doors are taught by their parents as soon as nesting time is over how to fly and how to find their food, and are not turned adrift until they know how to take care of themselves. It is cruelty to imprison a happy bird simply for the purpose of having an in-door pet; but it is just as cruel to let a pet bird free, perhaps to perish of want and exposure.

ONE of the most attractive of the little marine animals that can be observed in an aquarium is the squid. It flashes here and there, seeming to change its color according to certain lights and certain positions. Now it seems all violet, now red and coppery, and now a pale silvery hue.

The squid has a trick of burying itself in the ground so as to form a little bed. A recent writer, Ernest Ingersoll, who has watched the habits of the squid, says that it does this by ejecting a stream of water just as gold miners tear down a bar by their hydraulic methods.

"When this happened, all the translucent fires would fall out of the skin, and the form become of the same dull color as the sand, easily overlooked by any fish or bigger cannibal of a squid passing overhead. It is to this chameleon-like trick that the keen-witted squid resorts when he finds himself pursued by any one of the many fishes which will eat him whenever they catch him."

MR. GLADSTONE'S pet dog, to whom he is said to be much attached, is named Petz. It is a black Pomeranian that came from Schwalbach, Nassau, Germany.

Queen Victoria's special canine friends are a Scotch collie named Ray, "Marco" the Spitz, and a pretty fox terrier. Ray is the successor to Noble, the fine collie of whom the Queen speaks in her journal. Even when Noble became very old, blind, and feeble, he was allowed to stay until the last moment in her home, instead of being sent to the kennels at Windsor. There are dogs of all sizes and shapes in these kennels, but the Queen when she pays a visit there is able to recognize each one and call each one by name.

THE very small boy who looks forward to being a cherry-picker in the summer time will not like to hear that the monkey is now thought to be his superior in that useful pursuit. It is said that two Siamese monkeys were trained last spring to pick the cherries on a cherry farm in New York State. The owner of the farm states that they picked more and ate less than any boys that have ever worked for him. He thinks that the monkeys in this way saved him fifty cents a day.

MANY animals play games in the same way that children play them. They run races together, play tag, have jumping matches, enjoy ball games, and delight in "hide-and-seek." Watch them, boys, and see if this is not true.

THE BABY HIPPO AT THE ZOO

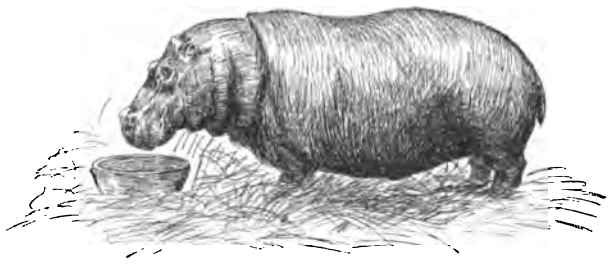
THE arrival last month of a baby hippopotamus at the London Zoölogical Gardens created quite a stir. He seems to be a lively little animal, according to the report of a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, who gives the following account of his appearance and habits:

"I have just been to pay my respects to the 'baby' in the hippopotamus house, and a wonderfully fat and pink and healthy infant he is. His ride from Antwerp in a box was attended with no bad after-effects, and he has made himself quite at home in his new apartments, where the tapirs have heretofore lived, and seems to be bearing up well over the separation from his mother.

"Though only a trifle over ten months old, he weighs an odd six hundred pounds, and is in every particular, save size, the very image of the old female in the next room. However, he is much livelier, and is every inch a youngster in curiosity and mischievousness. The sparrows that come in through the window to pick up unconsidered crumbs amuse him greatly, and he runs after them with evident expectation of catching them, and is surprised that he fails. Sometimes, too, when he is not particularly hungry he enjoys chasing the keeper out of the cage, though usually they are on the best of terms, and he allows his gums and recently cut teeth to be rubbed with impunity.

"His food is given him thrice a day only, and his allowance at present consists of two quarts of milk, a two-gallon porridge of bran and barley, and a bucket of finely chopped grass at each meal. This he eats from a large wooden bowl, which the keeper holds to prevent his overturning it.

"Notwithstanding the many naps he indulges in during the day, he stays abed all night as well—sometimes his couch is straw litter and sometimes the tank. On a cold night the water is the warmest place, and with the end of his nose only above the surface he will sleep as soundly as any other baby in its cradle."



THE FEATHERHEAD FAMILY

By M. C. McNeill.

[For our animal friends]

MISS FEATHERHEAD was an old hen, who had lived in the same barn-yard all her life.

"I ain't no hand to gad around," she remarked, with a significant sniff, to Mrs. Gobbler, who with her family occupied the next roost.

"If you mean me," retorted that lady, wrathfully, "you don't catch me cooping myself up in the same pen day in and day out. I like to see what's going on in the other yards besides ours. Visits is good for the children, and enlarges your ideas."

"Enlarges your crop, if that's what you call your ideas," snapped Mrs. Featherhead; "some folks have so few they've got to do something to enlarge 'em. Now, I'm always good enough company for myself; I never go nowhere nor bother my head about nobody. I don't believe in mixing with all sorts. And I never was the kind that for 'want of company welcomes trumpery.'"

"Who do you call trumpery?" inquired Mrs. Gobbler, suspiciously.

"Oh! nobody in particular, but every one in general," replied Miss Featherhead. "I did think some, though, of going to see my brother, who lives a couple of fields off. He has a wife and two young ones, and is the greatest noodle I ever knew."

"What's a noodle?" asked her neighbor.

"A noodle," explained Miss Featherhead, "is when you have no sense, and that's him. He don't know no more about bringing up a family than nothin'. An' I think it my duty to go and see what he's after, although I hate to go."

Just here a pebble stuck in Mrs. Gobbler's throat and nearly choked her, but Miss Featherhead took no notice, and stalked away with her beak in the air.

She was stiff-necked, and had a very straight back. She looked very proud, and "waggled her tail." Two long faded feathers hung out of it at one side and draggled in the mud. Her pale eyes kept squinting furtively in all directions, so that very little escaped her observation. She wore a red comb in her back hair, which changed color with the condition of her liver. She lifted her toes deliberately, opening and shutting them in a self-conscious and meditative manner, and laying them down as if she meant it.

Mr. and Mrs. Featherhead were a very amiable pair, and lived in a large house, which was occupied also by other families of different nationalities; but then, so long as they had their own roost to themselves, they didn't trouble themselves about their neighbors nor ask whether they belonged to the four hundred gobblers who inhabited the cock-loft.

One day as they were sitting sunning themselves in the yard, Mr. Featherhead suddenly lost his usual presence of mind, and exclaimed:

"Oh, cricky! Here's my sister! What a confounded nuisance! But I suppose we must act as though we were glad to see her."

So he stood up on his toes, crowing vociferously, and flapping his wings so vigorously that the wind they made blew little Chicksey under her mother's wing.

"What's all that noise for?" demanded Miss Featherhead sharply.

"I was only saying how glad I was to see you," replied her brother.

"Well, you needn't say it so loud. I've my suspicions of people who make so much fuss," and she cast a withering glance at young Mr. Featherhead, who was standing on the fence, flapping his wings, and crowing as loud as he could, trying to imitate his father.

"'As the old cock crows the young one learns,'" she quoted, severely.

"Well, what of it?" rejoined her brother. "You've got to learn something, and if you can't make a noise in the world nobody thinks anything of you."

"He works for his own living, I suppose," she said.

"No," said Mr. Featherhead, "it will be time enough for that when he's got to."

Miss Featherhead looked down the whole length of her beak at her brother with an air of supreme contempt. Her comb now was scarlet. She coughed, stepped forward a few paces, and beckoned to Chicksey and her brother to stand before her. Young Mr. Featherhead flew airily off the fence, and little Chicksey crept timidly from under her mother's wing.

Miss Featherhead called "Attention!" then raised one claw slowly in the air, and clucked out, "Forward and back!"

This lively remark carried considerable consternation in the

Hennery; but she explained with acidity that she had learned to dance in her youth, and therefore she knew what she was about; and as there was no one in Barndom of sufficient age or discretion to contradict her, the statement was allowed to pass without comment.

"What are you going to teach the children?" asked little Mrs. Featherhead, timidly.

"To scratch for a living," replied her sister-in-law, tartly. "That's what you ought to have taught them long ago."

Miss Featherhead bent her beak, and made a scrape with one foot; then, throwing up her head, began to scratch vigorously with both claws till a shower of stones and dirt flew over her back. Little Chicksey began to cry.

"What's the matter now?" inquired her aunt, sharply.

"I got a knock on the head."

"Well, everybody gets knocks that has to dig for a living, and you've got to take your share of dirt as well as the rest of us."

"My children couldn't work as hard as that; they've never been brought up to work," expostulated their mother.

"Fiddlesticks!" snapped Miss Featherhead. "It's nothing but hard work'll get them through this world, anyhow, and the sooner they learn that the better. You must *make* 'em work. I've always had to work. Why shouldn't they? You take things too easy, and their father's a noodle, and don't know nothin', and never did."

"He's always been a good father to us," said young Mr, Featherhead, pertly.

"Stuff and nonsense," rejoined his aunt. "What's the use of being good if you can't get enough to eat? All your father's good for is to crow. He'd crow, no matter what happened; and that's all the good it does him, or you either, for the matter of that. I consider it a very bad example to set you. Take my advice, and don't crow till you get good sense."

And she stalked off, while young Mr. Featherhead sat airily on the fence, and sang out:

"Cock-a-doodle-doo-o-o, who's the noodle-noo-o-o?"

PITY THE BLIND

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

STORIES are often told of the kindness of animals to those of their companions who are blind. Dogs and cats and horses and cows will lead their comrades away to their food or bring it to them, and the smaller animals also seem able to understand that the helpless are to be cared for. Not long ago an English watchman in a warehouse saw two rats moving slowly along close to the basement wall. The other rats had quickly scampered away at a slight noise which he made, but these were side by side, and hurried along in a clumsy manner. He turned the bull's-eye of his lantern full upon them, and saw that each rat held one end of a straw in its mouth. The movements of one showed that it was blind.

A more unusual incident, however, vouched for by the *Animal World*, is that related by a naturalist who took great interest in the rearing of fish in the neighborhood about Bayreuth. He used to feed them out of a long-handled spoon. The trout soon learned to look for him at a certain time, and eagerly waited for the appearance of the spoon. One poor fish, the naturalist noted, was for a long time always pushed aside, and seemed always to miss the feast. It was blind. But after a while a companion took pity on it, and thereafter led it up to the spoon, and saw that it obtained its share of the food.

Fishes are called cold-blooded animals, but this seems to indicate that they are capable of more intelligence and feeling than is usually credited to them.

THE ADVENTURES OF PATSIE TODDLEKINS

BY MARJORIE LATIMER

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

LOST, on Thursday, a small yellow trick dog named Patrick, or Patsie. He was dressed in a yellow skirt, red jacket, and pink hat. Any information that will lead to the return of the dog will be suitably rewarded."

How funny! A dog with a dress and a jacket. Every one

who read this in the paper laughed; but it was true, and I will tell you just how it all happened.

Patsie was the eldest of the large family of Mrs. Mollie Toddlekins. There were Sophronia, Maud Lorenzo, and ever so many more of her "children"; but she loved Patsie best

because he could run about with her and "'most talk." On Wednesday morning Mollie took Patsie and Sophronia, with the crib and a trunk full of clothes, out under the trees to play house. Mollie had her arms full, and Patsie carried one bundle in his mouth. All the rest of Mollie's family were in bed.

"You have the measles just drefful, and I can't take you out, you poor dears," she said as she tucked them all in bed; "next time Sophronia shall have them, and you can go. Perhaps, if you are very good and don't cry, I'll come back for Madeline Lillian and Phyllis Ann when I get my house to rights. It's such exhausting work moving"—with a deep sigh.

When Mollie, Patsie, and Sophronia came to Mollie's favorite apple-tree they stopped, and Mollie, quite exhausted, put down the crib, trunk, and dolly.

"Here, Patsie," she called, "come right away and give me the bundle. Now, sit right down, like a good boy, and mind Sophronia."

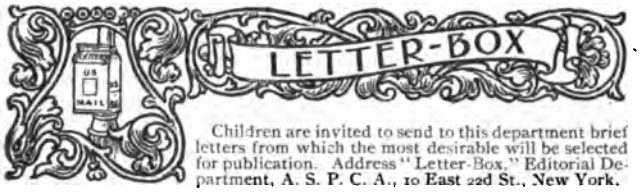
"Bow, wow, wow," said Patsie, as he sat down, looking very wise and good. The house was soon in order, the trunk unpacked, and dolly's things hung on the bushes.

"Now, come, Patsie dear; sit up." And soon Patsie was dressed "just lovely," as Mollie admiringly said, in a yellow calico skirt and red jacket, while a wonderful pink hat with green ribbons rested gracefully over one ear.

"It is night now, and you must both go straight to bed," said Mollie, as she laid Sophronia in the crib and made Patsie lie down beside her. "Now, don't you get up till I call you," Mollie said, kissing them both.

Then she hurried away to get some more of the family. When she reached the house, cook was baking gingerbread.

(To be continued)


LETTER-BOX
Children are invited to send to this department brief letters from which the most desirable will be selected for publication. Address "Letter-Box," Editorial Department, A. S. P. C. A., 10 East 22d St., New York.

Dear Letter-Box:

In a beautiful village in Massachusetts there is a farm which is a perfect paradise for animals. There are many of them of different kinds, and all are treated with great kindness and tender care, as if they were all members of the family. There are about twenty horses, a cow, lots of chickens, three cats, two kittens, and a dog. At one time there were also pigeons, peacocks, guinea-pigs, and rabbits, but it was found to be too much care to keep them out of the large vegetable and flower gardens.

The handsomest of the horses is a fast black trotter, part Morgan and part Hambletonian; he has three box stalls to himself. His intimate friend is a white kitten, which goes to sleep on his back. He is also fond of music, and likes to have a bright flower stuck in his mane.

Then there is a span of lovely ponies, part Shetland and part Arabian, which love each other dearly, and have never been separated. All the horses are broken to the halter at three days old, and all answer to their names whenever they are called. When one is sick, it is sat up with all night, just like a human being, and given every attention.

One of the cats is so fond of the cow as to be called "the cow's cat." She seldom leaves the barn, and when the cow is brought in at night puss goes into her stall and kisses her and rubs up against her. Another yellow cat, fat and handsome, is a great pet in the house, and quite spoiled. He has a basket lined with pale blue satin, and if a kitten goes into it he won't go near it for days. The third cat we won't say much about, for he has a naughty appetite for game suppers of birds and dear little chipmunks.

Last, but not least, comes the dog, which is a lovely, obedient spaniel, that always shakes and makes up his own bed in the morning. Of course, he doesn't like cats, and when he is in extra good spirits he can't help chasing them and barking at them, even if he does get scolded for it afterwards. But I must tell you how he treats the youngest kitten. It was brought here so small it could hardly walk, and it missed its mother so much that it tried to cuddle up to the other cats; but they only spit at it, and made their backs and tails very large and terrible. Then it turned to the white kitten for comfort and petting; but that one only boxed its ears soundly, so it finally crept over to the dog. He was surprised, of course, but he took in the situation, and being, like all well-bred dogs, very noble and magnanimous, he treated it in a kind and fatherly way. Now it always runs to meet him, and climbs all over him, and plays with his tail when he wags it, while the little dog licks it and is very gentle with it.

I wish every one could come to this farm and see how happy the animals are, and how much they love each other and those who take care of them.

From your little friend,

A. S.

Dear Letter-Box:

Nadjy is a black spaniel with very green eyes and very large, black, curly ears, and, in fact, he is curly all over. He lives in New York with a physician, so during office hours he spends most of his time under his master's desk.

If he sees his master shake hands with any one, he always goes and puts up his paw; and when his master kisses a child, its hands are promptly licked by Nadjy. One day when he was told unexpectedly that he could go and have a run on the street, he was so glad that in his excitement he stuck his little nose right into the ink-bottle.

At meals he always sits under the table, hoping for a share of cake or meat to be thrown down to him; but he doesn't bother any one by asking for it. Then when there is company he sings for them in his little squeaky voice, which is very amusing.

This dog has never had a kick, nor a blow, nor a slap in his whole life; but, of course, he is naughty sometimes, and then he is shut up in a room away from his master, and when he is let out he looks quite ashamed of himself, as if he intended never to be naughty again.

I don't think that any one deserves to have a clever and interesting dog like Nadjy unless one is determined to treat it as kindly as he is treated. From your little friend,

FANNY BURNETT.

THE VETERINARIAN

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians, answers to correspondents, and other items relating to that branch of science.

VETERINARY SCIENCE

VETERINARY science is in some respects yet in its infancy. Its progress has been as slow as the progress of medical science in its application to humanity. Practitioners have but lately begun to realize that the treatment adapted to horses is not adapted to all animals, and that the treatment suited to a cart-horse may not be altogether the best for a sensitive, high-bred racer. The veterinarian laughs at the mistakes made by physicians, who think that because they understand to a certain extent the ailments of humanity they understand similar diseases in animals, and may, therefore, apply similar remedies; but he forgets to laugh at the members of his own profession who appear to believe that all animals can be treated alike, regardless of temperament and surrounding conditions.

The best physician studies the mental and physical characteristics of his patient, and adapts his treatment to each particular case. So the best veterinarian, in his diagnosis and treatment, will attentively consider the distinctive peculiarities of every animal under his care. Many pet animals die because of the reluctance of veterinarians to admit that every class of animals requires a special study and a special treatment. A good horse-doctor is not necessarily a good dog-doctor, nor *vice versa*. To do the most good there should be specialists for each important class of domestic animals.

FOOD FOR SICK HORSES

F. T. McMAHON, veterinary surgeon to the Chicago Fire Department, communicates to the *Street Railway Review* an interesting article on the treatment of sick horses. After specifying the principal substances from which to select articles of diet for the sick horse, such as bran, carrots, oatmeal, linseed, etc., the writer continues:

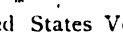
"Bran stands decidedly foremost as the food most generally in use for the invalid horse; it acts as a laxative, is frequently tempting to the appetite, and is easy of digestion. There is no part of the general treatment more universal than offering this substance as a change of food. Is the horse very weary, and his powers of digestion weakened in consequence? We induce him to take a warm bran mash, which comfortably distends the stomach and satisfies any craving for food, thereby enabling him readily to lie down and rest his enfeebled system until repose restores its wonted vigor. Does he show slight symptoms of cold or fever? A warm bran mash is a convenient plan of steaming, and consequently of soothing, the irritable mucous membranes of the air passages; it is a substitute for the more stimulating diet he is accustomed to, and gently promotes the activity of the digestive apparatus; it is also a convenient medium for the exhibition of certain simple remedies, to be mentioned hereafter. Is he incapacitated by lameness? A lower diet than that with which he is indulged when in full work is judicious, and bran is selected. Is it necessary to administer purgative medicine? A bran mash or two renders the bowels more susceptible of its action, and a smaller portion of the drug is therefore required to produce the desired effect, and there is, at the same time, less risk of painful spasms accompanying its operation. Bran mashes may be given hot or cold—cold are perhaps quite as grateful to the horse; but the nibbling of the hot mash in catarrhal affections is particularly beneficial, from the necessary inhalation of the steam.

"Of all the roots with which horses are tempted, the carrot, as a rule, is the favorite, and perhaps the most beneficial. It is said to be somewhat diuretic in its effects, and to exercise a salubrious influence on the skin. Certain it is, that a sick horse may be coaxed into eating carrots when disinclined to partake of other nourishment, and the greatest benefit results. For the ailing horse, then, carrots are most valuable as an article of diet, and a few may be given with advantage even to a horse in healthy condition.

"Oatmeal is extremely nutritious, and as a food for the convalescent horse is most valuable; the bruising process the grain has undergone breaks the husk, and renders it more easily acted upon by the digestive organs. It is usually given in the form of a gruel, and in that form it is one of the most essential articles of diet for the infirmary. It is also a ready mode of supplying the tired, thirsty horse with nourishment after exertion, when he returns to the stable.

"Linseed is decidedly to be included in the sick diet roll. It is nutritious, and from its oleaginous nature, soothing to the frequently irritable mucous membrane of the alimentary canal, and hence is particularly to be recommended in the treatment of sore throats. Nor is its bland effect local only; its more general influence is particularly observable in affections of the kidneys. It may either be boiled, so as to form when cool a gelatinous mass, and then mixed with bran, or the liquid, after boiling, may be offered as a drink.

"Grass, hay-tea, etc., are also very useful in the treatment of disease, and should be used in connection with other remedies."



The United States Veterinary Medical Association has recently held its twenty-ninth annual meeting, with, we are glad to say, results satisfactory to the association itself and also to all who appreciate the necessity of bringing our own country up to the highest standard in this department of medical science. From a list of one hundred and six applicants for membership one hundred and one were admitted.

The following amendment was adopted:

Article 1. Any applicant for membership shall submit his name upon one of the Association's application blanks, duly vouched for by one or more members of the Association, or by the resident State Secretary of his respective State. He shall be a graduate of a regularly organized and recognized veterinary school, which shall have a curriculum of at least three years, of six months each, especially devoted to the study of veterinary science, and whose corps of instructors shall contain at least four veterinarians. If of a medical school, a similar curriculum as to time shall prevail.

THE FOOT-PATH WAY. By Bradford Torrey. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Mr. Bradford Torrey's volumes about outdoor life have a unique flavor of their own—a flavor which might be said to belong to those berries by the roadside which are steeped in warm sunshine, and which are declared by every one who has eaten them to be superior to any grown in a carefully tilled garden. The atmosphere of his latest book, "The Foot-path Way," is one of cheerful leisure. The author evidently had plenty of time to follow the Tennessee warbler which he was fortunate enough to find in a Franconia forest; to hear at Nahant during a morning stroll before breakfast on December 30, the robin break into song from a hilltop covered with pitch-pines; and to watch in June the home life of a humming-bird which made an artistic nest in the lower branches of an apple-tree in his yard. In this story of humming-bird life, which he calls "A Widow and Twins," he gives an interesting account of the way the mother bird feeds her young, thrusting her own bill into their throats so far that the tips of their short beaks are up against the root of her mandible, and of the peculiar way she has of developing the muscles of her young by a sort of massage treatment. "The Male Ruby-Throat," "Robin Roosts," "A Great Blue Heron," and "The Passing of the Birds," are sketches which no bird-lover should fail to read.

THE DOG IN HEALTH AND DISEASE. By Wesley Mills, M.A., M.D., D.V.S., etc., pp. 407. Illustrated. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

The position taken by Dr. Mills, that the dog must be understood in health before his ailments can be well appreciated and treated, gives to his book a certain aspect of novelty, and is sure to meet with favor from all truly interested in the welfare of one of our longest tried and most deserving friends. Centuries before the horse was known in Egypt, the oldest monuments which illustrate the life of the people exhibit the dog in distinctive breeds, both as a trained hunter like the greyhound, or as a domestic companion. Everywhere he appears domesticated from the very dawn of civilization.

Under the first grand division of the subject, "The Dog in Health," the author traces the origin and history of the dog, and holds that to any existing breed, the greyhound, for instance, "we must inquire into the origin, or the family group, to which he belongs. In other words, we must seek for a more distant ancestry, and learn, if possible, their history. . . . In favor of the view that the dogs of the present and past historical period were derived from several, or at all events more than one wild species, may be mentioned the following: 1. The great difference, especially in form, of the different breeds of dogs. 2. At the most anciently known historical period several breeds existed, resembling wild breeds then living."

The author regards it as probable, though by no means proved, that, in the words of Darwin, "the domestic dogs of the world are descended from two well-defined species of wolf, viz., *Canis lupus* and *Canis latrans;* and two or three other doubtful species, namely, the European, Indian, and North American wolves, from several races or species of jackal; and, perhaps, from one or two extinct species." It is held to be easier to forge the chain of connection upon some such theory rather than upon the opposite one, that all the breeds were descended from a single species.

"The great diversity of physical and psychical characteristics in the different breeds of dogs is to be explained by crossing, selection, and environment," of which the latter has relatively the least influence.

The zoölogical position of the dog, as one of the carnivora, is clearly explained by a complete illustration of his skeleton, and variations in his make-up pointed out, with a brief and clear exposition of the *modus* and functions of the animal body in general, and his psychic characteristics are appreciatively sketched.

A few quotations may best indicate the spirit and scientific basis of the work:

> The individual that can see nothing to admire in the dog is surely defective either by nature or education—a sort of human monstrosity.
>
> The dog is deserving of man's respect, for he seems to possess in some degree of development every mental if not every moral faculty of man himself in so far as they can exist apart from the possession of speech. In not a few respects the dog is the superior of his master. If he cannot do all that the latter can, is it not also true that there is much that he can accomplish quite impossible to man?
>
> The author has long been impressed with the belief that in regarding the dog as very like ourselves in physical constitution, . . . and in psychic characteristics, we are better prepared to understand this animal than on any other assumption.

The classification adopted is that of Stonehenge, as follows: 1. Wild and half-reclaimed dogs, hunting in packs. 2. Domesticated dogs, hunting chiefly by the eye, and killing their game for the use of man. 3. Domesticated dogs, hunting chiefly by the nose, and both finding and killing their game. 4. Domesticated dogs, finding their game by scent, but not killing it, being chiefly used in aid of the gun. 5. Pasture dogs, and those used for the purpose of draught. 6. Watch dogs, house dogs, and toy dogs. 7. Crossed breeds, retrievers, etc.

Considerable space is given to the subject of "Standards," which include the terms "character," "quality," and "type," and to the requisites thereto in the several sections into which the anatomy of the animal is divided. Seventy-five pages are devoted to this subject and to a full description of the breeds in the above classes, confined mainly to such as are representative of those permanent characteristics which are the object of thorough breeding.

The management of dogs in health as to all hygienic considerations — housing, feeding, exercise, and occupation; care of the dog's skin; management of the dam in parturition and in nursing; the choice of puppies, and of a foster-mother in case of need; the care of the mother; the rearing, weaning,

feeding, and general management of the young, and their exercise and training—is next exhaustively treated in detail, with the same scrupulous care from a humanitarian standpoint that the best writers have given to the human subject. This division closes with a short chapter on the development of the dog, and the determination of age.

Part II. seems to combine nearly all that is at present known of the maladies and mishaps to which the dog is liable—their causes, diagnosis, prognosis, prophylaxis, and treatment. A humane protest against dog-shows, and a plea for sensible arrangement whenever they may be found to be a necessary evil, appropriately closes a comprehensive and thoroughly scientific volume.

The work is embellished with numerous anatomical illustrations and with thirty-nine full-page portraits of the best known representatives of various breeds.

THE flora and fauna of nations differ as men do, says a writer in that fascinating department of the *Atlantic Monthly*, the Contributors' Club. All Nature is wilder in America than in England, and with a touch more maziness in her charm. Nature is often mellow in England. This distinction, he thinks, applies to birds as well as to flora, but not, however, to the denizens of the streams ; our common fish are coarser and less idyllic.

They are more the product of the weeds and of the mud than of the flowers and of the shimmering upper waters. It is as if Nature had not begun to put the finishing touches to this portion of her economy until she had brought them into contact with the Caucasian mind, and as if, therefore, we were behindhand by reason of the lateness of America's discovery.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE sets a good example of literary vitality in these days of bubble reputations. The present volume contains, as the preceding one hundred and ninety-four have contained (counting from the beginning of publication), selected articles from the best foreign reviews. Among interesting articles in October appeared an instalment of "My Witches' Caldron," a series of delightful reminiscences of distinguished people by Anne Ritchie. She refers to an unexpected meeting of her father with Dr. Weissenborne and his beautiful Pomeranian poodle :

'I wonder if old Weissenborne is still alive? He used to teach me German." And lo ! as he spoke, a tall, thin old man in a broad-brimmed straw hat, with a beautiful Pomeranian poodle running before him, came stalking along with a newspaper under his arm. 'Good gracious, that looks like—yes, that *is* Dr. Weissenborne. He is hardly changed a bit,' said my father, stopping short for a moment, and then he too stepped forward quickly with an outstretched hand, and the old man in turn stopped, stared, frowned. 'I am Thackeray, my name is Thackeray,' said my father, eagerly and shyly, as was his way ; and after another stare from the doctor, suddenly came a friendly lighting up and exclaiming and welcoming and hand-shaking and laughing, while the pretty white dog leapt up and down, as much interested as we were in the meeting.

Then they ramble on to the little park at Weimar.

A bright, green little wood, with leaves and twigs and cheerful lights, with small trees not very thickly planted on the steep slopes, with many narrow paths wandering into green depths, and with seats erected at intervals along the way. On one of these seats the old professor showed us an inscription cut deep into the wood with a knife, '*Dr. W. and his dog.*'

RIGHTS OF THE BEASTS.—European cities are not ashamed to take some bird or beast under their patronage, said T. DeWitt Talmage, in a recent issue of the *Ladies' Home Journal*. Venice looks especially after her pigeons. Strasburg pets the storks whose nests are on almost all the chimneys. Berne carefully guards her bears. Egypt apotheosizes cats. Oh, that the cruelty of man to bird and beast might come to an end ! They have more right to the world than man, for they preceded him in the creation, the birds having been made on Friday and the cattle on Saturday morning, man coming in at the fag-end of the week. No wonder that these aborigines of the world sometimes resist, and that the bees sting, and the bears growl, and the cats get their backs up, and the dogs bark, and eagles defend their eyries with iron beak, the crags echoing with the clangor of this flying squadron of the sky !

THROUGH its various departments the *Rider and Driver* conveys to horsemen and to the coaching fraternity, much useful information and some entertaining gossip. It is very neatly "made up," and is of convenient size and shape. In a late issue was an article about hackneys in Kentucky, in which A. H. Godfrey is enthusiastic over the Blue Grass region as a grazing country ; he calls it the best in the world. Perhaps, however, the fine condition of the horses and other animals may be as much due to the good care that is taken of them, as to the fine quality of the grass and the purity of the water.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY keeps well abreast of the times in the general tenor of its articles. Among its late references to animal life is a full-page colored picture. It is called "The Anxious Mother," and represents a disturbed hen watching one of her chicks that flutters in the arms of a laughing child, who evidently intends the little creature no harm. A boy looks on with interest, and chickens stand about in various attitudes of curiosity or indifference. The picture is a good one for the nursery wall. In a late issue appeared an article called "The Romance and Comedy of the Turf," which conveyed some curious information about the Futurity Stakes of 1892.

A CURIOUS instance of the way animals come to man for help when suffering is related in the correspondence department of the *New York Ledger*.

A cat recently lost its appetite, or at least refused to eat, and it was supposed to be ill. It would sit by the side of its mistress and mew piteously. At last it was taken up and examined, when a tooth was discovered which was seriously inflamed. The lady took a pair of tweezers and pulled the tooth, the cat scarcely giving any trouble. When put upon the floor again, he purred and showed his satisfaction by rubbing his head against her dress.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

The Beauties of Nature. Sir John Lubbock. New York : Macmillan & Co. $1.50.

Birds and Poets. John Burroughs. New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co. $1.25.

Red Deer. Richard Jeffries. New York : Longmans, Green & Co. $1.25.

Seats and Saddles. Major Francis Dwyer. New York : United States Book Co. $1.50.

The Boy Travellers in Central Europe. Thomas W. Knox. New York : Harper Bros. $3.00.

The Talking Horse. F. Anstey. New York : United States Book Co. 50c.

"Incurable" Diseases of Beast and Fowl. Philadelphia : Boericke & Tafel.

The Wild Pigs. Gerald Young. New York : Macmillan & Co. $1.25.

A Member of Tattersall's. Hawley Smart. New York : Lovell, Coryell & Co. 30c.

Politics among the Animals. A. J. Philpot & H. P. Whitmarsh. Boston : A. J. Philpot & Co.

Autumn ; from the Journal of Henry D. Thoreau. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

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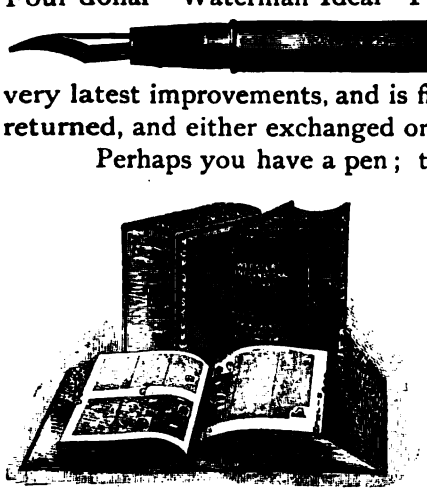

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VIVISECTION AT THE CHURCH CONGRESS AWAKENED PUBLIC INTEREST

THE discussion of vivisection at the late Church Congress in England has been of real service to the cause of humanity to the brute creation, not because it has proved anything new, nor because it has in the least converted the advocates of scientific cruelty, but first, because it has attracted public attention to the subject; second, because it has utterly discredited the pretensions of vivisectionists; and third, because it has given one of their chief champions an opportunity, of which he availed himself with the largest liberality, to set before the public an example of the sort of manhood which the constant practice of vivisection cultivates.

At the very least, the discussion has attracted general and unprecedented interest. It is to be feared that very few Englishmen or Americans have the slightest idea of the diabolical cruelties which are daily perpetrated in the name of science. They suppose that vivisection is never practised without a careful use of anæsthetics, nor unless when it is believed to be absolutely necessary; and they reluctantly acquiesce in it because of its supposed necessity. But the advocates of vivisection at the Church Congress made no such pretence. They did not pretend to deny that thousands of experiments on living animals, from which the operator expects to derive absolutely no knowledge that is not already in his possession, are constantly performed; nor did they pretend that due care is always taken to prevent the needless suffering of their dumb victims. Not one of them intimated that he would hesitate to torture any dumb brute, with all the ingenuity of cruelty of which his science makes him master, if it should be necessary to his researches or merely gratifying to his curiosity. In fact, it was tacitly admitted that, in innumerable experiments, the actual torture of the animal, ac-

companied by the evidence of excruciating pain, is of the very essence of the experiment! These horrible admissions might well attract public attention.

A SIGNIFICANT EVASION

Still further, when challenged to show what actual good to man or beast has resulted from vivisection, its advocates could not—or, at least, they did not—give one single instance. This fact has deeply affected not a few minds which have heretofore been quite open to conviction. We ourselves, for instance, while recognizing the high authority of men of science who deny that any real good has been promoted by vivisection, have felt ourselves bound to yield to what we have conceived to be the still higher authority of scientific men in general, when they maintain its utility. But when the public asks them to enlighten it by showing at least some of the benefits of a practice which is *prima facie* repugnant to every instinct of justice and mercy, it has a right to expect an answer; and if no answer is forthcoming, it has a right to believe that they have none to give. That is the conclusion to which the vivisectionists are compelling candid minds.

In the course of newspaper discussions which have followed the Congress, the advocates of vivisection have again and again been urged to tell *some single particular* in which their horrible practices have really benefited humanity. Their only answer has been to refuse to answer. Thus, four of the most eminent of them—Sir Andrew Clark, President of the College of Surgeons; Sir James Paget, who formerly held the same office; Dr. Samuel Wilks; and Professor Sir George Humphrey—have united in giving two reasons for declining to furnish the desired information. The first is that "the scientific aspect of this question cannot receive adequate treatment in the columns of a newspaper;" and the second is, "because it is hardly possible to name any progress of importance in medicine, surgery, or midwifery which has not been due to, or promoted by, this method of inquiry."

Now, with all possible respect to these four eminent gentlemen, that is a sheer dodging of the question. Nobody has asked them to discuss "the scientific aspect of vivisection," adequately or otherwise, in a newspaper. What they have been asked to do is to tell a not unintelligent public some one way in which vivisection has benefited the human race, to state its nature, and show its reality. It ought to be easy to comply. If there is no "progress of importance in medicine, surgery, or midwifery which has not been due to, or promoted by, this method of inquiry," it would surely be easy to mention and describe some single instance in which "this method of inquiry" has at least "promoted" human welfare; and until these gentlemen, or some other competent authority, shall do at least so much, they need not be surprised if their evasion shall be regarded by the public as a dishonest evasion.

PROFESSOR HORSLEY'S ELEGANT ARGUMENT

According to the ethics of the vivisectionists themselves, as illustrated and practised at and since the Church Congress by Professor Horsley, they cannot complain if their refusal to answer a plain question is set down as a disingenuous evasion of a question they cannot answer. At the Church Congress, the favorite argument of their champion, Professor Horsley, was to give the lie, right and left, to his opponents. He began his address in that polite way. "The anti-vivisectionist agitation," he said, "is false from beginning to end. The very term vivisection is false." He proceeded to charge Bishop Barry with "deliberate" misrepresentation, and was required by the president to withdraw the insult. His abuse of Miss Cobbe was brutally insulting, not only at the Congress, but since its adjournment; and his lavish use of "the lie direct" has been so outrageous throughout the controversy, that *The Times*, friendly as it is to the vivisectionists, has been constrained to publish a letter reminding the truculent professor that to give the lie to an opponent is neither a gentlemanlike nor a convincing form of argument, but is rather calculated to redound to the advantage of the other side. In these amenities of discussion, Professor Horsley, though *facile princeps*, is by no means the only adept. Other vivisectionists have emulated, though they could not equal, their corypheus. What is the meaning of it all? To the ordinary observer it proves that the school of vivisection is very far from being a school of good manners; and to a close observer the truculence of these gentlemen seems to indicate their resentment at the voice of a stifled but still living conscience, inwardly testifying that the cruelties which they defend are odious alike to God and man.

A TELLING APPEAL

An unanswerable appeal to the moral sense of the vivisectionists was made by the Bishop of Man chester. It was a superb application of the *argumentum ad hominem* and a masterly exposition of the absurdity of the pretended right of the human race to torture "inferior" creatures for its own advantage. Our readers will enjoy its humor while they appreciate its force. The Bishop said:

The law of sacrifice is the law of life, so we have heard. Yes, the law of sacrifice is the law of life, but the law of the sacrifice of the man who makes the sacrifice, not the law of sacrificing another for your own purposes. [Cheers.] Take a plain case. Those who believe in the good of vivisection are commonly believers in evolution. They must conceive the possibility that the present race of men will be succeeded by a race as high above themselves as they are above anthropoids. [Oh! oh!] Well, why not? If the law of sacrifice be the law of life in the sense of Sir Andrew Clark, that higher race will have the right to take Sir Andrew Clark and others, and apply torture to them, to open them and keep them in prolonged torture for the benefit of the higher race. Would they like that? What possible plea could they urge why they should be spared such torture, unless that God has given them a nature sensitive to pain, and that no higher race has a right to put them to torture for its own uses? The proceeding is immoral in itself, and therefore no utility can justify it.

I was appealed to on my own statement that some who pursued these ends, knowing them to be torture, did it at the danger of their own souls. I have the greatest respect and regard for many members of the medical profession, and I hope God will keep me from saying anything about any one member of it depreciating its character. What I mean, however, is this: just as the Spanish Inquisitors were, many of them, good, conscientious men, and thought they were doing good to men's spirits (and that is a higher thing than good to their bodies) by burning and torturing their victims; just as I believe they were demoralized by becoming cruel and callous to suffering, without their own knowledge; so, I think, we are becoming so. I say that good members of the medical profession who practise these things must, unconsciously, become more callous to suffering when they stand up and use it and take no heed of it. Is the Church adverse to the progress of discovery? Oh, what can men think? If a medical man can tell me what life is, I will thank him. If he can tell me more about the facts of human life, no one will be more grateful. It is not because I am afraid of progress that I oppose this; it is because I am afraid they are engaged in an occupation "which to them is morally dangerous"; and to us all it will be morally dangerous, if we don't meet it with our protest.

The worst consequence of doing and defending what is morally evil is that the man becomes saturated with false and evil principles. Well might the Prophet cry: "Woe unto them that put darkness for light, and light for darkness."

HORSE TORTURE IN GERMANY

THE whole civilized world has been recently called to witness an exhibition of international brutality at which its boasted civilization might well blush in shame and horror. It was a long-distance ride against time, by officers of the German and Austrian armies, between Berlin and Vienna. The distance of about four hundred miles was to be covered by each rider on a single horse, with the professed object of ascertaining how fast a military bearer of despatches might travel in case of necessity.

At the very first statement one is struck with the absolute inutility of this experiment. It is hardly conceivable that in any exigency whatever, a single rider should be under the necessity of riding a single horse to death in any part of the civilized world; and if such an emergency were possible, the probabilities—and there can never be more than a probability—have already been more than sufficiently ascertained by previous observation.

On further consideration, one observes that in such a race the only thing to be ascertained was this: which of the epauletted riders would manage so to urge an obedient, patient, and defenceless brute as to make it exhaust its whole strength and vitality in covering a distance of four hundred miles, before his horse-torturing competitors could do the same thing. The man who could deliberately resolve to engage in such a murderous piece of cruelty might wear the decorations of a hundred knightly orders, but the whole hundred could not cover the black baseness of his cruelty.

The conclusion of this horrible exhibition was precisely what might have been expected. As has been well said, "The spectacle of noblemen and princes spurring and beating to the goal their horses, reeking with blood, torn with rowel and lash, with twisted spines and broken hoofs, screaming with agony, is one at which the civilized world may well stand aghast in an age in which it is supposed that the savage toleration of torture has been outgrown. There is not one of those princely riders who rode his tortured horse to death, who should not be punished with the whipping-post and the knout, and not one of them should be longer allowed to show his face in decent society."

In every word of this eloquent outburst of outraged humanity we heartily concur; and we would add that the Emperor William, whose interest in

the well-being of his poorer subjects has commanded so much approbation, has justly forfeited the public confidence in his humanity by his patronage of this detestable exhibition.

DOCKING

A GOOD deal of the pleasure of a ride in Central Park is marred if one observes the number of horses which have been barbarously mutilated by the horrible operation of docking. For this cruel operation, which is needlessly inflicted upon so many animals, there is not one single word of defence. It is confessedly useless; indeed, it is worse than useless, since it deprives the unfortunate animal of its natural means of defence from insect tormentors. It is certainly not æsthetic, since, to an eye which can appreciate the beautiful, it changes the natural contours of a horse's form so as to make it merely grotesque. Docking improves nothing; it simply creates a deformity and causes a life-long inconvenience at the cost of horrible suffering to every creature which is senselessly mutilated in obedience to an absurd and wicked fashion. There is another point to which it is somewhat difficult even to refer in these columns; but even here we will take leave to say that if a modest woman could hear some of the obscene remarks to which she is often exposed when riding on one of these mutilated creatures, she would go on foot for the remainder of her natural life rather than be seen again on such a mount. We wish that fashionable women could be shamed, if they can be no otherwise induced, to put an end to this particular cruelty. To suppress it nothing is wanted but that women should frown upon it. If women should refuse to ride on or behind a docked horse, the docking of horses would very soon cease.

There is hardly a single other form of cruelty which our Society has found it so difficult to suppress as this of docking. The law is amply sufficient to insure the punishment of offenders. Article 655 of the Penal Code of the State of New York provides for the punishment of any person who "unjustifiably injures, mutilates, or kills" an animal; and, as docking is a mutilation which injures the animal, a person who so mutilates a horse can be severely punished under the law as it stands. As a matter of fact, the Society has secured four convictions under this law, one of them during the month of September of the present year, the others much earlier. The difficulty is not to convict, but to discover the crime at the time of its commission. Docking is always done with the utmost secrecy, and when once the operation has been performed, the poor, dumb sufferer can make no complaints. It is possible, perhaps, that the law might be so changed as to make the owning of a docked horse presumptive evidence that it has been docked with the owner's knowledge and consent. That is a point to which it may be well to look hereafter; because, if the ownership of a docked horse were to be made *prima facie* evidence of a misdemeanor on the part of its owner, so that the burden of proof that he had not committed a misdemeanor should be thrown upon him, the ownership of such animals would speedily become an inconvenience to which no one would care to subject himself, and the practice would be very practically discouraged.

But, after all, it is to the moral sentiment of the community that we must look to put an end to this barbarity. The moral sentiment of the gentlemen and gentlewomen of New York has given effectual discountenance to the cruel check-rein, which was once in universal use. Let the same persons now discountenance the shameful cruelty of docking, and that nineteenth-century barbarism will likewise go the way of the check-rein.

AT HEADQUARTERS

IN attending the football game in order to see that horses were blanketed and cared for; in preventing turkey and pigeon shoots, and in watching places where dog and cock fighters congregate, the officers of the Society were kept closely occupied from Thanksgiving eve until the close of that day. Among the disgraceful pleasures of the day was a parade of "fantasticles," in which a number of persons are mounted on the most wretched animals that can be got, and selected for the purpose of making the parade a spectacle for laughter. One of these organizations, headed by a band of music, was stopped by Superintendent Hankinson and a squad of the Society's detectives while on its way to a park located on the outskirts of the city. There were a score or more men mounted on the

backs of the poor, miserable specimens of horse-flesh, while others were lounging in carriages drawn by skeleton steeds. The entire procession was stopped, and more than half of the equine part of the display was captured by the officers. The language of the dismounted ragamuffins, personating kings, queens, knights, and warriors, need not be repeated here; suffice it to say that it was vile enough, and that threats to do the officers bodily harm were freely uttered. It availed nothing, however, for the poor, wretched animals were stripped of their gorgeous trappings, put in stables, and given each a substantial feed, while their late riders had to foot their way the rest of the journey. Several such organizations were similarly interfered with by the officers, and much abuse to horses, mules, and goats was prevented. Take it all in all, Thanksgiving Day was a very busy one for the Society.

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"I DON'T care for you or your badge," wrathfully exclaimed John Gilmore the other morning, when President Haines told him to unharness a poor, miserable horse, which was attached to a wagon loaded with merchandise on Madison Avenue near 26th Street. "You cannot work that horse in that condition," quietly said the president. "I'll do as I please," was the defiant reply, and he attempted to assault the president. Gilmore belonged to the tough element of society, and did not propose to be dictated to by any one, least of all by an officer of the law.

Gilmore refused to dismount, and attempted to drive off. President Haines thereupon put him under arrest, and turned the decrepit animal over to Officer Gay of the Society, who happened to come up at the time. The horse was put into a livery stable, and the Society's veterinary surgeon was sent for.

By this time it began to dawn upon the mind of the belligerent driver that the enforcement of the humane laws of the State had been committed to men who are not easily intimidated in the discharge of their duty, and ceasing his resistance he begged President Haines to "let up this time." "I'll take the horse home," he said, "and do whatever you say;" but the suffering animal was taken to the hospital, where its ailments were attended to, while its cruel owner was taken to the Fourth District Court and committed for trial under $100 bail. Gilmore declared that "he had made a fool of himself," and that "his temper had got the better of his judgment." He had evidently learned a lesson that he was not likely to forget.

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Officer Evans found Robert J. Andrews, of 394 First Street, Jersey City, driving a horse which, figuratively speaking, was walking on three legs. The poor creature was shoeless, and was suffering at the time from sores on the body under the harness; it was fearfully emaciated and totally unfit for labor. Upon conviction in the Court of Special Sessions, he was fined $5, and the horse was mercifully destroyed.

While Bernard Stage, of 1160 Fulton Street, Brooklyn, was driving three horses abreast, attached to a truck, he was stopped by Officer Lambert of the Society, who discovered that the three animals had sores on their breasts chafed by the harness. The defendant was fined $10 for the offence.

John Mulligan, of 582 Tenth Avenue, was, on the complaint of Officer Regan, fined $5 for driving a horse attached to an express wagon, while lame, sore, weak, and feeble, and suffering in its body and limbs.

Officer Smart arrested George Culver, of 171 East 76th Street, for driving a decrepit horse attached to a loaded ice wagon. The defendant was fined $5.

Many other cases are awaiting trial in the Court of Special Sessions.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

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MISCELLANY

WAGNER AND HIS ANIMALS

BY HENRY T. FINCK

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

WHEREVER Wagner made his home, he liked to be surrounded by animals. His cook Vrouka, in describing his home at Lucerne to her correspondent, the dressmaker Bertha, at Vienna, writes, after dwelling on the infrequent visitors: "Then we have chickens, peacocks, our two dogs, which often prove a real pastime." Two dogs, the cook says, whereas Mendès, Gautier, and Pohl mention only one. Doubtless the cook knew best; but the "enormous" Newfoundland Russ was obviously the more notable of the two. Pohl says of this dog (who now lies buried in the Wahnfried garden at Bayreuth, at his master's feet), that "it took Stocker, who came out at Russ' signal, some time to convince the faithful guardian that I was an admirer of the master. Afterward we—Stocker, Russ, and I—became the best of friends."

F. Avenarius, the son of Wagner's half-sister, has preserved two anecdotes which show that a love of animals, like a love of nature, was a trait of Wagner's childhood. The boy went all over town hunting for good-natured dogs, and forming friendships with them. One day he heard whining sounds in a ditch, and found a young puppy. Knowing that no such addition to the large family at home would receive official approval, he secretly smuggled it into his bedroom, where he fed it and kept it warm until it was betrayed by its whining. On another occasion his mother heard peculiar squeaking sounds in his room, but could not locate them. When the teacher came to give the boy his lesson, he noticed a peculiar, disagreeable odor. Investigation brought to light, in Richard's bureau, a whole family of young rabbits. "The poor things would have died," was the boy's excuse. He had made an air-hole for them, and his sister had provided the food.

Only once in his life did Wagner kill an animal for amusement. He joined a party of young hunters and shot a rabbit. Its dying look met his eyes, and so moved him to pity that nothing could have ever induced him to go hunting again. The impression here made on him is echoed in the libretto of his early opera, *The Fairies*, where the doe is hit by the arrow: "Oh, see! the animal weeps; a tear is in its eye. Oh, how its broken look rests on me!" And again, in his last work, in the pathetic lines of Gurnemanz reproaching Parsifal for killing the sacred swan: "Was that dir der treue Schwan?" etc.—lines which teach the duty of pity more eloquently than all the essays of Schopenhauer, whom Wagner followed from an inborn sympathy, in regarding pity as the supreme moral law.

Animals are introduced in all but three of his operas (*Dutchman*, *Tristan*, and *Meistersinger*). There are horses in *Rienzi*, *Tannhaüser*, *Walküre*, *Götterdämmerung;* a swan and dove in *Lohengrin;* hunting dogs in *Tannhaüser;* a toad and a snake in *Rheingold;* a ram in *Walküre;* a bear, a dragon, and a bird in *Siegfried;* ravens in *Götterdämmerung;* a swan in *Parsifal.* The swans, the bird, and the dragon are accompanied by some of the most characteristic or beautiful music in the several operas; and it is interesting to note that the swan motive in *Lohengrin* reappears in a modified form in *Parsifal*, just as a few motives from *Tristan* are introduced in the *Meistersinger*, where Sachs alludes to that legend. In this delightful kind of self-quotation, Wagner followed the precedent of Mozart, who introduces a number from *Figaro* in *Don Juan*—with humorous intent, however, in this case.

When Wagner died, in his seventieth year, several interesting, artistic, and literary projects were buried with him. One of these was to write "A History of my Dogs." It would have been an extremely interesting little book, no doubt; for, next to his work and a few intimate friends, there was nothing in the world to which he was so attached as to his dogs. From his early youth to his last days he always had one who was his constant companion, whether he was writing or resting. At Magdeburg, in 1834, he had a poodle of musical propensities who accompanied him to all the rehearsals at the theatre. At first he was allowed to enter the orchestra circle; but, when he permitted himself to "criticise" the performances, this privilege was taken from him, and he had to wait at the stage door to accompany his master home. Wolzogen thinks it was this same dog of whom Wagner related the following anecdote: One day he took him along on an excursion into the Saxon Switzer-

land. Wishing to climb a precipitous rock on the Bastei, and fearing that the poodle might come to grief, he threw down his handkerchief for the dog to watch. But the animal was too clever for him. After a moment of deliberation, he scratched a hole in the ground, buried the handkerchief for safe-keeping, and then made haste to clamber after his master.

His next pet, at Riga, was a big Newfoundland dog named Robber. He belonged at first to an English merchant, but became so passionately attached to Wagner, following him by day, and lying on his doorstep at night, that he was at last adopted as a member of the family. He, too, accompanied his master to all the rehearsals, and on the way he always took a bath in the canal; being a Russian dog, he kept up this habit even in winter, provided he could find a hole in the ice. His career as a musical critic was cut short, like that of the poodle. His favorite place was between the conductor's desk and the double-bass player. The latter he always regarded with suspicion because of his constantly pushing his bow in his direction. One evening a sudden vehement *sforzando* push of the bow proved too much for him, and Wagner was suddenly startled and the piece interrupted by the cry: "Herr Capellmeister, the dog!" Robber had the honor of accompanying his master to Paris on that stormy ocean trip which lasted almost four weeks, and he is, of course, the canine hero of the novelette, "An End in Paris," which contains many autobiographic details in the guise of fiction. The temporary loss of this animal in London caused one of the deepest pangs of anguish his master ever felt.

The successor of Robber was Peps, the most famous of all his dogs. He used to say that this dog helped him to compose *Tannhaüser*.

"It seems that when at the piano, . . . singing with his accustomed boisterousness, the dog, whose constant place was at his master's feet, would occasionally leap to the table, peer into his face, and howl piteously. Then Wagner would address his 'eloquent critic' with 'What? It does not suit you?' and shaking the animal's paw, would say, quoting Puck, 'Well, I will do thy bidding gently.'" In later years, at Zürich, he loved to talk to his dog when taking his daily walk.

"He would declaim against imaginary enemies, gesticulate, and vent his irascible excitement in loud speeches, when Peps,—'human Peps,' as he called him—with the sympathy of the intelligent dumb creation, would rush forward, bark and snap loudly, as if aiding Wagner in destroying his enemies, and then return, plainly asking for friendly recognition for the demolition." Peps was useful in reminding him of his duty toward his body. Thus, in a letter to Uhlig, we read: "I am done up, and must get into the open air. Peps won't leave me in peace any longer." There are other numerous references to Peps in the letters, sometimes comic or satiric, sometimes pathetic. "To-morrow I go up the Rigi. Peps is barking loudly." From Lugano: "I have written to my wife to come with Peps." "Peps is now playing the bassoon." "Peps confirms this by a sneeze." In a postscript to Heine: "Peps is still alive, but fearfully lazy when he is not barking." In a word, Peps was treated and looked upon as a member of the family. When Liszt visited his friend in Zürich, he received, as a *ne plus ultra* of affection, the pet name of "Double Peps," which name he gleefully adopted, signing himself in his next letter, "Your Double Peps, or Double Extract de Peps, or Double Stout Peps, *con doppio movimento sempre crescendo al ffff.*"

On returning from an excursion to Paris or London, Wagner did not fail to remember his wife with a present. Nor was Peps forgotten. "Peps received me joyfully at the wagon, but then I have brought him a beautiful collar with his name (now become so sacred to me) engraved on it. He never leaves my side any more; in the morning he comes to my bed and wakes me. He is a dear, good animal." But Peps had to die, like all of us. He was too old to be taken to London in 1855, and must have deeply grieved over his master's four months' absence. Fortunately he survived his return, and received him with boundless delight. The day for the departure to Seelisberg, where the *Walküre* was to be completed, had been set, when the journey had to be postponed two days by Peps' illness and death. The following extract from a pathetic letter to Praeger lets us see deeply into Wagner's heart, one of the gentlest and tenderest that ever beat:

"Up to the last moment Peps showed me a love so touching as to be almost heart-rending; kept his eyes fixed on me, and, though I chanced to move but a few steps from him, continued to follow me with his eyes. He died in my arms on the night of the 9th–10th of the month, passing away without a sound, quietly and peacefully. On the morrow, midday, we buried him in the garden beside the house. I cried incessantly, and

since then have felt bitter pain and sorrow for the dear friend of the past thirteen years, who ever worked and walked with me. . . . And yet there are those who would scoff at our feeling in such a matter."

Four years before Peps died, his master had suffered another loss which made him give way to heartfelt, bitter mourning. His "little, whistling, chattering, household fairy," as he called his parrot Papo, died shortly after it had learned a melody which it used to whistle to him, when he came home, "with unspeakable joy." When it became ill they neglected too long to send for a surgeon, and in the morning it was dead.

"Oh, if I could say to you what has died for me in this dear creature! It matters nothing to me whether I am laughed at for this. What I feel, I cannot help feeling; and I have no longer any inclination to do violence to my feelings. Anyhow, I should have to write volumes to make clear to those disposed to laugh at me what such a small creature is and can become to a man who in everything is guided *only by phantasy*. Three days have passed, and still nothing can quiet me, and so it is with my wife; the bird was something indispensable between us and for us."

Wagner's love of animals was not merely the semi-selfish emotion which the reciprocated affection for animals gives us. It was manifested also in his deep compassion for their sufferings. I have a story from Mr. Seidl, that Wagner astonished some peasant women one day by his violent remonstrances against their cruel habit of letting fish die in slow agony. He was often furiously excited about the cruel way in which cattle are slaughtered. When, as a boy, he saw for the first time an axe descending on an ox's head, followed by the moans of the poor animal, his companions could hardly hold him back from rushing at the butcher. In London streets he had quarrels with men who ill-treated their horses. A ride on the romantic Lago Maggiore was spoiled for him one day by the sight of poor fowls and ducks which were, as he wrote to Uhlig, "so vilely tortured, and left to such cruel privations, that the revolting unfeelingness of the men who had this sight constantly before their eyes again filled me with violent anger. And to know that one would be merely laughed at if one attempted to interfere!" Such sights and experiences made him ever take a gloomier view of the human race, in company with Schopenhauer, who, like Byron and many other men of genius, loved animals more than he did the average human being. And why should they not? Are not animals always ready, as few men and women are, to give them all the sympathy and affection they want? And do not animals, like men of genius, show their emotions of joy and pain without that repression which etiquette prescribes to ordinary mortals?

A TYPICAL AMERICAN

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THE late George William Curtis has been praised by the American and English press as a model citizen, a clear thinker, an eloquent orator, a polished and elegant writer. But he has been less praised than he deserved to be for one of his most notable characteristics—his sympathy for all suffering.

He was indeed a moral reformer in the highest sense of the word. While he could send the keen rapier of sarcasm with unerring aim to the weak points in our social institutions and our political methods, he never failed to preserve his love for his fellow men and his faith in the ultimate victory of right and justice. Mr. Howells wisely said in his tribute to the far-reaching influence of Mr. Curtis: "His quarrel was with error, and not with the persons who were in it, so that he had no enemies but those of his cause."

One of Mr. Curtis's practical reflections in sympathy with the work of The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may be found in the Easy Chair.

"The domestic animals are very silent about the treatment which they receive. They make little complaint. The shaved horse which is left standing uncovered in the icy blast until he quakes with bitter cold, but still stands unflinching; or the same hapless animal whose tail is bobbed so that every summer insect can sting him at will unharmed, but which neither kicks nor runs; the dog whose ear and tail are cut and clipped to please the fancy or further the plans of his human owner, and which is teased and whipped and outraged under the plea of training—would they necessarily dilate seductively to their comrades, still doubting and delaying in the forest, upon the chances and advantages of human intercourse? Do they not, indeed, appeal mutely to intelligent beings to consider carefully whether civilized man is yet civilized enough to be intrusted with the happiness and training and fate of animals?"

A CHRISTMAS MANGER

By William Henry Shelton

[For our animal friends]

I AM only a huckster's horse, old and lame, and weak for lack of nourishing food. My harness is in strings, worn and patched and spliced; my collar is broken and ragged, with straw and tufts of curled hair fluttering in the breeze. The Christmas wind that flares the smoking torch of my cruel master, tosses my thin mane and billows my thick hair like the wind on a meadow; for I am a stranger to a blanket, and Nature is kinder to me than man.

In my old age I am the meanest object in the gay holiday crowd laughing and hurrying along the busy street; and my white sides, illumined by the torch burning over the rickety wagon, make me the most conspicuous object as well, and yet no one of the passers notices me. The snow-flakes that whirl in the blast, and cling in the rents of my frozen harness, dash against the faces and the warm furs of beautiful women, and touch on the rosy cheeks of happy children, but no one of them all heeds the hints of the snow and turns to look where the storm stings and chills.

Stylish horses, petted and pampered, and harnessed over warm woollen blankets, step high on their way to mahogany boxes, driven by grooms in furs, and the lamps of the carriages gleam on their kind-hearted mistress within, and on the Christmas packages and bundles piled high against the sparkling glass, but she is kind only to her own. And how many of her sort roll by, drawn by sleek, well-fed animals, proud and headstrong in their youth and strength. The procession is endless, moving on to distant parts of the city, clattering and flashing under the electric lights, and warm with the soft glow of innumerable lamps.

Woe is me, and bitter will be the end of these proud steppers when they have passed down the treadmill of the street car, the cab, and the humble cart, and come to be housed, as I am, in a dirty

stable, where the wintry wind blows through the broken siding and the icy rain drips from the leaky roof.

If the misery of the stable in my case had not rivalled the misery of the street, I should have been impatient to get away from the glare and the exposure and the harsh cries of the venders; but, bleak as the night is, I am content to stand in the snow by the curbstone, and feel the pulsing of happiness about me, and watch the endless procession of givers bearing their gifts. Some carry armfuls of bundles; scarcely a hand is empty. Here a man with a sled under his arm, looking in at the windows for something more to buy; and there another with a load of toys, elbowing his way through the crowd. A thin, scantily dressed little woman hurries along, clutching a tiny package. She has made her poor selection at last. Dolls' heads peer out of broken wrappers, and rocking-horses ride above the heads of the throng. Small boys blow on tin horns, and others dance along in joyous anticipation of the morning. The thin little mother has disappeared in the mist, little thinking she has been observed and admired by a poor old horse.

My burly master, his hands filled with oranges, redoubles his cries as the crowd grows thin, and the smoky lamp flares, and the Christmas wind howls pitilessly down the street. The long lines of lighted shop windows stretch away into obscurity, and the yellow spots down the misty street resolve themselves into the lamps of carriages which flash by and rumble away into the distance.

Even a bait of straw in the musty manger by the river begins to loom in comfortable perspective. If Christmas of old had its birth in a manger, in these degenerate days it certainly holds high carnival elsewhere. The gloomy forebodings of an old horse who toils all day in the storm, and dreams at night of the leopards in the park, may surely be forgiven him in the boundless charity of the holiday time. Mother Earth holds forth to him the only hope of rest.

My master clambers into the wagon. An oath and a stinging cut from the cruel whip-lash hiss together in the wind, and with a strain on the wet harness the creaking wheels crunch through the snow as I make my painful way along the curbstone in search of chance customers.

How many thousand people—men, women, and children—are asleep in the snow-covered city, dreaming of an interchange of Christmas gifts, and thoughtless of the misery that serves as a foil to their happiness!

Creak! Crunch! Splash!—the rickety wheels breaking the crust of the soiled snow, and the lame hoofs spattering the slush where a boiler underneath has melted the frost of the street; the wet, galling harness stiff with the storm, and the muffled circle of lights struggling to penetrate the mist of the snow. What a sorry outfit we are as we creep through the night, the thin vapor from my wet sides mingling with the thick smoke of the torch!

The ruddy lights of a stately club-house loom above us as we are turning into a side street, headed for the manger by the river. A half dozen young men are coming down the marble steps to their cabs, muffled and coated in defiance of the storm.

"Oranges! Oranges! Sixteen for a quar'." And by force of habit I come to a halt, and settle back from the cruel collar.

"Happy thought!" exclaims one of the young men. "I've exhausted all the beneficiaries of my charity to-night, and I now propose to close the list by giving that old horse a Christmas tree. Do you see his ears prick up?—Come here, John."

In an instant the obsequious footman, whom I had seen come down from the box and open the door of the brougham, sprang to his master's side.

"Buy that horse, John," I was amazed to hear him say, "and report to me inside when the purchase is complete."

"Hurrah for Bob, and a Merry Christmas to the lucky horse!" cried the friends of the young man, with one voice, as the whole rollicking party ran back up the marble steps and disappeared behind the swinging doors.

"Are you going to make the countess a Chris—" and that is just where the doors bit off the words.

"Strip off that old junk of a harness," said the young man when the party reappeared.

That order having been obeyed with alacrity, I was covered with a thick, warm blanket, and the handsome brougham rolled away with my new master inside, attended by one of his club friends. The huckster put out his flaring lamp and took my place between the thills, and as I turned away behind the grumbling groom, I saw him trundling the rickety wagon down the middle of the deserted street.

I was warm and happy under my new blanket, with an interlaced monogram on my humble flank, while the groom, with bearskin on shoulder and

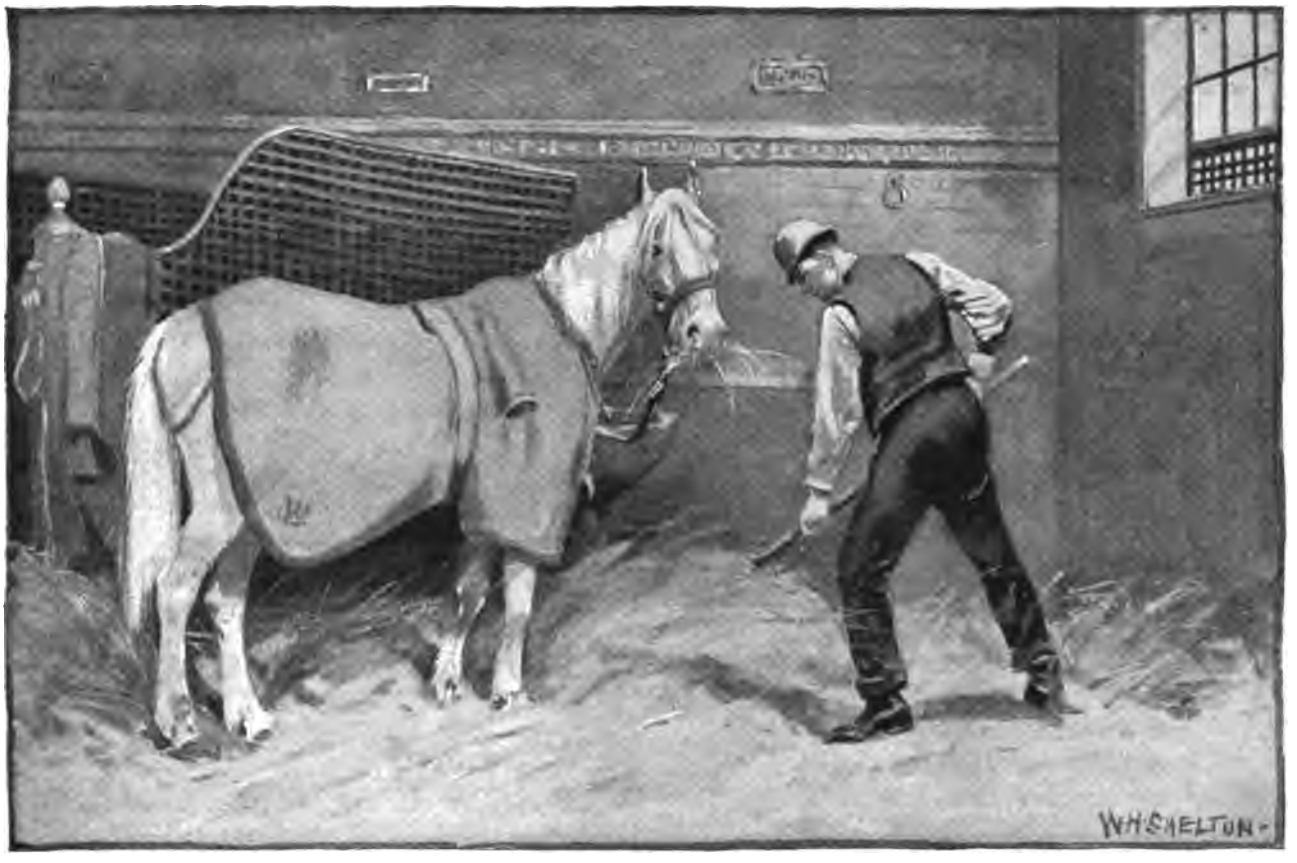
snuff-colored box coat flapping down to his heels, was hot with indignation. In a short half hour the world had put on a new holiday dress for me, and rags and humiliation for him. I was sorry for the groom, and trotted out cheerfully to oblige him, without otherwise approving of his bad language. Through street after street we got on together as best we could, not unlike some unhappy people in the world whose bonds are not so easily severed, until we turned up before a doorway of softly illumined ground glass, which swung open to admit us into an atmosphere like a pasture in April.

The two young men from the club were seated in easy chairs by a great coal burner, and were entertained by the gambols of a brindle bull-dog and a gymnastic terrier. The new master came forward to pat my poor old nose and wish me a Merry Christmas, and the bull-dog, who had got ready to growl, accepted the cue and retired behind the stove.

The treatment I then underwent carried me back to the days when I was an aristocrat among horses. I had my mouth washed out with a sponge, and two grooms fell to rubbing me with straw until I was dry and warm. Then my hoofs and heels were washed with warm water and rubbed clean, and I was covered with a linen sheet and blanket, and led away to a luxurious stall where I stood to my knees in clean yellow straw, which was cunningly platted on the planks behind me, and woven into a fringe on the high oak posts. The two clubmen followed me to the stall, and keenly enjoyed my increasing surprise. The other horses down the line rattled their chains and showed the whites of their eyes through the polished gratings.

When I lay down at last on the clean yellow straw and fell asleep with the odor of the hay in my nostrils, is it any wonder that I wandered away in my dreams to the happy pastures where the clover grows thick and the trees overhang the water? I stood with my mate on the trampled earth in the cool shade, and side by side we shared the good offices of our bushy tails and laughed at the buzzing flies. The bees hummed in the cups of the flowers and among the blossoms in the trees above us, and then flew away, with their loaded yellow legs, over the ripening grain fields.

I must have eaten too heartily of Christmas oats



before lying down, for my dreams were not all rosy ones, and now and again I started up with affright, only to roll back reassured by the warmth and odor of cleanliness. I was harnessed again with strings and straps to the rickety wagon of the huckster, shivering in the pelting rain that hissed in the flame of the spluttering lamp and ran in a torrent about my hoofs; but the cry of "Oranges! Oranges! sixteen for a quar'!" turned out to be only the snoring of a restless groom.

The little mother with a sad face was crouching over a dying fire as scant of warmth as her thin dress, and the tiny package was in the toe of a small stocking hanging against the smoky bricks of the chimney.

Then the scene changed as if by magic. There was a great light in the manger, and all the world was filled with a spirit of charity and kindness. Whips and scourges were woven into running belts. The marble club house stood in the centre of a limitless green pasture, billowing away with gentle hills to the distant horizon. The gay young clubmen, chief among whom was my kind benefactor, looked out of the open windows at the modest daisies and the purple clover, and went to bed with the birds. In the long days they learned to toss the hay and follow the plough in the clean, fragrant furrow, and became children of Nature and drinkers of water.

The awakening on Christmas morning in the half-light of the handsome stable was no less sweet than the dreams of the night, and carried the thoughts in my old head back to the happy days of my colthood.

A WAIF FROM APPOMATTOX

BY RAPHAEL J. MOSES, JR.

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

AT Appomattox I was with the vanguard as aide-de-camp to General B. on the Confederate side. After marching all night, we had been digging trenches since early morning to shelter the infantry, and about a mile to the east of us we could see line on line of the Federal soldiers forming for a charge on our breastworks. Nearer, the sharpshooters were keeping up a continuous fire, and the exposure of a hat above the trenches, raised on a bayonet-point, would bring a dozen bullets whistling through the air. The field batteries on both sides were keeping up an artillery duel. For two hours we had lain in the trenches, expecting the charge to be made, scarcely replying to the sharpshooters, but reserving ammunition for the great struggle. Suddenly all was silence, and we saw a flag of truce carried out from our lines. Lee had surrendered, and the flag of truce bore Grant's orders to the general in front of us not to charge our lines. Many of us cried when we heard the news, but we felt it was true generalship to avoid useless loss of life.

In the stillness that fell upon us I heard so piteous a whine from a dog, that I left my place in the trenches, and went into a little wood in front of us, from which the whining came, and found a young man, a Virginian, dying. His arm had been torn from its socket, and he was bleeding to death. The whining was from his faithful dog Fido, a beautiful Irish setter, who stood over him, uttering those piteous howls. I did all I could for the poor fellow, bandaged him as well as I could, and gave him water to drink, but in an hour it was all over. I looked in his pockets for some letter, or other means of identifying him, but there was none; so I spread my handkerchief over his face and returned to the trenches.

We stayed at Appomattox three days after the surrender before commencing our march home to Georgia some eight hundred miles. On the morning of the third day I was awakened by a dog licking my hand, and was overjoyed to see it was Fido. His eyes told me as plainly as words could have told: "My old master is buried; I want to belong to you." I fed and petted him, and Fido followed me on all that long march to my southern home. I kept him for seven years, until, deciding to move north, I gave him to my brother living in Washington County, Georgia. Fido remained with him until the summer of 1873, when one night about two o'clock my brother's house caught fire.

All the family were asleep. Fido rushed into the house, and woke up each member by pulling the bed-clothes with his teeth and barking. After all the family were out safe, he still seemed to think there was something for him to do, and rushed back

into the burning house; but he came not out. Even the fire, that all animals dread, could not stop him from doing what he felt to be his duty. The recollection of his terrible death has been as potent in my life to teach me the meaning of *duty* as any sermon I have ever heard.

ANIMALS IN CHRISTIAN SYMBOLISM

By L. C. Baker

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

IN the world's history, animals have always been a prominent factor. Not only in the every-day world of work and pleasure have they figured, but also in the biographies of famous men, in the lives of saints and martyrs, in the stories of a nation's triumphs, religious and political. They have invaded even the aristocratic realm of heraldry, and figure in many a proud escutcheon, symbolizing the story of a race's courage, loyalty, and power. But nowhere are they more interesting or more worthy of study than when we meet them in the realm of Christian art. There, as Christian symbols, animals have held for centuries a peculiar place all their own. There they present themselves with a new and sacred meaning, and are indissolubly connected with the Christian faith. From the far-away catacomb era they appear to the religious enthusiast with almost an encircling halo, so perfectly do they symbolize to his mind life's warfare, temptation, and final triumph.

In the mystic symbolism of the early Church, animals greet us on every side. And later, in the architecture of Gothic cathedral, in the wonder of sculptured marble, on the canvas of famous painters, in groups of saints and martyrs—everywhere they challenge our attention.

On the graves of the Catacombs, rudely cut on slab and stone, is the lamb, telling that Christ's sacrifice was complete, and that the departed soul is in the Good Shepherd's care. In that same gloomy place of burial is the outlined dove, a royal seal, as it were, on the sepulchre's stone, saying to the believer, in a language distinct and precious, that the sleeper within has won his inheritance of peace. On wall and ceiling the fabled phœnix, and the peacock with outspread train, proclaim Christ's resurrection and that of his holy dead. The fish ranks with the Christian symbols, partly because it is regarded as an emblem of baptism, and also because the Greek word for fish contains the initials "Jesus Christ, Son of God, Saviour." It is one of the earliest of Christian symbols. We find it on the tombs of martyrs; on rings, coins, and lamps; and in architecture.

In early paintings, saints and martyrs are usually represented with appropriate emblems which are meant to indicate the manner of their death or to recall some marked event in their lives, and many of these emblematic symbols are animals. St. Peter, for instance, is sometimes represented with a cock perched on a wall or tree, in the act of crowing lustily; thus preserving in stone and color (most unfairly, I think) the story of the impulsive old saint's moment of supreme temptation and his ignominious fall. The "sweet, heavenly St. Margaret" is represented as treading the dragon, the hieroglyph of all evil, under her innocent feet; and under this symbol Raphael has portrayed in his divinest color this fair saint's death-triumph over the arch-fiend. St. Agnes has always near her the lamb, type of her purity and spotless maidenhood. St. John, beloved disciple and divine seer of Patmos, has for his emblem the king of birds. What other animal than the strong-winged, keen-visioned eagle could so perfectly symbolize to all the ages that marvellous sight into the mysteries of eternity?

From earliest times the dog has been adopted as an emblem of fidelity often signifying loyalty to the sovereign. We meet him, long before the Christian era, in the classic Argus of the Odyssey, and in the three-headed Cerberus, guardian of Pluto's dark realms. In Christian art he is the appropriate symbol or companion of many saints; as, for example, of St. Bernard, St. Roche, and St. Benignus. A dog firing a globe is the emblem of St. Dominic, founder of the Order of Dominicans.

In the Catacombs the horse denotes swiftness of life, and sometimes we see a palm-wreath above his head to denote that the palm of victory is not always to the swift. It is not unusual to meet with the horse in the Bible as an emblem both of virtue and of vice; for animals, like human beings, have their good and their bad qualities.

The lion everywhere appears in ancient sculpture as a royal symbol, meaning magnanimity, dominion, etc., and in Christian art is particularly a symbol of power, courage, and virtue, and of the Resurrection. In this last connection, he is always a symbol of St. Mark, because of that saint's clear ac-

count of the Resurrection. The lion is also a type of Christ, the "Lion of Judah"; and as a type of fortitude and resolution is represented at the feet of those martyrs who had suffered with singular courage.

Perhaps, in all the realm of symbolism, no animal appears more frequently, or is more varied and beautiful in its significance, than the gentle dove, emblem of love, simplicity, innocence, and, when bearing an olive branch, of peace. From the time of Christ the dove has been the peculiar symbol of the Holy Ghost, and as such it is represented in Christian art in its natural form, the body of snowy whiteness, the beak and claws red, and the head surrounded by a nimbus of gold, divided by a red or a black cross. It is, also, an emblem of the soul, and in early art is represented as issuing from the lips of dying martyrs. When represented with six wings, it is a type of the Church of Christ. In this form it is most peculiar: "The front of the body is silver, the back gold; two wings are attached to the head, two to the shoulders, and two to the feet." Sometimes the symbolic dove shines amid the soft glow and color of stained-glass windows: then from its central whiteness radiate seven shafts of light, terminating in seven stars, significant of the seven gifts of the Holy Ghost.

One of the earliest and most curious types of animal symbolism is the Tetramorph, a picture in which are united the symbols of the four evangelists—the human face, the lion, the ox, and the eagle—in one winged animal, supporting the throne of God. Undoubtedly this Tetramorph had for its authority the vision of John, related in Rev. iv. 7: "And the first beast was like a lion, and the second beast like a calf, and the third beast had a face as a man, and the fourth beast was like a flying eagle." It would be impossible within the limits of this article to write of the many other animals employed in Christian symbolism. Appreciating the difficulty, with just an allusion to such animals as are employed as types of evil, as the hog, emblem of sensuality; the serpent, emblem of sin; the asp, of malice; the wolf, of cruelty; the fox, of fraud, etc., I will conclude with the animal which is one of the most ancient and frequently occurring symbols of the Redeemer, —the lamb.

All portrayals of the apocalyptic vision represent Christ under the form of a lamb with seven horns, wounded in the breast, and opening the book of seven seals. In early mosaics the apostles occur as twelve sheep and Christ in the middle as the shepherd. Van Eyck's famous *Agnus Dei* portrays Christ as a lamb out of whose breast gushes the blood of sacrifice; in the foreground of the painting, twelve sheep represent the apostles. The twelve tribes of Israel are also represented by sheep; but when, however, more or less sheep are represented, they symbolize the faithful.

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CERTAIN resemblances between animals and human beings, both in appearance and characteristics, have been often pointed out by naturalists. As the habits of animals and the evidences of their intelligence become better known, these comparisons may well be considered more and more complimentary. Graceful as an antelope, swift as an Arabian horse, keen-sighted as an eagle, faithful as a dog, industrious as a bee, patient as a spider, and many similar expressions, are doubly agreeable as we extend our studies in natural history, and learn the actual meaning of those terms. Our vanity is not increased by such expressions, for we soon find that we never have deserved and never can deserve them. In some one respect nearly every animal is man's superior.

Even in studying sea life, we find that curious (though more remote) resemblances exist between man and the inhabitants of the deep, and not always to the advantage of man. In strength, swiftness, delicacy of sight and hearing, beauty of coloring, many of the species belonging to the lower orders of life can claim superiority to man.

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AN event of rare and curious interest, says *Harper's Weekly*, was the discovery in a Broadway book-store of two bookworms feeding on an antique copy of Seneca. These minute animals, more celebrated in literature than anything else of their size, are very infrequently found, and even more infrequently identified. Eugene Field chronicled the discovery of one in Chicago about a year ago, and a daily paper recalls the fact that when Bernard Quaritch found one among his books in London five years ago, he gave a dinner in honor of the event. But for the most part the bookworm has been, like the griffin, a creature more of fable and fancy than of fact, and this most recent discovery of two is entitled to go on the records of history.

MERRY CHRISTMAS to you all, dear young people! We would like to hear some of your voices in return, wishing us a Merry Christmas. But since few of you are near enough to pay a Christmas call, we are going to ask you to send your good wishes in a practical form. And how? Simply by showing special attention to the animals in your care, or, if you or your family have none in charge, then give some poor waif or stray a good warm Christmas dinner. Or look at the horses in the street and see if any are ill-treated, or are carrying too heavy loads; and if you find any such cases then report them to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals in your place. If there is no such Society there, write to us. And if, besides doing some good deed like these we speak of, you can send us a mite for the cause, we shall only be too glad to know in this way of your sympathy and interest.

CHRISTMAS ANIMALS

Did you ever think that there may be special meaning in the fact that animals were associated with the birth of Christ? A gentle ox, peacefully chewing his cud, lay on the ground beside the manger when Joseph brought the Virgin Mary to the cave where Christ was born. The patient ass which had carried the mother of Christ was led by Joseph to a corner, and remained there when the kings and shepherds brought their gifts. The sheep upon the hillsides, so one legend says, knelt with the shepherds when the angels appeared before them. And one of the gifts brought to the infant Saviour was a young lamb. All these animals, the ox, the ass, the sheep, are noted for patience, meekness, and gentleness. The young lamb is an emblem of mildness and innocence. Christ himself, you know, is called the Lamb of God. Is there not a lesson here for you to think of on Christmas Day, especially if you are tempted to be cross or impatient or cruel?

A PRESEPIO

In Rome at Christmas time, the "presepio," as it is called, is shown in many of the churches. The word presepio really means a manger, but it is also used to mean a representation of the birth of Christ. At the Ara Coeli the whole of a side chapel is given up to the exhibition. First you may see a beautiful grotto where the Virgin Mary sits holding the Bambino, or infant Christ. The Christ-child wears a pure white dress embroidered with sapphires, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, topazes, amethysts, and other flashing jewels. Joseph stands by Mary's side, and the ass and the ox stand behind her. A little farther away the shepherds and the kings are kneeling; above all are the cherubs and angels. Still farther on is a fountain. By it are some very white sheep made of wood and covered with cotton wool. In the background you can see a pleasant landscape with green hills, where shepherds are guarding their flocks. Up and down the one hundred and twenty-four steps of the church crowds are constantly coming and going—travellers from all parts of the world, priests and soldiers and peasants. Peddlers line the sides of the steps, and offer for sale pictures, crosses, and all kinds of religious emblems. Among these emblems are a great many cotton wool sheep which the dark Italian peasants in their gay costumes buy for Christmas gifts to their little children.

THE STAR OF THE EAST

Though the presepio is interesting to see for once in a way, it gives but little idea of the real glory of that midnight scene as it is described to us in legends and stories. Think of the clear blue midnight sky lit with stars. On the hillside is a cluster of huts, and in one of them is a group of shepherds watching over their sleeping ewes. Suddenly a bright light dazzles their eyes, and they see before them a beautiful youth. It is the angel Gabriel. His golden hair seems to be of sunshine. He wears a spotless white tunic, and a broad girdle of green silk wrought with gold. On his breast is a blazing star. With what awe the shepherds listen to his words, and then set out to visit the Christ so long expected. The wonderful star shines in the east, and they hear the song of angels.

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending o'er the earth
To touch their harps of gold."

There was a reason for the appearance of the star in that place: the east has always been considered a holy place. The Garden of Eden was in the east; Christ was crucified in the east; and nearly all our Christian churches are built to face the east. In the east, then, appeared that throng of angels singing to welcome Christ who came to teach us the true meaning of love. The words sung by those angels you, too, will sing on Christmas Day. Think of the meaning as you sing them:

"All glory be to God on high,
And to the earth be peace;
Good-will henceforth from heaven to men
Begin, and never cease."

THE CHAPLAIN'S COW

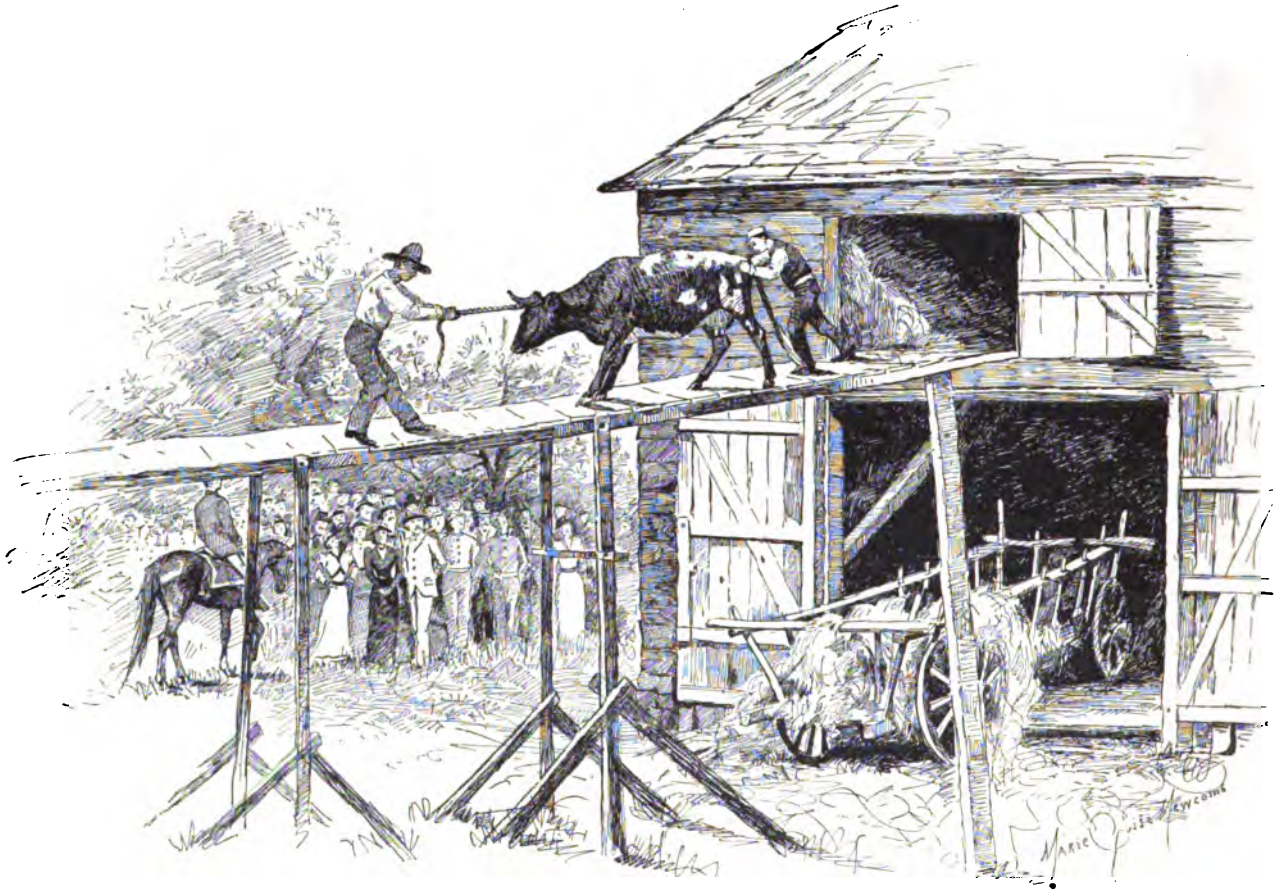
By Lillie Hamilton French

[For our animal friends]

SHOULD you chance to go to West Point, that exquisite spot high up among the hills of the Hudson, pray follow the road that leads past the barracks and round the green plain. You will discover then, when you have turned the corner on the slope overlooking the river, an old stone house, gray, with brown trimmings, a huge trumpet vine heavy with red blossoms, clambering to its very roof. All about the house you will find trees—maples and willows, locust and pear—all of them green and beautiful.

Did you ever think before that trees might be counted among the real friends of a family? Ask the children who lived there, or those who once played there, and they will tell you what friends these were. For the locust grew so close to the house that whenever fresh breezes were abroad, or storms blew, or there was any stir outside, it tapped against the windows with the news. And the pear tree when it blossomed or bore fruit sent the best always to the side nearest the nursery. It was the willow that rustled a lullaby when the babies went to sleep, trailing its slender branches slowly back and forth across the roof with soothing sound. When the children played, the other trees—but, after all, everything the trees did for those children would make a story by itself.

Up and down in front of that house, day and night, summer and winter, a sentinel silently paced with heavy tread. Cadets walked by, and officers, children, and professors; and when the warm days came, gayly dressed people drove by—people from everywhere, who had come to West Point for a holiday, and the "hops," for drills and flirtation. There were three things that they usually looked at in passing the house—the view up the river on one side; the hummingbirds darting in and out among the blossoms of the trumpet vine on the other; and the little hill, grass-grown, in the barnyard behind the house. On top of this hill, at four o'clock exactly, every afternoon, all the cows in the neighborhood were accustomed to meet. No one ever knew exactly why they did so. It had simply been their habit for many years—as many years, indeed, as the chaplain's old cow could remember. For her part, she liked it. It gave her a certain sense of importance. Hospitality often does. She liked the idea of leading them from the mountain side where they had been grazing together all day, and walking by every other close-shut barnyard to usher them into her own, where the bars were always down. She liked, too, the sitting and lounging there for that hour's recreation and chewing of the cud that came before milking. It was a time of great satisfac-



tion to her, though I must confess to her credit that her outward manner betrayed no elation.

However, no one really understands what is going on in the heart of the quietest of cows. It may be that old Suke's head (the chaplain always called her Suke) had been turned; or that, possessing one high place on the hill in the barnyard, she had been led to wish another; or that she was tired of always being polite and seeing the same faces about. I never heard her discuss the subject, and I am quite sure she never talked it over with any of her friends in the barnyard. The whole thing may have come to her suddenly. She never told. All that any one knows is that on a certain morning when John O'Maher opened the barn door no cow was to be found. He looked everywhere—under the manger, behind the bins, in all the empty barrels—as though a cow could hide in a barrel—but he was too frightened to think. Poor John, leaning against the empty stall, gave himself up to despair. Then he heard a strange stamping in the loft overhead. It was nonsense to believe it possible, but for all that, with one great bound he was over the manger. He rushed to the

steps, up the stairs, and there—yes, there was Suke, old Suke, the chaplain's cow, calmly walking about in the loft of the barn.

To this day—and Suke made her journey many years ago—no one has been able to explain how she ever walked up those steps to the loft. My own private opinion is that she wanted adventure, being tired of her humdrum life, and that, once started, her own enthusiasm helped her up. Coming down again was a different affair. The enthusiasm was gone. It had slipped away the moment she had reached the loft and looked out of the windows. Nothing would tempt her to try those steps again. Going down is so different to a cow from going up.

Had a foreign war vessel sailed up to the dock, the news could hardly have travelled faster over the Point than the story of the escapade of the chaplain's old cow and her queer predicament. Everybody discussed it, laughed about it, and then wondered what was to be done about it. Finally the superintendent and the quartermaster put their heads together and went into solemn council, with the result that the carpenters were ordered out, and a bridge was built from the window of the barn loft over to the little hill, and across this good old Suke was to be driven.

Such a day as that was! To no other cow in the world had such glories and honors ever fallen. When she appeared at the wide window of the barn, she saw cadets looking up at her over the stone wall; groups of soldiers on the little hill; officers, with long cloaks thrown over their shoulders, standing at the gate with parties of ladies who had gathered to see the chaplain's cow make her great descent over the bridge. She trembled with fright; her limbs failed her; and finally both force and persuasion were necessary to induce her to move. But of course she forgot all that when once she had got safely over.

It was not very long before another event happened in the life of old Suke. A little calf, the youngest of many brothers and sisters, was found in her stall one morning. This kept her much in the stable, and perhaps of all the things she told her little one in the twilight before she went to sleep, her favorite story was of the one great day of her life, when the bridge was built for her special accommodation, and she stepped across it with the eyes of all the military on her. This must have been so, I think; else how do you suppose the little calf would have ever thought of doing just the very same thing herself?

For this is what happened one day. Old Suke went out and left the calf sleeping, as she thought. But the calf was only dreaming—dreaming, it would seem, of all her mother had told her, and thinking she would like to do the same thing herself. She intended, perhaps, to wait for a different day, but being startled by some one at the door, she sprang half dazed out of the stall and rushed up the stairs into the loft.

Poor little calf! She had done only what her mother had done before her, and now was the time for the soldiers to come and the carpenters, for the bridge to be built, and the officers and soldiers to turn out, and the ladies to arrive, all to see her make the great journey. Alas! what really happened was this: John O'Maher, very cross and grumpy, scolding aloud about the children who had startled the calf, walked upstairs, and lifting the runaway high in his arms, just carried it down and put it to bed again.

Alas and alas for all the dreams and ambitions of the little creature! To have dared so much and won so little—only an ignominious punishment. It was hard. I think so myself.

As for old Suke, when she came home she licked the little adventurer all over, to see if any bones were broken. Finding it uninjured, she scolded it. Then she gave it its supper, and lay down beside it. Then she sat thinking to herself in the darkness of the strange ways of the young, and how they are always doing unexpected things. She thought the little calf was fast asleep. But the little calf was wide awake and thinking too, trying to understand why it was so wrong to do only just what her mother had done before her. But the difference between mere imitation and the following of a good example is too much for the brains of most calves, though this one lay wondering over it half the night.

IT is generally supposed to be a sign of wet weather when snails go about without their shells. One species of snail never takes its walks abroad except when rain is at hand. Some climb trees two days before a downfall, settling upon the upper side of the leaves if a storm is to be of short duration, but taking shelter on the under side if it is to last some time. Still other snails turn yellow before rain, and blue when it is over.

THE ADVENTURES OF PATSIE TODDLEKINS

BY MARJORIE LATIMER

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

PART II

OH! please, can't I have some?" she asked, eagerly.

"Yes," said cook, "if you will sit right in that chair till I take it out. It is 'most done now."

So Mollie waited patiently for a few minutes, and then went upstairs to her dolls with a big piece of gingerbread in her hands. She gave each of the dollies a piece, and when she had finished her piece she began to dress Madeline Lillian. She was just putting her hat on when she heard her mamma calling:

"Mollie Toddlekins, Mollie Toddlekins, some one here wants to see you."

"Mollie Toddlekins" was what papa and mamma and all her aunties called her, and surely they ought to know her name better than old Mrs. Brown, who always would call her Mary Adeline Rivers. That her name! The idea!

"Coming, mamma," she called, as she ran hastily down and straight into the arms of her dear Aunt Nellie. She was so busy and happy with auntie that it was late in the afternoon when she remembered Patsie and Sophronia. She ran out to them, calling:

"Wake up, children; you had a beautiful nap."

When she reached the tree Sophronia was there with her eyes still tight shut, but Patsie was gone.

"Here—Patsie, Patsie, Patsie," called Mollie. "He don't mind so good as Sophronia; I guess it's 'cause he's a boy. Auntie says boys are dreffal bad."

"Patsie, Patsie," she called again. No sign of Patsie. "You will get a whippin' if you don't come right away," at the top of her voice. Still no Patrick. She ran back to the house to tell mamma. Then she called, too, but no Patsie answered.

"Maybe he is playing with Gyp and Don," said mamma; so Mollie ran in next door to see. Gyp and Don came up to meet her. They wagged their curly tails very hard when she asked about Patrick, but never never a word did they say, so she went on to the house.

"Please, Mrs. Adams, has my Patrick Toddlekins been here playing with Don and Gyp? He is runned away."

Mrs. Adams did not remember having seen Patsie that day, and Mollie felt very sad at having to return without him.

When papa came to supper the runaway had not yet come home. Patrick was quite a valuable little dog; he knew so many tricks, though he was not handsome. Indeed, he had been named Pat because he looked so like Pat the gardener. Papa felt very sorry for Mollie when he heard of her loss, but he told her to dry her eyes, Patsie would never come for crying; she might write a little notice to put in the paper. This pleased her very much, and drying her eyes, she brought paper, pen, and ink, and after about an hour she brought her papa this:

"LOST MY DOG Patsey, BROTHER TO Soprohnia. PLEAS BRING HIW HOME.

MOLLIE TODDLEKINS."

Papa promised to put it in the paper the next day, and Mollie went to sleep somewhat consoled.

Where was poor Patsie all this time? When Mollie left him, Patsie was lying very still as he had been told. She had not been gone long before Pat, not being at all sleepy, jumped up and began to chase a butterfly. After a few minutes he thought, "I'll just run over and see Gyp and Don a minute," two doggie friends of his. "Bow, wow," said Gyp and Don when they saw him in his yellow dress; "don't you look funny!"

Gyp took the hem of the dress in his mouth, and ran pulling Patsie after him. Don caught the other side, and pulled the other way. Then they both pulled, it was such fun, till each tore off a big piece of the hem. While they played Patsie's pink hat fell off, and Don ran away with it, Pat and Gyp after him. Such barking and romping! A shrill whistle from the house. "That means they want us for dinner," said Don and Gyp, and off they scampered.

Patsie was hungry too, but just as he started for home he saw a squirrel. Away ran Patsie after him, until the squirrel went into a hole in the stone wall. Patsie barked at the hole as hard as ever he could for a long time, but the squirrel would not come out, so Pat started on home again. But a strange dog came trotting along just then with a bone in his mouth.

"I am so hungry," said naughty Patsie to himself; "guess I'll just run after him, and scare him so he will drop it." So away he ran after the dog, but the faster Patsie ran the faster the other dog ran, and he kept hold of the bone, too. The dress was in Patsie's way, and so before he could get to the bone, though he ran a long way, the dog with a bone in his mouth ran into a house by the road, waving a good-by with his tail to Patsie, who stood at the gate, barking and quite out of temper.

(*To be continued*)

THE alligator is not particular as to its diet. Says a writer in *St. Nicholas*:—"I once found the stomach of a ten-footer literally filled with pine chips from some tree which had been felled near the river's bank."

IN Sweden the turtle dove is looked upon as sacred. The Swedes call it "God's bird" and "Noah's bird," from a notion that it is the same species of bird that the commander of the ark sent out to bring back tidings of the receding flood.

THE VETERINARIAN

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians, answers to correspondents, and other items relating to that branch of science.

EQUINE DENTISTRY

EQUINE dentistry is a branch of veterinary science that has but recently come into favor among horse-owners. As yet it is in its infancy. The majority of veterinarian graduates neglect it entirely, and of those who do study it, many are incompetent because they lack that delicacy of touch which a certain class of horses requires, and because they fail to understand the necessity of absolute thoroughness in making examinations. In no way can the veterinarian be more useful to the noble animal which cannot explain its unheeded sufferings than by training himself to become a competent dentist.

The constant changes that take place in a horse's teeth demand constant watchfulness on the part of owner or groom, and at the first symptom of restlessness or viciousness that cannot otherwise be accounted for, the veterinarian dentist—not any other dentist—should be summoned. A notable example of a horse's cruel suffering and consequent ill-temper, from having a small tack wedged between its teeth, was related not long ago in OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS. If so palpable a cause of suffering can be for a long time unnoted, how much more likely is it that more remote causes are neglected.

A case in point described by E. H. Shepard, D. V. S., in a paper read before the Ohio State Veterinary Medical Association, is that of a beautiful mare which at three and four years of age was the pride of its owner. When a year or so older, the mare could not be kept in condition to do fast work, and as year after year went by she grew worse, instead of better. In time it was noticed that she did not feed as well as usual, so her teeth were dressed by home talent. Still she did no better; and at last, in her nineteenth year, a self-styled practical dentist was called in, and he extracted a portion of a decaying tooth, and then dressed her teeth as he considered they should be. In her twentieth year the mare received a kick, breaking her thigh. Only after her death was it discovered that a seventh molar had occasioned her a lifetime of misery.

Mr. Shepard, who exhibited the head of the mare, explained that "as this seventh molar grew and pushed into the mouth, it passed upward, striking first the posterior part of the superior sixth, and, wearing it away, passed on into the bone. In its upward course it passed through the alveolar tuberosity of the superior maxilla, making an opening into the maxillary sinus, also one through the palatine process of the superior maxilla into the nasal cavity and destroying the palatine foramen. The inflammation extended to all parts adjacent, even so far as to destroy the integrity of the arbital surface of the molar bone."

Sixteen years of toothache! There are men and women who can realize what this means. Can any one, indeed, think of the long suffering of this poor animal, and the possibilities of others suffering in similar ways, without appreciating the importance of good equine dentistry.

THE ability of a horse-trainer may be very well measured by the balancing of his horses. Many a trainer and driver thinks first of speed, and, therefore, drives his horses rapidly before they are properly balanced and able to move with precision, evenness, and regularity.

Not long ago the *Breeder and Turfman* gave this sensible advice about balancing and shoeing:

If a horse is well balanced, the less shoe you put on the better; only enough to protect the feet. And if all the learned articles on proper shoeing have evolved anything, it is that every foot must be at the proper angle, both to the legs and to the ground. When a horse is thus shod he is nearly balanced, and if from any peculiar habit of either fore or hind movement he does not move uniformly, then we must increase the weight at the slow and decrease it at the fast points until uniform, and if possible teach the animal a uniform movement all around as a natural way of going. Then, if possible, remove the artificial weight as rapidly as the uniformity becomes natural. Each particular case requires good common sense and judgment applied to meet the special animal's defects, and the ability to quickly see and remedy them will mark the intelligent from the ordinary trainer of the future.

DOGS kept out of doors should be allowed, if possible, at least twenty feet of chain. Fancy the misery of a man full of life and energy, trying to take exercise by pulling and straining against a chain three or four feet long. Yet this is the length which some otherwise humane people seem to think a just allowance for the yard dog. The chain should be attached to a stake about eighteen feet from the kennel.

A SIMPLE disinfectant for dog-kennels is a solution of permanganate of potassium, which is comparatively inexpensive and sufficiently active as a deodorizer. A pound will make twenty gallons of the disinfectant; but it is best to prepare it as required, allowing one even tablespoonful of the crystals to a quart of water. If the solution is carefully sprinkled about the benches and floors, from a small watering-pot, it will drive away vermin, as well as deodorize.

"HOW shall we feed our fowls?" asks a correspondent. Much difference of opinion exists as to the quantity of food, but the best times of feeding may be quite definitely fixed as follows: early in the morning and about four o'clock in the afternoon in winter, earlier in summer. Warm mash may be given in the morning, with oats, perhaps, afterwards; and at night, corn or wheat. The material of the mash should be varied occasionally, and fresh vegetables, or cabbage leaves, or boiled potatoes added now and then to the regular diet.

FOR constipation of house-dogs, one of the most effective remedies is castor oil beaten up with white of egg. The addition of the egg prevents the binding which sometimes follows the use of castor oil.

SEATS AND SADDLES, BITS AND BITTING, AND THE PREVENTION AND CURE OF RESTIVENESS IN HORSES. By Francis Dwyer. New York: United States Book Co.

Written from the standpoint of an experienced cavalry officer, "Seats and Saddles" appeals to those who appreciate scientific treatment, while its almost classic clearness of expression adapts it to the large class of plain men whose business is about horses.

Major Dwyer sets out with the proposition, in effect, that the various styles of riding are a consequence of various kinds of inducements to ride, and he traces the enormous destruction of horseflesh to bad methods—mainly in false distribution of the weights to be carried. Then the mechanism of the horse, both in his framework and muscular arrangement, is explained; and the point is made that the build and the seat of the rider, together with the structure and position of the saddle, should be inter-adjusted as parts of a machine in perfect equilibrium. Like considerations of common-sense philosophy are insisted upon in the adaptation of the bit, the reins, and all the contrivances whereby the master's will is communicated to the horse, control maintained, and the animal's work, whether of burden, speed, or draught, performed with ease and certainty.

"Restiveness: Its Prevention and Cure" (Part IV.), is really one of the most valuable portions of the book. In the majority of cases this vice has been induced by faulty harness, unskilful training, brutal treatment, or some accident; so that the animal's education has to be rubbed out, so to speak, and a new one founded—a difficult task indeed. When we half realize the amount of blundering in training and treatment of which these, our subjects, are the victims—mistreatment that would drive human beings by multitudes into chronic revolt—we can understand something of the persevering virtue of these noble creatures.

The author's portrait, which former editions lack, appears as a frontispiece, and necessary points are illustrated by clear and simple diagrams.

BIRDS AND POETS. WITH OTHER PAPERS. By John Burroughs. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The literary touch in John Burroughs' essays commends them to a circle of readers who otherwise might not be specially interested in his studies of birds and animals. His observations, moreover, are not the dry accumulations of a bookworm, nor restatements of what appears and reappears in the columns of the daily and weekly papers; they have the freshness which results from actual, every-day contact with nature.

The best of the essays in this volume are "Before Genius" and "Before Beauty," and next to these "Touches of Nature," which is divided into seventeen parts, each a graceful little essay in itself. A note of admiration for Walt Whitman sounds at the beginning of the volume and finds full expression in the "Flight of the Eagle." "Birds and Poets," the opening essay, begins with the suggestion that the birds are all birds of the poets and of no one else, because it is only the poetical temperament that fully responds to them; and after conveying much poetic lore concerning those "beautiful vagabonds endowed with every grace, masters of all climes and knowing no bounds," ends with the assertion that the birds all have a language which is very expressive, and which is easily translatable into the human tongue. "Our Rural Divinity" is not, as might be thought, a panegyric of the milkmaid, but a general eulogy of the cow. Of one of these favorites among his bucolic friends Mr. Burroughs says:

"I cherish the memory of this cow, however, as the most affectionate brute I ever knew. Being deprived of her calf, she transferred her affections to her master, and would fain have made a calf of him, lowing in the most piteous and inconsolable manner when he was out of her sight, hardly forgetting her grief long enough to eat her meal, and entirely neglecting her beloved husks. Often in the middle of the night she would set up that sonorous lamentation, and continue it till sleep was chased from every eye in the household."

Mr. Burroughs refers to the disgraceful slaughter of the bobolink in the following words:

"By the time the bobolink reaches the Potomac, in September, he has degenerated into a game-bird that is slaughtered by tens of thousands in the marshes. I think the prospects now are of his gradual extermination, as gunners and sportsmen are clearly on the increase, while the limit of the bird's productivity in the North has no doubt been reached long ago. There are no more meadows to be added to his domain there, while he is being waylaid and cut off more and more on his return to the South. It is gourmand eat gourmand, until in half a century more I expect the blithest and merriest of our meadow songsters will have disappeared before the rapacity of human throats."

Many epigrammatic statements light up his pages, too many to quote from with justice to the author. For example, he says of insects: "I heard a great man say that he could see how much of the theology of the day would fall before the standard of him who had got even the insects."

A BOOK OF CHEERFUL CATS AND OTHER ANIMATED ANIMALS. By J. G. Francis. New York: The Century Company.

An entertaining book for little folks, which it will be well to remember as the holiday season approaches. All children will undoubtedly be delighted to make the acquaintance of these frolicsome animals, and the readers of St. Nicholas will find many old friends among them. The pictures are cleverly drawn, and most of them are accompanied by explanatory jingles, which will cause almost as much merriment as the illustrations.

HARPER AND BROTHERS issue in excellent style and well illustrated "The Boy Travellers in Central Europe," the latest volume of T. W. Knox's series—a large and desirable holiday book for boys. Guide-maps of France, Switzerland, and Austria-Hungary are upon the inside covers. The volume contains a large amount of interesting local and historical

information, the value of which would be enhanced by an *index*.

We are glad to note a needed word to women and children upon the absurd vanity which leads them to wear birds upon their hats and bonnets. And we commend to our young readers an attentive consideration of pages 235 and 239, in which is described some interesting and legitimate "sport" with birds which Parisian children enjoy.

"POLITICS AMONG THE ANIMALS," by A. J. Philpot and H. P. Whitmarsh, and illustrated by Edward Knobel, is evidently written for young people, but with a side-glance at the possibilities of appreciation by their elders. The latter will be apt to feel a twinge of regret that our political "machine" is so little worthy of imitation by animals. The authors neatly emphasize the distinction between the animal kingdom and the kingdom of heaven by representing the former in the stir of a national election. The pamphlet rings certain modern changes upon Æsop's Fables, and is a good travesty upon the campaign just passed. Boston: A. J. Philpot & Co.

THE WILD PIGS: A STORY FOR LITTLE PEOPLE. By Gerald Young. New York: Macmillan & Co.

Children are certain to be interested in the trials and tribulations of these three little pigs. Snout, the oldest son, is sorry for his father's death, but cannot resist a feeling of pleasure at the idea that he is now "the head of the family." He determines to act the part of father to his brother and sister, even to punishing them when they deserve it. Fusky is a complaining little animal whose vanity is the cause of all her woes; Chunk's gluttony gets him into trouble: but Snout comes to the rescue in each case, and so well deserves his title. The story is told in an attractive way, and many of the adventures are well illustrated with drawings by W. Parkinson.

AN echo of Christmas bells seems to ring from out the pages of the *Century Magazine*. Madonna pictures and Madonna poems; Edwin Blashfield's "Christmas Bells," engraved from his Paris Salon picture of '92; Thayer's picture of "The Virgin Enthroned"; "The Annunciation," from a painting by Mary L. Macomber; Mr. Gilder's poem "Noel"; the story of "Their Christmas Meeting," serve to beautify a number which without these should attract attention for literary and artistic worth.

IN THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW for December we would call attention to Colonel Theodore Ayrault Dodge's excellent account of the "Horse in America," from the time of the first arrival of the Spaniards, who found no horses here, to the time of the Civil War, when the quartermaster's department supplied to the army six hundred and fifty thousand horses and four hundred and fifty thousand mules. In the third year the armies in the field required half as many animals as there were soldiers. The special product of the American horse-sense, Colonel Dodge thinks, is the trotter, with which we have distanced the universe.

THE Christmas number of *Harper's Magazine* is an inspiration to patriotism. Nearly all the articles and stories are by American authors, and practically prove their increasing brilliancy and technical skill. An exquisitely illustrated poem "Tryste Noël," by Louise Imogen Guiney, refers to an animal associated with the Christmas manger. The first two verses read:

The Ox he openeth wide the Doore,
And from the Snowe he calls her inne;
And he hath seen her Smile therefore,
Our Ladye without Sinne.

Now soon from Sleepe,
A star shall leap,
And soone arrive both King and Hinde;
Amen, Amen:
But O the Place co'd I but finde!

The Ox hath hushed his voice and bent
Trewe eyes of Pitty o're the Mow,
And on his lovelie Neck, forespent,
The Blessed lays her Browe.
Around her feet
Full Warme and Sweete
His bowerie Breath doth meeklie dwell;
Amen, Amen:
But fare am I with Vaine Travel.

SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE has a distinctive holiday appearance, due not so much to special Christmas topics as to a number of well-illustrated articles on art matters, and to its frontispiece, a color reproduction of an aquarelle painted specially for the magazine by L. Marchetti. "Mural Painting in Paris," "The Decoration of the Exposition," "Norwegian Painters," "The Nude in Art," are all of timely interest in view of present exhibitions.

BIRD-DWELLERS BY THE SEA, in *Cassell's Family Magazine* for December, gives some pleasant notes of oyster-catchers and their poetic harmony with the wild charm of the rocks and sea-sands where they dwell. These birds, notwithstanding their name, do not eat oysters, but feed on small worms, insects, and larvæ, varying their diet with tender buds and roots of plants.

ST. NICHOLAS, that brightest of magazine companions for the young folks, gives in its Christmas number as much amusement and instruction as its young readers can well digest. "The Bloom of the Christmas Tree," by Mrs. Dodge, the editor, touches a chord in all hearts. One of the novelties is a Dutch child's song, illustrated—"How Hinkadepenk Ground the Corn." Among articles appropriate to the season are "Molly Ryan's Christmas Eve" and "Holly-Berries and Mistletoe."

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

EACH number of this magazine is now a fine pamphlet, adorned with very pretty illustrations, and filled with interesting and instructive anecdotes which everyone enjoys reading, and which contribute more to propagate humane ideas towards animals than philosophical articles would do, as the majority of the public would not read such articles. OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS has truly become a very literary magazine, and cannot fail to obtain great popularity.—*Courier des Etats-Unis*, New York.

THE record of the work done by the A. S. P. C. A., under the management of President Haines, is gratifying to those who have the country's education and morals at heart. Articles of merit make the journal interesting.—*Farley* (Iowa) *Advertiser*.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS is full of beneficial reading and should circulate extensively through the country.—*The Farmer's Advocate*, London, Ont.

EXCEEDINGLY felicitous in the selection of its stories, the contents being always bright, entertaining, and instructive. Each number is an improvement on the preceding one, and, as there is no other publication of the same character extant, there is every reason to believe that it will not be long before it will have obtained widespread popularity.—*New York Recorder*.

FILLED with interesting matter pertaining to the animal creation, and doing a noble work in defence of those who cannot speak for themselves. *The Telephone*, Philadelphia.

OUR SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFERS.

We wish to increase the circulation of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS to 100,000 copies each month before the present volume is completed, and in order to accomplish this we need the co-operation of our friends. That they may not go unrewarded, we make the following liberal premium offers:

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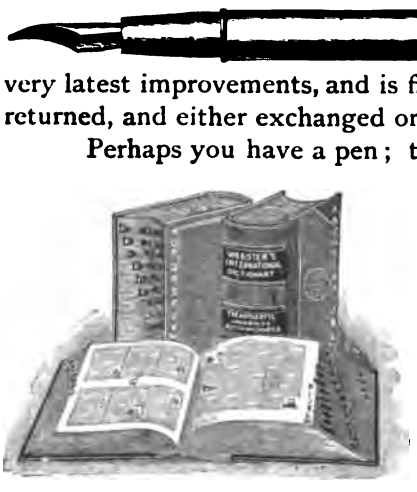

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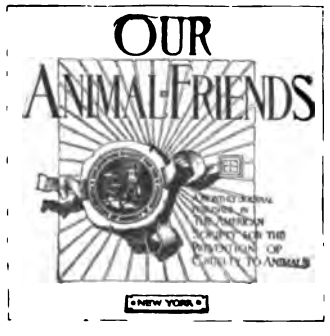

To those who keep OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS from year to year as an addition to their library, we make the following offer: Send us the names and addresses of five new subscribers and we will present you with Volume XIX. of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS beautifully bound in cloth, with gilt lettering.

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ANIMAL IMMORTALITY

A CRITICISM

THE *New Church Messenger*, in a labored editorial article, takes us seriously to task for expressing the belief that a future life for our dumb kindred of the brute creation is by no means incredible. In our remarks on that subject we quoted two striking passages from John Wesley and Dr. Pusey in confirmation of our opinion; and we particularly recalled the fact that the great Bishop Butler, when replying to the objection that his *a priori* arguments in favor of human immortality would tell as strongly in favor of the immortality of brutes, did not controvert the statement, but tacitly admitted it by saying that it was no objection to the force of his arguments. To our mind it is a confirmation of the arguments; for, if an argument which seems to remove one difficulty is subsequently found to remove another difficulty, its reasonableness is thereby very much confirmed.

Our Swedenborgian friend, however, does not think that the natural arguments in favor of human immortality will hold good if applied to that of the lower animals. Let us see.

UNDEVELOPED POWERS AND UNFULFILLED CAPACITIES

One strong argument in favor of human immortality is derived from the undeveloped powers and unfulfilled capacities, mental and moral, which are observable in human life. Man is capable of a perfection, personal and social, which seems to be clearly contemplated by his nature, but which is never actually attained. In the higher, that is, in the social and moral strata of their nature, men are still apparently in an embryotic condition. It is therefore argued that, as the embryo is the germinal beginning of the life to be developed, so our embryotic human life is but the beginning of

a fuller life hereafter in which, "when that which is perfect shall come, that which is in part shall be done away." If there is a wise God at the heart of things in this world, a God who means something for the future in whatever He does in the present, that is a sound argument in favor of a future life for men. But it is just as good in favor of a future life for brutes. For in them, quite as surely as in man, there are undeveloped powers and unfulfilled capacities. There is not one intellectual faculty in man of which we do not find at least the humble counterpart in some dumb brute; and there is not a single social and moral virtue of which the higher brutes do not appear to have at least the elementary capacity, and sometimes the highly developed reality.

THE INEQUALITIES OF LIFE

Another argument for a future life is that of the inequalities observable in this life. Granted that there is no favoritism in the dispensations of Providence when it sets up one man and casts down another; grant that the gifts of God are at His own discretion: and still one would expect to see some equality of method in the distribution of His gifts. That is what we do *not* see in this world. In the struggle of life it is not the best but the strongest that succeed; and the craftiest are often the strongest. Plato, in a remarkable dialogue, pictures the perfect man, and asks what the world would do to such a man, if he should appear. The answer is that they would crucify him! Now, in a universe over which a just God rules, that cannot be an ideal state of things in His sight; and since it is the actual state of things here, God's just purposes must have their ultimate fulfilment for His earthly creatures in some world which lies beyond the present. Why does not the principle of this argument apply to brutes? In the lower animals we see one universal struggle to the death. Whole races seem to live only that other races may live by devouring and destroying them. The struggle is utterly immoral; for the survival of the fittest simply means the survival of the strongest, the craftiest, the most selfish. If there is any purpose in those countless lives, it cannot surely be that they shall come and go, devouring and being devoured; and if there is a moral purpose in it all, the fulfilment of that purpose, which is never reached here, must be reserved for a life beyond.

UNDESERVED SUFFERING

The argument from the inequalities of life is strongest when it is put into the form of an argument from the undeserved sufferings of life. It is said that sin is the cause of all suffering. Perhaps it is: but it is not always the sinner who suffers; and myriads of human beings are involved, through no act of their own, in sin as well as suffering. There are thousands of children in the world, born of sin that they did not commit; born with a taint of sin in their blood that is absolutely certain to work out into sins of their life; born suffering, and to suffer, the consequences of the sins of their progenitors. In this world these poor creatures have no chance to escape either sin or suffering; and unless God has created and ordained them for the express purpose of sinning and suffering, which a just God could not do, there must be a way out of this dark problem somewhere. In this world no such way has yet appeared; and if God be just—we need not even say benevolent—the way will surely be made plain in some other world than this. But again we ask, Why is not this argument as powerful in behalf of dumb creatures as in behalf of human beings? In their case there is no sin to be thought of; yet there is unlimited suffering, for "the whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain even until now, waiting for . . . redemption"; "waiting for the manifestation of the sons of God." And unless St. Paul blundered, that "whole creation shall be delivered from the bondage of" its present cruel "corruption, into the glorious liberty of the children of God."

SWEDENBORG

We have spent many a profitable hour in years gone by in studying the strange revelations of the Sage of Sweden, some of whose followers have so far departed from his counsel and example as to found a sect called "The New Church." We have had, and we still have, many esteemed friends belonging to that Church. Some of them are strong supporters of our Society, as they are strong supporters of every good word and work. It is now many years since we read the works of Swedenborg, and we do not recollect what he says, nor indeed whether he says anything, on the subject of animal immortality; but it has always seemed to us that, of all people in the world, the members of the New Church ought to be predisposed to believe in that

doctrine. For animals have life; and Swedenborgians believe that "all life is from the Lord." How, then, can any form of life be perishable—as to its essence, at any rate? Moreover, Swedenborgians believe that life is permanent in the degree to which it belongs; that natural life remains in a natural state forever; that when an influx from the Lord raises a natural man into the spiritual plane, he becomes a spiritual man forever; and that when a higher influx still raises him to the celestial order, he remains celestial forever. Thus, there might be a lifting up from the natural into the spiritual and from the spiritual into the celestial; but the infernal is only a perversion of the natural. Even in hell a man is still a natural but self-deluded, self-abused, self-tormented man. Now, if all this be true, would not a fair analogy lead one to infer that there must be a like law of permanence and possible advancement for creatures *below* the natural life of man, until, as Wesley thought, the life of humanity might become their heaven, as the celestial glory is the utmost possibility of human life in any sphere?

We assure our contemporary that we do not pretend to dogmatize in this subject. A future life of beasts seems to us as reasonable as a future life for men; that is the extent of what we undertake to say, and we know no word of Holy Scripture, nor any word of any Christian Church, which forbids us to entertain the hope that it may be so. We shall have no controversy with any of our friends if they think otherwise; but we entreat our brother editor of the *New Church Messenger* not to maintain that brutes have no rights. Every creature that God has made has a right to His justice, and since He has made the strongest of them pitiably weak in comparison with Himself, they have a right to His pity for the weakness He has made.

STAG-HUNTING IN NEW JERSEY

A NEW club has been organized in New Jersey under the name of The Monmouth County Hunt Club, for the purpose of enjoying the noble (?) sport of stag-hunting. A farm of one hundred and sixty acres has been purchased midway between Hollywood and Freehold; extensive stables and kennels have been erected, and "Jimmie" Blute arrived from England a month ago with fifteen couples of stag-hounds and a number of deer, to be hunted by the members of the club. The first "stag-meet" is expected to be held about the first of March, when the frost is out of the ground; and then two stags and a doe, already selected, are to furnish the amusement.

All this is "quite English, you know." That is its chief attraction for some of the would-be sportsmen. Perhaps they think it is necessary to naturalize in this country a sport which requires neither skill nor courage, which has nothing but hard riding to recommend it, except the fact that it includes the terrifying of a gentle and inoffensive creature, and which the moral sense of the English people condemns. American naturalization laws are generously liberal, but it remains to be seen whether they are liberal enough to allow the introduction of a barbarous and yet childish sport of which the Old Country is getting properly ashamed.

The programme of a hunting-meet is something like the following: The deer to be chased are led slowly across country for several miles, sufficient time being allowed them to observe their bearings as they go to the place of the meet. Arrived there, when they are sufficiently near for the hounds to catch the scent, the deer are released; the dogs are simultaneously let loose; the deer make a swift dash for home, the dogs following, of course, at full speed, with the whole hunt galloping after them, shouting and cheering them on to overtake their quarry. The place of meeting is advisedly chosen on account of the hedges, ditches, and other obstructions to be encountered by deer, dogs, and horses. In the neighborhood of Farmingdale, for example, the fences are five feet high and have ditches on both sides, so that the leap required to pass them is formidable. Woe to the stag or doe that misses such a leap or slips as it alights; for then no earthly power can save it from being mangled by the cruel fangs of the excited hounds. If it escapes that danger and arrives in safety at the farm, it will find men waiting to protect it, and the day's "sport" will cost it only an hour of inexpressible terror.

This is the "sport" that is to be practised thrice a week, beginning about the first of March, under the special supervision of some sporting men. On or about the first of March the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals will take measures to ascertain the lawfulness of that appointment.

A JUST REBUKE

SOMETHING of a sensation has been caused in England by the withdrawal of Mr. Everett Millais from the Kennel Club, and the publication of his reasons in an Open Letter to the Committee. With the particular charges of Mr. Millais against the Committee we are not here concerned; but it does concern us and all lovers of dogs to know that the same complaints might often be justly made against the managers of dog-shows in this country. Usually such shows are held under the published patronage of well-known gentlemen, and exhibitors have a right to understand that the honor of the patrons is pledged to the proper management of the whole affair. Yet it is also usual for the show to be a matter of pecuniary profit to *somebody*, and it very often happens that when the interest of the exhibitor or the health and comfort of the animals conflicts with the profit of the business, the latter is well taken care of, while the former is shamefully neglected. It is to the interest of *somebody* that the number of dogs exhibited should be as large as possible, and hence very little trouble is taken to ascertain the condition of the dogs that are offered for entry. Hardly a dog-show is held at which animals suffering from infectious disease are not admitted either knowingly or through sheer carelessness; and consequently, after nearly every show, many valuable dogs die of diseases caught at the exhibition. We ourselves have lost several valuable animals in precisely that way, and we have always felt that the patrons of the exhibitions which were so recklessly conducted, were morally bound to prevent such recklessness. If they are not, why do they allow their names to be used to mislead the public? If they are, they ought to see that their pledge to the public is faithfully kept.

THE "Lion Sermon" which is preached once a year at the Church of St. Katherine Cree, London, was instituted in 1648 by a Lord Mayor of London to commemorate his escape from a lion in the desert. Mr. Walter Besant says that he once got into trouble for suggesting that the lion, in gratitude for escaping from a company of men armed with guns, established an annual "Man Sermon," which may still be heard in the neighborhood of Tadmor in the desert!

AT HEADQUARTERS

A RAFFLE for a watch for the benefit of a poor widow will be held at Dougherty's on the 28th inst. Tickets, $1 each." It would appear from the tenor of the above invitation that its object was a most worthy one, but the pretence did not deceive Superintendent Hankinson, who proposed to be present when the "raffle" took place. The real purpose of the meeting at "Dougherty's" was a dog-fight, for which extensive preparations had been made. Although the place, as indicated on the card, was unknown to the uninitiated, it was well known to the Society officers. Just beyond the line which marks the boundary separating Kings from Queens County stands a long barn-like building with but few windows, and so high up as to prevent inquisitive persons from observing what is done inside. The few houses in the vicinity are occupied by hard-working people, who go to bed early and have no time nor inclination to pry into the affairs of their neighbors, but who are sometimes disturbed after nightfall, and even after midnight, by loud cursing and occasional pistol shots coming from the direction of the "Barracks," as the building is called in the neighborhood, though it is known to the dog-fighting, cock-fighting, and man-fighting fraternity, and also to the officers of the Society, as "Dougherty's." The building is about sixty feet long by thirty feet wide; two narrow entrances, admitting but one person at a time, are located at each end of the structure, and two large disguised openings have been made in the sides to facilitate escape in case of a raid by the officers of the law. Seating accommodations, in amphitheatre form, are provided inside for over three hundred persons. In the centre of the floor there is a sectional dog-pit, which can be used for cock-fighting as well; and when the floor is required for a man-fight the pit is taken down and stored away for future use. It is impossible to get near the place without being seen by the lookout, who is constantly on the alert.

In addition to the precautions taken at the place to prevent surprise, the Society's Headquarters had been put under surveillance, and the detectives

were followed in order to discover, if possible, whether any preparations were being made for a raid.

The first to arrive at Dougherty's, to take part in the alleged raffle, was one of the Society's most experienced detectives, who secured a front seat and awaited further developments. Gang after gang arrived, and soon the large structure was crowded to the very doors with an audience composed of the very *élite* of ruffianism. The night was bitter cold, making it very uncomfortable for the officers, who, under cover of the darkness, had been gradually working their way to the "Barracks," and who reached their destination while the gang inside was getting drunk. The promoters of the affair used every means to soothe the assembled ruffians, who were loudly clamoring for the "dogs to be brought out." In his report to President Haines the detective said: "The leaders were nervous and acted as if they feared some impending danger. I stood quite close to Dougherty, who said to his companions: 'I feel uncomfortable. I am going to Coney Island to see the glove-fight, so quiet the gang and get them away.'" This was easier said than done, for the "gang" was there to see a dog-fight, and they proposed to have one, or know the reason why. The officers meanwhile had reached the building unobserved, and had stationed two men at each exit. The Superintendent posted himself beneath the leafless limbs of an old apple-tree to wait for a signal from the "inside man," which, by the way, did not come that night. The clamor for the entertainment to commence became tumultuous; soon blows followed oaths, a general fight followed, and during the confusion the detective managed to get outside. On the very threshold he fell into the arms of the sentinel, who had orders to seize the first man who attempted to pass his post, and roughly hurried the surprised detective along to headquarters at the apple-tree. He had just breath enough to gasp, "The jig's up," when the howling crowd of drunken ruffians began to rush out of the "Barracks." By the glare of the light which shone through the open doors the presence of the officers was discovered, and in an instant the alarm was given: "Get away; Haines's men are here." It was useless to make arrests, as there was no legal evidence that a dog-fight had been contemplated, except the presence of the crowd.

In a few minutes the officers found themselves in sole possession of the premises, the late occupants having disappeared like magic. Officers were left on guard all night to prevent the gang from returning and carrying out the original programme. The next day a posse of officers took away the dog-pit and turned the premises over to the county officials. It is safe to predict that no more dog or cock fights will come off at Dougherty's, *alias* the "Barracks."

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THE Society's patrol service for rendering first aid to injured animals cannot be too highly praised for the efficient work it daily accomplishes, as will be noticed by the following brief report of a few hours' labor:

Early the other morning, when it was raining very hard, the Superintendent with an officer left Headquarters in the patrol wagon. They had not gone far before a number of farmers' wagons were seen alongside of the curb with the horses unblanketed. The drivers, who were in neighboring liquor saloons warming themselves with liquor or by the fire, were speedily hustled out and made to cover their shivering animals with blankets. A short distance farther on the officers saw a milkman trying to force a shying horse over a hole in the roadway by whipping and yelling. His whip was taken from him, and a free lesson in humane horse-training was given him. "You are wanted up Tenth Avenue; a horse is bleeding to death," exclaimed a boy running up just as the patrol was starting away. Sure enough, owing to a runaway colliding with a grocer's horse, the latter was knocked down and severely cut about the body and legs. The rain had ceased, but a blinding snowstorm was raging, and the work of binding up the wounds was very difficult; so a call was sent to Headquarters for the Society's ambulance, which arrived just as the last wound had been bandaged. Northward the patrol again started, but nothing requiring attention occurred until 159th Street was reached, where a goat was seen harnessed to a wagon loaded with garbage, and being urged along by a whip in the hands of a full-grown boy. The little creature was soon relieved of its burden and sent home. Its thoughtless young master received a copy of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, and a lesson in kindness to animals which he said he would remember. Officers and "John" (the patrol horse) then started homeward, but on

the journey several cases were found which required attention. Five live kittens, which had been thrown into the street by some inhuman person, were found near the curb; they were taken to the ambulance house and properly disposed of. A dog was found with a broken back, having been run over by a large beer truck; it was mercifully destroyed. Ten cows suffering from overstock were relieved. Five teams of horses that had fallen on the asphalt pavement were assisted.

From the above description of a few hours' work some idea may be formed of what is done daily to mitigate suffering and prevent cruelty to helpless and unoffending dumb creatures.

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"A CAT has fallen down a chimney from the roof to the first story of a tenement house on East 26th Street, and the housekeeper refuses to let any one get it out," said a little girl to President Haines, just as he was leaving Headquarters for the night. "We'll see about that at once," replied the President. Officer Lambert was instructed to go and have the imprisoned animal "released immediately," and to arrest the housekeeper or any one else who might obstruct or interfere with him. The plaintive mewing of the cat was plainly heard through the brick wall of the bedroom on the first floor. "I found it necessary, in order to secure the release of the animal," said the officer in his report of the case, "to break down about five feet of the masonry, and so informed the janitor and asked his assistance. This he refused, and protested against my breaking through the wall." "The cat must be released at all hazards," was the officer's reply, and obtaining a hammer and chisel, he set to work. After some time an opening was made, but kitty could not be seen or heard. No amount of coaxing could induce her to respond, and the rescuers were about to give up the task when pussy's little mistress called her pet by name. From out of the depth of the dark hole came a plaintive mew in answer to the familiar voice, and after a little more persuasion on the part of the little girl, pussy made up her mind it was all right. But she had got fastened between two brick partitions in the chimney, and it was impossible for her to extricate herself without assistance. She was finally rescued, and placed in her little mistress's arms, who, with tears streaming down her cheeks, thanked the officer for saving her pet from a cruel death. The belligerent janitor was taught a lesson he will not forget, viz.: that a cat is as much under the protection of the laws of the State and the Society as a human being.

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AS Superintendent Hankinson and Officer Seymour were driving up what is known as Break Neck Hill, a steep incline beyond the Harlem Road, they came across an equipage and motive power such as is rarely seen. The latter was a little kid about a foot high, and was harnessed to a nondescript two-wheeled wagon by cords. The inmate of the vehicle was a child, scarcely a year old, but outweighing the little four-legged infant by several pounds. The driver of this turnout, a full grown man, when not munching peanuts, was beating the animal with a birch switch. The kid was struggling with all its might to haul the load up the hill, but for every step forward it fell three back. It did not take the officer long to release it of its burden, and the poor little kid expressed its sense of gratitude with a "ba!" The owner and driver of the turnout objected to carrying the vehicle and its contents up the hill while the kid was allowed to ride in the patrol wagon, but they had no other alternative. The four-legged passenger lay down in the patrol wagon completely fagged out; and on arriving home it vigorously protested against being removed. The man was warned that if he permitted the kid to be employed in such a way again he would be arrested. The only reply he made was "It didn't do it any harm."

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"DO performing bears come under the protection of your Society? If so, send to Cutchogue, Long Island, and stop a gang of Italians from abusing two." Before replying to the above, telegraphic instructions were sent to the Society's local agent to do what was necessary in the matter. In his report of the case the officer says: "The bears had travelled over ten miles; the day was extremely hot, and the animals were obliged to perform before any group of spectators whenever the present of a dime was offered. They arrived in this village at night, weary and covered with dust, but were at once compelled to climb trees, wrestle, and go through other performances. I stopped the exhibition at once, and through an interpreter ordered the Italians to take the animals to a barn and give them food and water. The half-starved creatures

ate ravenously. I warned the owner that if he attempted to make them perform any more that night I would arrest him. He left town early the next morning. I notified the resident agent of the next village, who replied that he would attend to the case. It was not only cruelty to the animals, but a menace to the lives of human beings as well; for if the bears had been deprived of food much longer, there is no telling what damage they might have done."

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"LOOK out! Here comes Haines's men!" exclaimed one of a gang of young boys, each of whom had a bean-shooter in his hand, and was engaged in the cruel sport of slinging stones and other small missiles at sparrows. The time was about eight o'clock in the morning, the locality near Jerome Park. The cause of alarm was the appearance of Superintendent Hankinson and Officer Smart in the Society's patrol wagon. The officers were making a tour of the upper part of the city on the lookout for trappers and shooters. Three wounded sparrows were found in the vicinity, but the cruel young scoundrels who had injured them escaped by climbing the rocks like so many goats.

President Haines is in receipt daily of complaints relating to the indiscriminate shooting of birds in the parks of the city. Sometimes the little creatures are killed outright, but many more are simply wounded and left to die. Several gangs of boys have been dispersed by the officers of the Society, and their weapons confiscated. The crusade will be kept up.

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"GET out of the way there or I'll run over you," yelled Joseph Knitten to a lady who was crossing Sixth Avenue at Twenty-third Street the other morning. The color of the horse he was driving could hardly be determined, owing to the dirt which covered its body. The poor beast was emaciated to a painful degree, and, in addition, its breast and shoulders were sore, and the hard collar chafing them caused untold torture. Knitten sat upon the vehicle—a pedler's wagon—smoking a cigarette, between the puffs of which he would yell at the animal, urging it to greater speed. Suddenly the horse stopped without any apparent cause, and Knitten was preparing to bestow upon the already suffering animal an additional infliction with the whip; but before he could strike a blow or recover from his astonishment, he was in the hands of Superintendent Hankinson and Detective Lambert of the Society, who were on the crossing at the time. The horse was taken to the hospital, groomed, fed, and its wounds dressed. Officer Lambert took his prisoner to the Second District Police Court, and charged him with cruelty to the horse. He was held for trial by Justice Hogan under $100 bail.

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Michael Curry, on a plea of Guilty of the charge of compelling a poor old horse, while lame, sore, and feeble, to pull a heavily loaded cart, was fined five dollars.

Joseph Kiernan was arrested and fined five dollars for compelling a poor old horse to pull a truck, while lame and suffering from three sores on the body, unprotected from the harness.

Herman Freeland was fined ten dollars for compelling a horse which was lame and sore to pull a heavily loaded licensed-vender wagon.

Henry Weinderborn, 331 East 75th Street, was arrested by Officer Gay for cruelly beating a team of horses over the head and eyes with the lash of a whip. The defendant was fined $5.

The above are only a few of many cases tried recently. Many more are awaiting trial in the Court of Special Sessions.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

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10 East 22d St., New York

MISCELLANY

ANIMAL LIFE IN EUROPE AND AMERICA

BY JOHN BURROUGHS

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

IN some of my published writings, notably in "Fresh Fields," I have spoken of what appears to be the greater boldness, fecundity, and persistence of most forms of animal and vegetable life in Great Britain as compared with the same forms in this country. The wild animals have been so long in contact with man and in competition with him, that they have become learned in his ways, and hold their own in a remarkable degree. The birds are bolder and more numerous; the vermin are more persistent; the game multiplies more rapidly; families are larger; the people more rosy and youthful; reproduction seems easier, etc. The birds lay more eggs than our own, and nature in general seems more fertile than in this country. The wear and tear of the climate is much less than with us, and for this and other reasons the health and perpetuity of the race seems more in the keeping of Old than of New England.

Some of my readers seem to have got the impression from these and kindred statements of mine that I look upon all forms of life in the Old World as superior to our own, and that I have been crying up European nature and unfairly crying down American nature. One of my correspondents, Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, who probably carries more pounds pressure to the square inch of pure Americanism, in the best sense, than any other man among us, resists any conclusion unfavorable to animal life in this country when compared with that of Europe. What he says is valuable and suggestive, and carries its own proof; and so far as it is calculated to correct any false impressions which my own observations may have made, I gladly welcome it.

"The point of which I am speaking," he says, "is where you say that the Old World forms of animal life are coarser, stronger, fiercer, and more fertile than those of the New World." (I did not make my statement quite so sweeping as this.) "Now I don't think that this is so; at least, comparing the forms which are typical of North America and of Northern Asia and Europe, which together form but one province of animal life.

"Many animals and birds which increase very fast in new countries, and which are commonly spoken of as European in their origin, are really as alien to Europe as to their new homes. Thus the rabbit, rat, and mouse are just as truly interlopers in England as in the United States and Australia, having moved thither apparently within historic times, the rabbit from North Africa, the others from Southern Asia; and one could no more generalize upon the comparative weakness of the American fauna from these cases of intruders than one could generalize from them upon the comparative weakness of the British, German, and French wild animals. Our wood mouse or deer mouse retreats before the ordinary house mouse in exactly the same way that the European wood mouse does, and not a whit more. Our big wood rat stands in the same relation to the house rat. Casting aside these cases, it seems to me, looking at the mammals, that it would be quite impossible to generalize as to whether those of the Old or the New World are more fecund, are the fiercest, the hardiest, or the strongest. A great many cases could be cited on both sides. Our moose and caribou are, in certain of their varieties, rather larger than the Old World forms of the same species. If there is any difference between the beavers of the two countries, it is in the same direction. So with the great family of the field mice. The largest true arvicola seems to be the yellow-cheeked mouse of Hudson's Bay, and the biggest representative of the family on either continent is the muskrat. In most of its varieties the wolf of North America seems to be inferior in strength and courage to that of Northern Europe and Asia; but the direct reverse is true with the grizzly bear, which is merely a somewhat larger and fiercer variety of the common European brown bear. On the whole, the Old World bison, or so-called aurochs, appears to be somewhat more formidable than its American brother; but the difference against the latter is not anything like as great as the difference in favor of the American wapiti, which is nothing but a giant representative of the comparatively puny European stag. So with the red fox. The fox of New York is about the size of that of France, and inferior in size to that of Scotland; the latter in turn is inferior in size to the big fox of the upper Missouri, while the

largest of all comes from British America. There *is* no basis for the belief that the red fox was imported here from Europe; its skin was a common article of trade with the Canadian fur traders from the earliest times. On the other hand, the European lynx is much bigger than the American. The weasels afford cases in point, showing how hard it is to make a general law on the subject. The American badger is very much smaller than the European, and the American otter very much larger than the European otter. Our pine marten, or sable, compared with that of Europe, shows the very qualities of which you speak; that is, its skull is slenderer, the bones are somewhat lighter, the teeth less stout, the form showing more grace and less strength. But curiously enough this is reversed, with even greater emphasis, in the minks of the two continents, the American being much the largest and strongest, with stouter teeth, bigger bones, and a stronger animal in every way. The little weasel is on the whole smaller here, while the big weasel, or stoat, is, in some of its varieties at least, largest on this side; and, of the true weasels, the largest of all is the so-called fisher, a purely American beast, a fierce and hardy animal which habitually preys upon as hard fighting a creature as the raccoon, and which could eat all the Asiatic and European varieties of weasels without an effort.

"About birds I should be far less competent to advance arguments, and especially, my dear sir, to you; but it seems to me that two of the most self-asserting and hardiest of our families of birds are the tyrant fly-catchers, of which the kingbird is chief, and the blackbirds, or grackles, with the meadow lark at their head, both characteristically American.

"Did you ever look over the medical statistics of the half million men drafted during the Civil War? They include men of every race and color, and from every country of Europe, and from every State in the Union; and so many men were measured that the average of the measurements is probably pretty fair. From these it would appear that the physical type in the Eastern States had undoubtedly degenerated. The man from New York or New England, unless he came from the lumbering districts, though as tall as the Englishman or Irishman, was distinctly lighter built, and especially was narrower across the chest, but the finest men physically of all were the Kentuckians and Tennesseeans. After them came the Scandinavians, then the Scotch, then the people from several of the Western States, such as Wisconsin and Minnesota, then the Irish, then the Germans, then the English, etc. The decay of vitality, especially as shown in the decreasing fertility of the New England, and, indeed, New York, stock is very alarming; but the most prolific peoples on this continent, whether of native or foreign origin, are the native whites of the southern Alleghany region in Kentucky and Tennessee, the Virginians and the Carolinians, and also the French of Canada.

"It will be difficult to frame a general law of fecundity in comparing the effects upon human life of long residence on the two continents when we see that the Frenchman in Canada is healthy and enormously fertile, while the old French stock is at the stationary point in France, the direct reverse being the case when the English of Old and of New England are compared, and the decision being again reversed if we compare the English with the mountain whites of the Southern States."

All this is timely and valuable, and what we are glad to hear. Yet I see no reason in it to change my main contention, which was that nature, in all her forms, is more fertile and persistent in Great Britain than in our Northern and New England States.

The climate is far less trying, far less spasmodic and extreme. The fact that the birds lay more eggs and the rabbits have more young in a year is very significant. But for our wild life as a whole, in the matter of size, strength, fierceness, etc., when compared with European wild life, Mr. Roosevelt makes a strong and probably unimpeachable case.

PROTECTIVE COLORING AND MIMICRY IN ANIMALS

By Jacob Merrill Clark

[For our animal friends]

PART II

EVERY one has observed at how short a distance the tints of dun and gray and blue fade and disappear. The same effect is induced by monotonous, sharply contrasted markings. The butternut gray of the Confederate army, the drab hats and sky-blue trousers of the Pennsylvania National Guard, the Scottish tartan, the blue frock of the New Englander, the Canadian *étoffe-du-pays*, and the Indian's feather-bedecked deerskin and war-paint are terribly bewildering targets except at short range. The British array of "icicles on seas of blood" is far less so, though a good deal subdued by white trousers and cross-belts. In the same way the tawny lion, the fox and panther, the brindled tiger, the spotted leopard and ocelot, and the black-and-white-striped zebra, become indistinct a little way off. The zebra, plainly as he is marked, absolutely disappears. In predatory animals, the color serves to mask their approach: to the inoffensive, like the zebra, it is a protection.

The Arctic hare and fox, and the common American rabbit, are white in winter and brown in summer. So with the ermine, the ptarmigan, and the willow grouse.

We have given some examples of how certain animals imitate inanimate objects for their own concealment or protection. The crocodile resorts to this sort of "monkeying" for quite another purpose—to get his dinner. He pretends to be a log, so perfectly as to deceive even a shrewd dog. Presently, snap! goes his big tail, and poor Tray is whisked yelping into Leviathan's maw, or else into the water, where he is readily caught. Certain spiders resemble bird-droppings, and so attract and entrap butterflies. We are told of a monstrous robber-spider which preys upon small birds. His brown body and gray hairs exactly match the bark of a tree, in a crevice of which he lies concealed. This is the habit of all spiders which lie in wait, or set traps, instead of spinning webs.

Whenever, for protection or otherwise, the simulated color or form is that of a living organism, it is termed mimicry. In many cases plants exhibit it; notably the dead nettle and the stinging nettle, which grow together and are often mistaken for each other, though belonging to different families. Then there is the false chamomile and the true, and other instances. In these cases an innocuous plant simulates one which is avoided for some poisonous or offensive quality. Some orchids closely imitate insects; *e.g.*, the bee orchis, fly orchis, butterfly orchis, etc.

But in the animal world mimicry is most wondrous and varied. The sweet *Leptalis* mimics the *Methona*, or stinking butterfly. The *Clytus arietis*, a harmless beetle, apes the wasp, both in form and awkward gait. Another insect resembles the weevil, and several stingless flies both look and buzz like dangerous bees. Some of these mock bees are marauders which prey upon the larvæ or stores of the real bees. One bee, which preys on the *Nomada solidaginis*, escapes molestation from its victim, not by family likeness, but by looking like a wasp. An Asiatic lizard resembles the sand, and its open red mouth is exactly like a small red flower which grows in the same sand—a capital fly-trap. The angler-fish allures small fry into its capacious mouth by filaments which look like worms, and which in certain deep-sea forms are phosphorescent. Everywhere we find the same fascinating game of hide-and-seek.

Protective coloration, under the law of preferential mating, has an important influence in effecting the establishment of permanent breeds and varieties by preventing interbreeding, and restricting the varieties to certain habitats, or segregating them into droves. Thus, in the Falkland Islands the different-colored herds of cattle, though descended from the same stock, keep separate and do not interbreed with individuals outside the color-line. So, too, the dark and pale-colored herds of fallow deer in Dean Forest and New Forest (England) never intermingle.

Those who take an interest in this charming field of research need not confine themselves to the instances recorded by such keen observers as Darwin, Morgan, Wallace, and Grant Allen, from whom many of the foregoing facts are derived. Their works are inaccessible to the majority, and at best they give only representative cases. Nature is the same everywhere, and our American woods, waters, and fields, though perhaps less exhaustively explored than some others, teem with interesting forms and facts like the rest. We have but to observe as we ramble, and thus we may possibly sometimes enhance the healthy zest of personal investigation by the satisfaction of contributing an occasional mite to the shrine of knowledge.

THE RECOLLECTIONS OF A HORSE

How I Won My First Race

By William Henry Shelton

[For our Animal Friends]

FROM my point of view at the immature age of two and a half years, a race was the delirium of my young ambition. In the pasture I ran with the same wild instinct that prompts a bird to soar into the sunlight. I ran for joy, in blind obedience to the blood of the desert that coursed in my veins. I ran to tease Botherum, who scrambled after me through the clover, and then gave up the chase in despair. I ran for the entertainment of the row of screaming pickaninnies hanging on the gate and shying apples at me.

When I had been three months in training, on dry feed, the hard gallop over the colonel's private course was the only purely satisfactory half hour of the day. If the weather was bad I had the heart to kick down my box in my eagerness to get out, and I trod impatiently around the border of my enclosure like a caged lion, until I had trailed a deep path in the straw.

I had my own ideas about the conduct of my rider. A pair of bare black heels rattling on my ribs tickled me to a frenzy of effort, while the touch of a spur maddened me. The colonel at this time had secured an English groom, and installed him at the head of the stable. The darkies listened, incredulous, to this lad's boasts of his prowess, and turned the whites of their eyes scornfully on the glory of his racing togs.

One evening, after tea, a race was made up in which I was pitted against Miss Eunice's cart pony, ridden by my own groom, while I was to be mounted by the brilliant chief of the stable in all his finery. The family and servants had congregated along the fence at the starting point, and every black groom had his tongue in his cheek. We were off at the word, the pony at his best pace, and I galloping at his side, in proud contempt of his powers, the darky drumming on his ribs with his black heels, and mocking across at my rider. We had gone half around the course at this easy pace, when I felt the reins tighten, and, at the same moment, the cruel spurs struck my flanks. My blood was up like a flash. From the inner side of the track I bolted into the ploughed ground, as dry and light as a bed of ashes. I heard the shouts and laughter of the spectators. I saw stars through the chaos of dust, and at the end of a series of mad plunges and kicks, I emerged from the red cloud on the opposite side of the track, and galloped riderless in ahead of my rival.

The new groom had been added to the stable for the express purpose of riding me in the two-year-old stakes at the approaching Kentucky Derby. I took a vicious dislike to him from my first experience in his hands. If he left off his spurs I permitted him to ride me, but I took care to do my best work when my old groom, Butternut Jim, was in the stable.

The excitement increased daily about the stable as the time for the race drew on. When they were off duty, the boys rolled about on the straw outside my window, basking in the sun, and laying their small bets.

"What make yo' ain' bettin' nuffin' on Selim, yo' Jim?" I heard a voice ask.

"What fo' I ain'? I is got a half a dolla' onto that colt afo' I knewed dat cockney gwine ride 'im. I ain' no fool nigger, I ain'. Soon's I yer dat news I done hedge long o' Mose, see? An' I doubled dat hedge. I done lay ever' nickel I got 'gin de colt—bigges' kind o' odds." And true to his words, when Jim found the riding was settled, he laid every dollar he could raise against my success. He bet all his personal property on the outside favorite, and staked his next month's wages against me at such odds as he could get.

Jim was unusually sociable when he rubbed me down, and the night pending the great event he stood before me with tears in his eyes, in the seclusion of the box.

"It ain' yo' fault, Selim, boy; yo's got easy winner rit in yo' eye, ef ever Butternut Jim was in de

saddle, see? What fo' was we ris togedder, me an' yo'? Ain' I done rub yo' and wait on yo' eber since yo' was weane', see? Ain' I done lub yo' since de mawnin' yo' was folded? Ain' ole Marse Colonel done gone clean back on he own stable, see, a-mountin' o' white trash on yo', honey, an' him got mo' spurs an' sense? Kyaryin' he brains on he heels instead ob in he head, see? Selim, boy yo' done loss dat race afo' yo' saddled up an' weighed in. Dat fool jockey gwine tote yo' un'er de wire, on de tale en' ob de string, honey, boo, hoo—" and Jim broke down completely and wept on my neck.

"I 'clar' to Moses, honey, fo' Gawd, ef yo' win de stakes, an' Jim goes broke on de Calamity favorite, he'll be der joyfulest coon in Kaintuck; an' I'm sleepin' rite yer in de straw 'long yo', ca'se I done trus' nobody, an' I ain' gwine ter tell yo' good-by dis ebenin'."

There were few eyes closed in sleep among the excited stable boys who sat bolt upright and polished bits by the glimmer of lanterns, and sewed scraps of orange and black—the colonel's racing colors—on hats and coats. Even Jim tossed about in the straw, and talked in his broken sleep, and was up before day, bemoaning his fate.

Before the sun touched the highest weather vane on the stables, the colonel's string was on the road, blanketed and hooded. I was led by Butternut Jim, radiant in his tightest and loosest jockey outfit, for Jim was sure to be in demand as a rider, though he was, for the moment, eclipsed by the imported professional hand. So near were we to the great track that we were shut up in our snug quarters before the dew was off the grass. Botherum was with me, and there was no love lost between him and the English groom. The goat seemed to absorb my temper, for I was in the worst of humors, and determined to fight my rider. The box was close and hot. By the noises outside I knew that there was the greatest activity on the grounds. When Jim looked in I was pleased and calm, but when he was away, and the cheering from the grand stand sounded like distant thunder, just a background of murmur to the shouting and clatter of hoofs by the stables, I kicked at Botherum, and struck out with my fore feet at the walls.

When, at last, Jim led me out into the sunlight to saddle, I forgot my temper in the sweet, open air, on the fragrant turf, in the midst of the glitter and color and excitement—and Jim. I tossed my head for joy, and felt the flutter of the wind in my nerves.

I was the prime favorite in my class, and, as we passed down towards the track, I heard many a wager placed to my credit. "Two to one on Selim Blanche against Calamity." "Selim even against the field." It was old-fashioned betting in those days. When the cloth was stripped off, a great shout went up from the crowd of my admirers. In the midst of my pride and joy at this ovation from fair women and critical men, the small English jockey came forward and took my reins from Jim. When my eye fell on his spurs and goad, a surge of passion ran through my blood. A few other colts were out for their warming-up runs, and Calamity was moving handsomely, as docile as a sheep.

There was a fine scramble before my jockey was got into his seat, in which I sidled away, then rushed against the grooms, and reared and bit and struck out, to the disgust of my backers, and to the amusement of everybody else.

"Plenty of temper," "There's nerve for you," "He can't win," were some of the comments I heard. And then the calm voice of the colonel: "Have patience, gentlemen, until the colt gets warmed up, and he'll show you a pace."

"Not with this outfit," I thought; and the twinkle in Jim's eye, over by the palings, told me that he thought so too.

The worse I behaved the smaller my odds dwindled on my chances, until it was even money against the Calamity colt before I had started for my exercise. I made a handsome rush down the track, and then whirled and came back, and got whip and spur for my reward. Then the fight was on. I plunged and bolted from side to side of the track. I sheared against the palings, and reared and kicked like a demon, during which my tormentor stuck fast to the saddle, and I was forced to have some respect for his skill. Now I tried another school of tactics, and shot half around the course at a pace that brought a ringing cheer from the multitude, and then, with a desperate bolt, I cleared the inner rail; and, after a series of frantic plunges on the turf, I shook off my plucky rider, giving him such a serious fall that he lay still on the ground until the crowd rushed over and picked him up.

While this entertainment had been in progress, my stock among the book-makers had fallen away

below par, and the colonel, confident in my ultimate tractableness, had booked the bets recklessly at handsome odds against me.

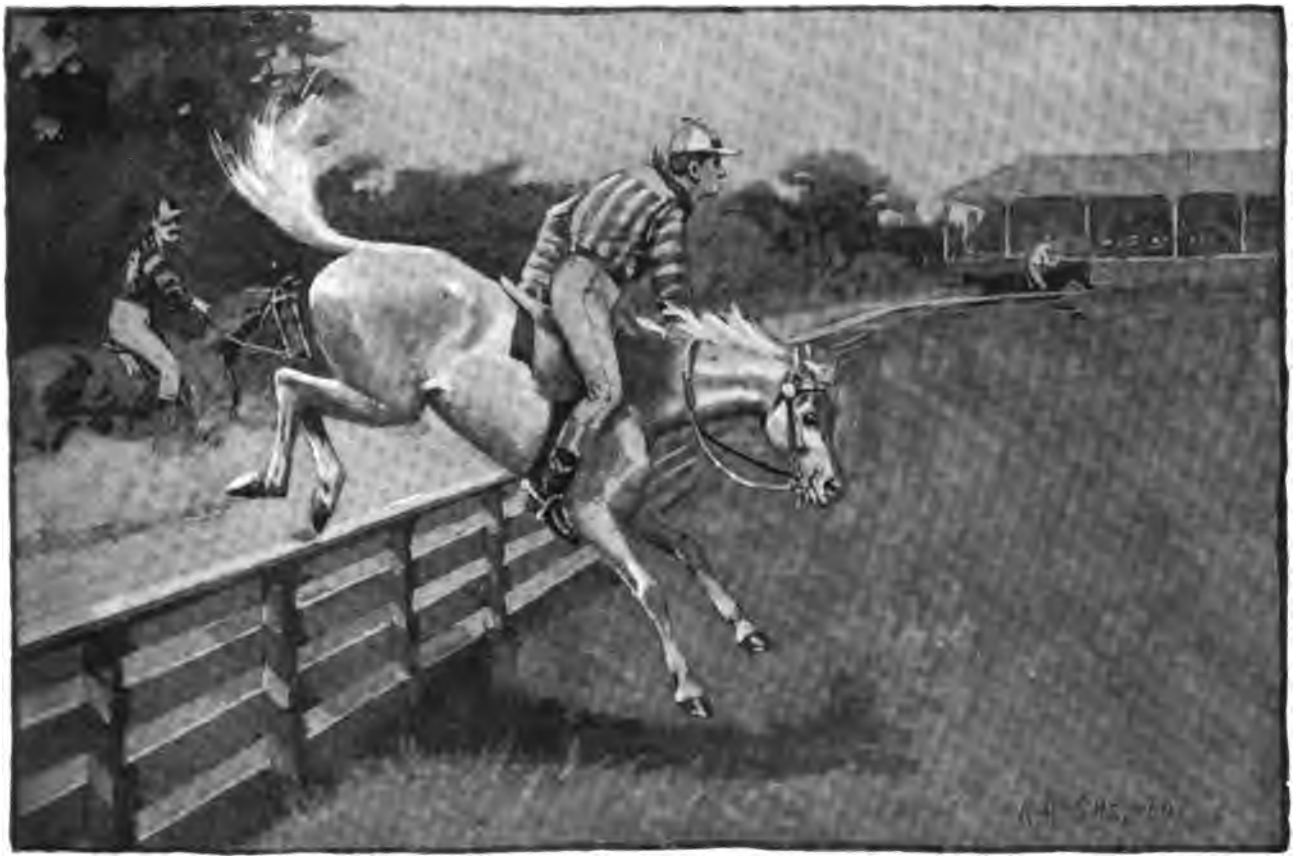
A dozen grooms were after me in the field, but I eluded them all and trotted over to Jim, who fell on my neck for joy. When we came up to the colonel, Jim, who had not dared to mount me without orders, addressed him, cap in hand:

"I kin ride him, Marse Colonel. He won't cut up no monkey shines long o' Jim. Selim an' me unerstans one 'ner, see?"

There was nothing for it but to toss up Jim into the saddle, who was fluttering with orange and black, and away we went with an easy gallop, making the circuit of the course in the midst of an ovation to Jim. Then we took half the track at a flying pace, during which I took half of the credit to myself, and it was the proudest moment of my life when we galloped by the grand stand ringing with plaudits and bravos and "Selim Blanche!" "Selim Blanche!"

When the race was called, it would have been a reckless owner that would have discarded Jim. The colonel held my bridle with his own hands, while Jim, with his saddle under his arm, mounted the scales as if he had been called to a throne. The colonel was evidently pleased and confident, and I rubbed my nose on his hand as much as to say: "Jim and I will take care of your interests."

We were a long time in getting away, which was entirely due to the misbehavior of the other young-



sters, and when the flag did fall Jim and I were against the outside rail and easily last in a field of twenty. As we came down to the first quarter pole the ruck was considerably strung out, and I was going smoothly in the rear bunch without a sound or a motion from Jim. The Calamity colt with the green and white colors was at about the middle of the string, evidently holding himself in reserve. Jim's money was there, but I knew he had thrown it away in his heart. As we came down the second quarter, the jockeys at the front were already urging their mounts and swinging their whips in the dust. Still not a movement from Jim.

He had his eye on the green and white, and I felt the encouraging pat of his hand on my shoulder. As we came into the stretch leading up to the grand stand, the Calamity colt pulled out of the crowd and began to creep up on the leaders, and at the same moment a brown colt came alongside me at a slashing pace. Then I felt the pressure of Jim's knees. With my nose lapped over the flank of the brown we moved past the laggards. The grand stand was on its feet shouting for favorites, among whom Calamity was evidently the most popular. The green and white was now well to the front, where the colts that had been holding the lead were falling back. Neck and neck with the brown colt, breathing easily, with plenty of reserve speed, I spun along the third quarter, obedient to the gentle pressure of Jim's knees, and steadily lessening the lead of Calamity, who was now at the front.

A roar of encouragement surged up from the grand stand, and ran in broken waves of cheering around the course. Every eye was fixed on its favorite colors, and the heart of the great throng stood still as we rushed into the last quarter. I knew that the gaze of the good old colonel was somewhere fixed breathless on my white form, and as I steadily moved by another and another of my rivals I felt that he saw and approved. Jim's black face was close to my neck. I could hear his hissing breath. His knees closed hard on my shoulders. We were half way down the home stretch. The green and white colors were flaunting in my face. I was taking the dust of Calamity, with the brown colt close on my flank.

When in Jim's judgment the supreme moment had come, he uttered a whoop of encouragement, and his boot heels for the first time rattled love taps on my ribs. I leaped forward in a frenzy of excitement. I was abreast of Calamity. The orange and black moved past the green and white, inch by inch, despite the raining of blows on the sides of my exhausted rival. The multitude roared with one voice. I breathed free of dust. The wind surged in my ears. I felt the fury of a demon. I was mad. The world was flying by the other way. The Chinese pagoda of the judges shot backward and melted away like an object in a dream, and I awoke to the clanging of the bell behind me.

"Selim Blanche!" "Selim Blanche!"

The two-year-old stakes in the Kentucky Derby were handsomely won. The brown colt was second, by a head, and Calamity third.

When we came back to the stand, Jim rolled off into the arms of the colonel, who promptly doubled his losses.

PIONEER HORSES

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THE part played by horses in assisting man to open up new countries for the advance guard of civilization might well be the theme of an interesting article. Some acknowledgment of their services is found in "Pioneer Horses in Alaska," in a late number of *The Century*. Defective transport, so the writer, E. J. Glave, considers, is the sole reason for the undeveloped and unexplored state of the land. His opinion is certainly entitled to respect, for he travelled through Central Alaska in 1890, as member of an exploring expedition, and he visited the same country in the spring of 1891 in order to make a journey to the far interior with pack horses.

Fearing that they might have soft snow to cross on the mountains, the explorers constructed four sets of snow-shoes for the horses.

"We trimmed," says Mr. Glave, "some stout young spruce saplings, then lashed these into hoops fourteen inches in diameter, and filled them with plaited rope, each, when finished, resembling the exaggerated head of a lawn-tennis racket. The horse's hoof was placed in a pad in the centre of the shoe, and a series of loops drawn up and laced round the fetlock kept it in place. When first experimenting with these, a horse would snort and tremble upon lifting his feet. Then he would make the most vigorous efforts to shake them off. Standing on his hind-legs, he would savagely paw the air, then quickly tumble on his fore-legs and kick frantically. We gave them daily instruction in this novel accomplishment till each horse was an expert."

The courage of the animals on this expedition, as on similar trips which have been described by the travellers, was worthy of admiration. They philosophically accepted the inevitable when they tumbled with their riders out of sight beneath an icy stream, or broke through icy crusts into deep, soft snow, or scrambled up a steep face of slippery granite. These pack horses seem to have been well cared for. They rested in convenient camping places, and were supplied with plenty of water and good food. They were attended to at once if any sign of suffering or lameness appeared, and

they were loaded very lightly if at all unwell. Humane attentions like these are too often overlooked, but it is needless to say that they should always be bestowed, if from no other motives than those of policy, upon the faithful attendants who aid man in his discoveries and explorations.

STEEL TRAPS

By M. C. McNeill

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

ONE of the various methods frequently adopted in country places to capture such animals as rabbits, woodchucks, rats, and skunks is through the agency of steel traps. The trap closes up like a narrow flat box joined in the centre by a spring hinge which yields to the slightest touch. When laid open, or "set," each side discloses a row of steel teeth or spikes which lock on the body of the unfortunate animal with a vice-like grasp so cruel and penetrating as to lacerate the flesh and sometimes break the bones of the helpless victim whilst writhing in untold agony.

A lady once discovered, at the foot of the garden, one of these traps in which a neighbor's favorite cat had been caught. Her hind quarters were locked in the trap which she had dragged a few feet, but getting entangled in some underbrush could move no farther. The lady feared at first to touch her, thinking that, perhaps, maddened with pain, the poor thing might seize her hand; but the suffering creature only looked at her with miserable, beseeching eyes when she spoke soothingly, and softly stroked her back before trying to unfasten the trap. This she finally accomplished after much difficulty, not understanding the mechanism, and it was fully five minutes before she could release one foot, which had the toes cut half off.

The cat, which had all this time been patiently watching her, knowing full well that a kindly hand was trying to rescue her, now fell on the ground in a swoon, throwing up both her front paws like a human being in torture, and looking with almost human imploring eyes, as if she would say, "Oh, help me if you can!" This dumb and pathetic appeal was answered a few moments later, when the other bruised limb was freed from its cruel bondage, and the sympathetic worker lifted pussy gently in her arms and carried her to the house, where she was fed with warm milk, for she was faint and half famished. The weather was bitterly cold, and she must have been in the trap all night.

She seemed perfectly to understand when her feet were bathed in warm water and arnica, and then bound up with soft linen rags; and when she recovered sufficiently to purr, she rubbed her head against her deliverer with well-expressed gratitude.

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A MAGNIFICENT ostrich which carries its head nearly nine feet in the air has been sent to Queen Victoria by Alimandy Samandou, a West African potentate. For a few days after the bird's arrival in its new quarters at the London Zoological Gardens, it was fed only on bananas; but Mr. Bartlett, the physician in ordinary to the birds and animals, soon found that a stronger diet was necessary, so he ordered that the ostrich should have a supply of gravel to aid its digestion—a wise concession to the habits of a bird which delights in swallowing pennies and half-pennies. Indeed, cases have been known when the accumulation of a quart or more of half-pennies has resulted in the death of the bird. The Queen's ostrich, as it is called, is now much better, and able to enjoy the attentions of sympathetic ladies, from whose offerings it daintily selects fresh lettuce, grapes, or small bunches of clover and grass.

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IT is said that during a fire in the Dublin city markets recently, some cats belonging to the markets threw themselves into the flames. A few came out singed, but immediately rushed back again, and all were burned. Referring to this incident, a correspondent of a Dublin paper quotes what Herodotus wrote of a similar occurrence about twenty-two centuries ago. "When a conflagration takes place, a supernatural impulse seizes the cats. For the Egyptians, standing at a distance, take care of the cats, and neglect to put out the fire; but the cats making their escape, and leaping over the men, throw themselves into the fire, and when this happens great lamentations are made among the people."

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ROBERT BROWNING showed from childhood a special fondness for animals, and his knowledge of them was constantly revealed in his poems. His son, Robert Wiedeman Browning, inherits the same taste, and carefully looks after the pets cherished by his father.

A LESSON FROM THE SPIDER

By John A. Clark

[For our animal friends.]

THIS repulsive little animal may not be a very pleasing teacher, but it gives excellent lessons all the same. I had occasion not long ago to be the pupil of a spider, and this is the way it happened.

One morning in August I discovered a large spider's nest in the kitchen of our house. The nest had evidently been built the previous night, for a web so large and conspicuous could not have been there long. I brushed it down carefully, and thought no more of it until the next morning, when I found a web in the same place, and of the same form. I brushed it down again. This was repeated every morning for nearly a week—I tearing down and the spider building up—and I finally called the attention of the family to it. We examined the construction of the web, which seemed to be the same every morning, and we found that scientific principles of mechanism were applied in every part. The end of each minute thread was securely fastened; and under the microscope were revealed hundreds of smaller lines, leading in every direction, so as to form braces and protect the heavier lines. Guy-lines were also placed so as to give the framework, which covered quite an area, greater strength.

While we were admiring the wonderful mechanical wisdom there displayed, and considering that this had been repeated probably half a dozen times, the old spider (heretofore unseen) ran out over the web, and hurried back again into its retreat, as if to say, "See how strong it is."

I recalled a statement that a spider's web is fifty times stronger than steel compared with its weight, and I have no reason to doubt it.

After examining the web to our satisfaction, it was again carefully and cleanly brushed away. That same evening, as late as ten o'clock, I looked at the place and saw no signs of a web, but the next morning it was there again as large and complete as before. The same plan was preserved, the heavier lines and the guy-lines were there, and the work was completely rebuilt as it had been every morning for a week past. This was kept up morning after morning for nearly a week longer, when the spider apparently abandoned his hopeless task.

This spider seemed to have a plan and a purpose. It may have been the product of instinct only, but it evidently bordered near to reason. I could not fail to see that mechanical principles were prominent in the spider's work. I also learned a lesson of perseverance that was profitable. I believe that it was David Crockett who said, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead." This spider seemed to be practising Crockett's maxim, of which it had certainly not heard. But there was one thing in "politics" that this spider had not learned, and that was that its rights ended where my rights began. Had it not intruded on my domains it would not have been disturbed, for I appreciate Cowper's thought, and "step aside to let the reptile live" in all cases where greater interests are not at stake.

PETS ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR

By Charles Phillips

[For our animal friends]

MANY cats, having spent nearly their entire lives on board various men-of-war, are well known to a large portion of the "continuous service" men; and just before a ship leaves a navy yard under a new commission, many are the schemes laid by "Jacky" to kidnap some cat that he has sailed with before, or which is known to him by reputation.

So accustomed do the cats become to the ship life that they feel very strange on shore. It is comical to watch a ship's cat walk on land, especially in a grassy place. It looks so astonished at every step that it takes, apparently not knowing what to make of the pointed spears of grass, small stones, and unevenness of the ground. After each step, which it takes very slowly and carefully, it lifts its paw high, shakes it and looks at it in such a puzzled way, and it seems so relieved to get on board ship again.

We had a fine large black-and-white "Tom" on board the *Alliance*, on her last cruise to South America—a stately, dignified cat—which for a long time was our only pet; but as we got farther along on our cruise others began to appear. On the east coast of Africa, in Madagascar, and the Comoro Islands we obtained a number of monkeys, and two Malagasy lemurs, or "maks" as the natives call them. These latter are very peculiar little animals, as may be seen in the picture. They are found only in Madagascar and the neighboring islands, and live on fruits and herbage principally. They have long, pointed muzzles, large brown eyes, small pointed ears, soft thick, grayish-brown fur, and beautiful long ringed tails, and are quadrumanous like monkeys. Another variety which we saw was a little darker in color and had no rings on the tails, they being the same color as the rest of the body.

The two we had on board were very wild and shy at first. After they had been with us several months they both became very sick, and one of them died. The other was sick for a long time, and recovered only by the careful nursing of the captain of the foretop, who tended it as carefully as though it had been an only child. The little fellow appreciated the kindness, and was very grateful and affectionate to his nurse. After he recovered from this long illness he became much tamer and quite frisky. He always moved about in the ghost-like manner which gave him his family name, taking long leaps from deck to rigging and to various objects about the deck, and occasionally alighting on the head or shoulders of some man passing conveniently near. He was most amusing, however, when he sat up on his long hind legs and attempted to box, an accomplishment which he had learned by watching the men. He could not strike out with his short front paws, but would twine them around

each other, at the same time grinning in a ludicrous manner. This performance would last only a few seconds, however; then away the mak would go, and perch himself in his favorite position on his master's shoulder with his tail curled around the latter's neck.

While in Cape Town the ship was tied alongside a dock. The dogs of the neighborhood soon learned of the presence of our monkeys and came down every day to play with them, but the monkeys had the best of it. They would keep just out of reach of the dogs, make grimaces at them, and tantalize them in every possible way. The dogs would get very much excited, bark, jump up and down, chase along the wharf, and try to catch the monkeys, who seemed to enjoy the proceedings very much. When the dogs got a little tired and started away, down would come the monkeys behind them and pull their tails or bite their legs; then there would be an exciting chase, but in a few jumps the monkeys would be in the rigging out of reach.

A fruit-vender's stand erected on the wharf close to the gangway proved a perfect bonanza to the monkeys. I watched one of them one day steal down quietly behind the vender while he was engaged in conversation, with his back to his stand. The monkey filled his arms with small pears, keeping strict watch at the same time on the man, and as he turned and saw him, Mr. Monkey made a tremendous leap into the rigging, where he was received with great jubilation by his companion. Of course, most of the pears flew out of the monkey's arms when he jumped, and rolled on the deck, but he got away safely with two, which he and his friend devoured in a secure place in the rigging while they made faces at the thoroughly enraged fruit-vender.

The monkeys discovered some putty one day which the painter had left for a few minutes, and made the greatest mistake of their lives in thinking it was good to eat. It was the last thing they ever ate. They suffered very much for several hours, and then, in spite of the efforts of the apothecary, went the way of all monkeys, good and bad.

Our commanding officer was much opposed to the presence of dogs on board ship, but while on the coast of Brazil Lieutenant R—— had two cute little yellow puppies, only four or five inches high, given to him, which he was informed would not grow any larger. R—— persuaded the captain to let him have them on board, telling him: "They are little dogs, only so high (holding his hands a few inches apart), and won't grow any." There was evidently some mistake about these puppies, or else ship-life made an entire change in them, for we could almost see them grow, and in the course of a very short time they had increased in height from five to about fifteen inches.

Shortly after the advent of Bowery and Yaller, as the puppies were called, a little yellow monkey arrived, who soon decided that the most comfortable resting place for him was on the back of one of the dogs. The dogs objected at first and tried to dislodge him, but he was as bad as Sinbad's friend. For weeks and weeks the monkey was always on the back of one of the dogs, day and night, except for a few minutes at a time. The pups were privileged characters, and used to go ashore frequently in the running boats without going through the formality of asking "permission to leave the ship." They knew the boat hours, but occasionally would get to the gangway just too late and find that the boat had shoved off. Yaller missed the boat in this way one day when he had the little monkey attached to him. The boat was only a few yards away. Yaller ran up and down the gangway ladder several times, whimpering and undecided what to do, then suddenly plunged overboard. As he struck the water I could see the little monkey grit his teeth and take a fresh hold and tighter grip. Yaller swam only a few yards and returned to the gangway. As soon as he could, the poor little half-drowned monkey scrambled up the ladder and ran forward under the galley, where he stayed for the next two or three hours, drying himself and keeping up a continual scolding. After that nothing could induce him to have anything to do with Mr. Yaller, and he confined his attentions to Mrs. Bowery, until a few weeks later she too plunged overboard with him, and then the poor little monkey was thoroughly demoralized and disconsolate, and soon afterward died.

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The Venus girdle is a wonderful example of the highest order of jelly-fish. As it moves through the water of the Mediterranean it resembles a curving ribbon from two to three feet long. It is almost colorless. Very wonderful, too, is the Ocyroë, found only in American waters, which resembles a bat, and moves through the water by flapping its two wings at the same time.

THE ADVENTURES OF PATSIE TODDLEKINS

BY MARJORIE LATIMER

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

PART IV

WHEN several days had passed, and no answer had come to the advertisement about Patsie which her father had put in the paper, Mollie Toddlekins felt very sad. She missed her little playmate, and found her other children so stupid without him that she put them all in bed with "Rosyella." One morning mamma said:

"Papa, suppose we take Mollie Toddlekins to A——— to the circus this afternoon. I am afraid she is grieving too much." Mollie dried her eyes, and began to smile so that the little dimples came to her cheeks again.

"Oh, papa, do! A great big circus with elephants and monkeys, and the trained dogs like dear Patrick." Here the tears came again and chased the dimples away.

When the circus began that afternoon, down near the front sat Mollie Toddlekins, between her papa and mamma. She had on her new blue dress; and Sophronia, who sat on Mollie's lap, had on her new blue dress. Mollie had peanuts—you always have to have them at a circus—but she did not give Sophronia any, as she had only recovered from the "Rosyella" in time to come to-day.

Mollie watched all the funny show with great interest, but her eyes opened widest when the trained dogs came in. For a minute her eyes were blinded with tears; when she looked, the seven dogs were lying in a row on their backs—"dead dogs." The tent was very still. Suddenly a shrill childish voice piped out:

"Oh, Patsie Toddlekins! You dear, naughty, lost Patrick, come right here to me."

The first words had hardly passed her lips when one of the seven came to life very suddenly. Over the dogs, over the people, yelping and barking with excitement, Patsie did not stop till he reached Mollie's lap, where he was hugged and kissed by turns, barking furiously the while.

Every one in the tent was looking at Mollie and Patsie; and it was some time before the excitement quieted down enough for the gentleman who had found Patsie to step into the ring and explain how Patrick became a member of his troupe. Then Mollie's papa stood up and thanked the gentleman and offered him the reward, which he refused, saying Patsie had performed for him seven nights without salary.

How happy was Mollie Toddlekins that night, with her "eldest" home again; but happier still was Patsie to be back with Sophronia, Madeline Lillian, and, beyond all, his dear Mollie Toddlekins.

(*Concluded*)

SLEIGHS AND SLEDS

IN Russia the principal sleigh—the troika—seats four persons. It is drawn by three horses abreast, the centre one being harnessed in shafts, the outer ones in traces; these two, as a general thing, gallop, while the middle one—on the back of which is arranged a wooden arch from which bells are suspended—trots.

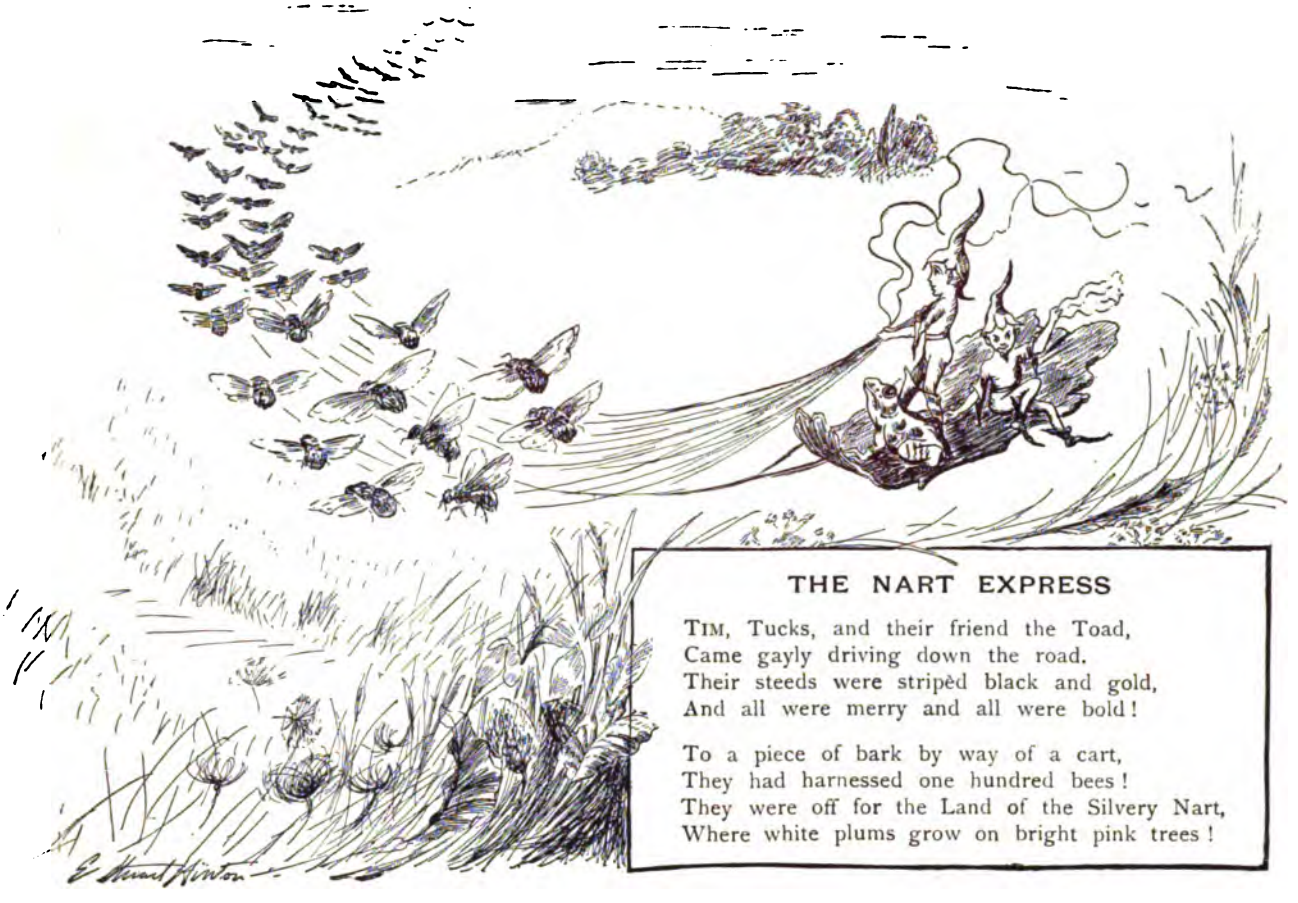
Another sleigh used in Russia is hung very low, and the seat, which is supposed to accommodate two persons, is so narrow that only by clinging to one another can the passengers insure themselves against being flung out, there being no sides of any description to this uncomfortable conveyance.

The driver occupies the smallest of seats in front, and drives with one leg projecting from the side of the sleigh. Here also coaches and coupés are taken from their wheels and fastened to runners.

In Holland, sleighs are of the most fantastic shapes, taking the form of swans, sea-shells, dragons, and other remarkable designs, and are drawn by horses gayly caparisoned. In some cases they are pushed from behind, frequently by skaters on the ice.

In the Arctic regions the sleighs, or more often the sledges, are of the utmost importance, and are constructed of different materials, and are of slightly different shape.

In Lapland, the sledges are called pulkas, and are shaped like a boat without runners, and are drawn by the fleet reindeer, which travel without weariness for a length of time and at a speed that are almost marvellous. These wonderful animals are the Laplander's principal support, for they act as horse, cow and clothier; driven before his sled; giving milk superior to that of a cow, which makes the best butter and cheese, and furnishing from their hair his clothing.—From an article in the *New York Observer*.



THE NART EXPRESS

Tim, Tucks, and their friend the Toad,
Came gayly driving down the road.
Their steeds were stripèd black and gold,
And all were merry and all were bold!

To a piece of bark by way of a cart,
They had harnessed one hundred bees!
They were off for the Land of the Silvery Nart,
Where white plums grow on bright pink trees!

THE GIRAFFE'S STORY

By H. H. J.

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THE tiger was lying in his cage. He was very proud of himself because some of the people who came in and looked at him were afraid of him. The monkey used to laugh at this, for we all knew that the tiger was too old and tired to hurt any one. We all liked the monkey, he was so jolly; but the camel sometimes grew very angry at him, and said that his jokes, like the elephant's trunk, went too far. We thought this was very good for a camel. No doubt the clown would have borrowed it if he had ever heard it. It was true the elephant's trunk did go a little too far, for it reached even into the camel's pen and stole his hay.

We liked to see the people come in and walk around and look at us. But afterwards, when we had all been looked at, and the people had gone into the other tent, and the band had begun to play, and the horse with the pink eye came in, then we began to talk to each other. We generally talked about the weather, and we always liked to say something against "Barnum's" and "Sell's." If we heard they had a rainy day we were always glad of it, except the goat; we sometimes envied him, for he was stuffed and we were always hungry.

One night—it had been a rainy season—the tent was fairly soaked. It was our second day in town; there had been no procession and no performance. The tiger knew what it meant; he had been through with it all before. The men were all very cross; some of them set their teeth together and swore down in their throats, and all day the manager was very pale. Some of the men went away, and the horses were taken away by strangers. That night the tent was quite dark; all but one lamp. It was raining. The manager was alone in the tent; he walked around with his arms folded, and when he stood near the lamp he looked very sad. The lamp was near the monkey's cage, and mine was next. The manager put his hand under his coat, and drew out a little bright steel thing and put it to his head. The monkey put out his brown arm and took hold of the manager's hair. The manager laughed and threw the steel thing out into the rain.

It cleared the next day, and we gave a performance, and then went on. But we never forgot how pale the manager looked, and the tiger knew and told us what it meant, for he was very old and tired, and had seen it all before.

THE VETERINARIAN.

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians, answers to correspondents, and other items relating to that branch of science.

SUGGESTIONS ABOUT PNEUMONIA

LOOK out for pneumonia among working horses in a severe winter like the present. It is far better to guard against it than to rely on the most skilful treatment after the affection appears. Common sense teaches that unworked horses, who have nothing to do but knock about in the open air and go under shelter at will, are far less liable to attack than working ones, however well cared for they may be. The most frequent cause is allowing the surface to become chilled while the body is heated. Sudden and frequent changes of atmospheric temperature, and fatigue when the weather is either cold or damp, are apt to bring it on. Winter thaws are quite as dangerous as cold snaps.

We are glad to note that an increasing number of drivers allow their horses to wear a blanket while at work in cold or wet weather, a practice which would have been deemed absurd a few years ago. It is well to throw a rubber or some close light fabric over the blanket while the horse is standing.

Vitiated air is a predisposing cause, by lowering the vitality and corrupting the blood. Try it yourself. Instead of sleeping in a well-ventilated chamber with plenty of bedclothes, get into a tight cubby and stuff the cold air out. You will be rewarded with a headache, and perhaps lung fever. So do not muffle the stable, but give your horse a deep, dry bed and a thicker blanket. A tray of fresh water-slacked quicklime, or a pan of lime-water, is excellent to absorb carbonic acid from the air. Almost any resinous aroma is a healthy and grateful stimulus to the horse; so if the Christmas trees have been saved fresh, or a few pounds of any of our cone-bearing evergreens can be otherwise procured to sprinkle among the bedding, they will not be amiss. It is sometimes well to wind the bit with rags saturated with pine tar.

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Like all congestive fevers, pneumonia must have its run. The danger is not confined to the present tense. If severe, or if its early symptoms have been neglected, it is liable to terminate fatally, or else leave the constitution impaired for life. Moreover, if it becomes prevalent, and cases are imperfectly cured, there is likely to supervene, under certain changes of atmospheric condition, some form of epidemic distemper analogous to *la grippe*, or worse. Hence the attack should be met early, and the treatment be directed towards assisting nature through the crisis.

The first symptoms usually observed are marked coldness of the ears and legs, accompanied by low temperature and cold sweat over the body, an anxious countenance, and evidence of a quick and labored breathing at the nostrils and flank, doubled and jerky at the latter. The pulse is quickened and the internal temperature raised perceptibly above the normal. The head and ears droop, the animal pokes his nose towards any opening for fresh air, the elbows are turned outward, and the lining membrane of the nose changes from its healthy pale rose or apple-blossom tint to a lurid purple. The inflamed portions of the lungs lose their healthy audible murmur, and are dull under percussion.

The premonitory symptoms are obscure, and are apt to be overlooked. But when the foregoing ones are present—and as a rule they are concurrent—the horse is *sick*, and should have the services of a skilled veterinarian, if possible.

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Time should not be lost, and if a competent veterinarian cannot be had, as is too often the case in this country, do not trust the case to persons of uncertain attainments; it is safer to treat it on the principle of the following precepts, recently laid down by R. A. Finlay, D. V. S., in the *Spirit of the Times*.

1. In ordinary cases, where the patient's vitality is good and the lungs not extensively involved, "turn the animal in a loose box stall; . . . air pure, but not too cold; blanket the body comfortably, and bandage the legs; secure the blanket by pins, using no surcingle." Then "from four to six ounces of whiskey should be given as a drench, . . . and, two hours later, fifteen to twenty drops tincture of aconite can be given every three hours for the first twenty-four hours, when, if the force and frequency of the pulse is found to be lessened, the same agent and quantity can be given but once every six hours instead of every three hours."

2. "If at the outset the breathing is very laborious, mustard blisters to the side of the chest are called for, the blistered parts to be covered with paper, . . . and give one of the following balls every four hours: Carbonate of ammonia, ten drachms; pulverized root gentian, six drachms. Mix and make into six balls; . . . food simple, cooling, and nutritious, and small in bulk, such as bran and oats scalded and given cold; or oatmeal gruel, a little good hay, a few sliced apples, potatoes, or carrots. . . . Small and repeated draughts of cold water. . . . If there is much prostration, give whiskey and milk, three of the former to four of the latter, twice a day."

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THE importance of absolutely destroying all known infected *residua* is enhanced when we consider the ubiquitous agency of flies. According to a Japanese bacteriologist (*v. Medical Press and Circular*), these probably share with the earthworm the work of spreading infection, *e. g.*, of anthrax and tuberculosis. The mode suggested is obvious—gathering microbic elements from infected excreta, vitalizing the bacilli in the insects' alimentary canal, and finally dejecting these wholesale among our food substances.

We do not know which class is capable of most mischief, nor whether either does more harm than good, any more than we do of certain human products of evolution; and we cannot universally "set foot upon a worm," nor catch all the flies. Both are of some use, the worm as a ploughman, and the fly as a noisy scavenger. We can only curtail their opportunities for mischief.

RED DEER. By Richard Jeffries. With Frontispiece by Mr. Henry Tumaley, and Sixteen Illustrations by Mr. John Charlton. New York: Longmans, Green & Co.

Not since the far-off childish days when first we read of Robin Hood, have we met a book whose pages breathed forth the scent of the wild-wood so thoroughly as this. While reading it Chevy Chase seems no longer a thing of the past, and we can fancy ourselves in the old days when man for food was forced to match his strength and skill against the free wild creatures of the forests, and the hunt was surrounded by all the romance of heroic achievement. We, whose tables daily groan with viands of many sorts supplied in far less courageous fashion, can with poor grace condemn the cruelty of our ancestors in this regard. The thrill of excitement which we feel as children, and can hardly suppress in later years at tales of the hunting field, is perhaps an hereditary instinct suggestive of the barbarism from which we are supposed to have emerged.

Mr. Jeffries's evident love for the red deer of Exmoor, their haunts and habits, inspires the reader with a similar enthusiasm. Of the country he says:

On Haddon Hill the glance passes to Dunkery, which overlooks the Severn Sea, to Sidmouth Gap by St. George's Channel, so that the eye sees across the entire breadth of England there.

Surely scenery seekers could ask nothing more tempting than that of the following:

This day may be in the reign of Charles the First, or Queen Elizabeth, or even in the Plantagenet times for aught the appearance of the land says to the contrary. The cross-bow, the cloth-yard arrow, or the clumsy match-lock, may still be in use—armour may still be worn, and manuscripts be as yet unsupplanted by printed books. There is no printing press here—the moor has known no change; it is the Home of the wild Red Deer, their home since William the Conqueror landed, and long before then—since Roman arms and Roman money ruled the Islands beyond the Ocean.

We wander with him over the hills and through the dales, in Horner wood, by Horner water, and share all his delight in coming suddenly upon a prince of that race whose pedigree outdates all the royalty of Europe.

He was standing in the fern, beside a bush, with his head down as if feeding. The great oak woods were about him, above and below, and the sunlight fell on the golden red of his coat. A whistle—the sound was a moment or two in reaching him—made him lift his head, and the upright carriage of the neck proved that it was a stag and not a hind. His antlers had not yet risen as high as his ears. Another whistle—he lifted his head yet higher, but did not move, for he knew he was safe. He stood breast deep in the brake, and there was a purple fox-glove in flower just beside him. There seemed the least possible fleck of white among the golden russet of his side. After I had looked long enough, a shout sent him with a bound into the thicket.

The affection which all the surrounding farmers feel for these noble creatures is not surprising, but the patience with which they suffer continual depredations in their orchards is more than one might expect from a class which is by no means rich and can ill afford such losses.

There are people here and there still to be found who have eaten poached venison, but there is not one to be found who will confess to having shot a deer. So greatly has popular opinion changed during the last seven and twenty years on Exmoor, that, at the present day, were a man to shoot a stag he would be utterly sent to Coventry. No one would speak or deal with him, or acknowledge his existence. He would be utterly cut off from society of every class, not only the upper but the lower classes being equally imbued with the sporting feeling.

Many interesting anecdotes are related, some of which illustrate great cleverness in the deer, as, for instance, that of the hind, when chased, running round and round a field like an old hare, and then leaving it by a great leap to put the hounds off the scent; or joining the herd, from which she was detached, to foil them. That is a pretty instance of maternal affection where he tells how

A hind when startled often has a calf running beside her. When she finds that the hounds have really chosen her, she will knock the calf with her head into a bush to save it from them. The calf will lie perfectly still, and the hounds go past after the mother. The hind places her head partly under the calf, and lifts the little creature up, throwing it several yards off the line she is following. The huntsman, as he comes up, has often seen the calf lying still and motionless as he rides by.

One would suppose his ardor for the chase would be dampened by the sight, and that rather than kill so kind a mother he would call off the dogs. If, however, venison was intended for food, it must be admitted that, as a rule, the red deer of Exmoor meet with as great consideration and kindness as could be compatible with a taste for deer meat.

MY HORSE: MY LOVE. By Dinah Sharpe. Illustrated. New York: Orange Judd Company.

Mrs. Linard's work is compiled in the form of question and answer, a series of conversations with a Polish count who is an ex-Russian officer and a learned and skilful veterinarian. The answers are given with gallant unreserve; the result is an epitome of valuable and interesting points.

An introductory chapter of personal adventure throws a sidelight upon the Great Bear; then we have a series of short notes upon veterinary education as maintained in Europe, the facilities for horse-breeding in this country, the acute sense of smell in the horse, and the unique discovery that the puzzling and unsightly dry gray warts on the inside of the fore leg in reality secrete a stimulating and sustaining musk—a fact which helps us to understand the horse better.

The superior merits of the Arabian horse—the source of most that is of high and permanent value in the species—are briefly explained, together with Arabian methods in breeding and training, the pedigree of standard strains, and the influence of this blood upon English and Russian types.

A few humane hints are given upon the subjects of docking, the Mexican bit and curb, the bearing-rein, balking,

blinkers and blindness, the teeth and tooth-ache, corns, and lock-jaw. Then follows an account of the Arabian horse in North and South America; of some noted individuals of high or full Arabian blood; and of the present status of the American horse.

Acceptable as this little work is, it seems plain that Count Zaleski's adopted country might profit still further from a a more elaborate treatise.

THE TALKING HORSE. By F. Anstey. New York: United States Book Company.

Mr. Anstey's fantastic tale of "The Talking Horse," written in his usual mildly satirical vein, seems designed to show how near a man can come to making a jackass of himself while striving to become a horseman. In this story the horse certainly proves himself the stronger, if not the better man of the two. Of the remaining nine sketches, "Don, the Story of a Greedy Dog," sets forth some of the small vices which dogs, even those of high birth and breeding, are apt to acquire; and "A Canine Ishmael" tells about a dog who was "misunderstood" by his friends. These stories of Mr. Anstey's seem to be a reaction against the animal worship that some writers indulge in. While he grants to animals a fair amount of intelligence, he refuses to acknowledge their superiority to human animals.

"SHORT STORIES ABOUT ANIMALS," by Gertrude Sellon, is carefully written in short words that a child can easily comprehend, and every story contains a lesson worth the telling. Through them all runs a vein of kindly humor that makes the moral the more attractive in that the author does not seem to teach or preach. The illustrations are intelligent; most of the animals look real and not as though the models had come from a toy-shop. There are one or two calves, however, that no humane farmer would allow to live. (New York: Cassell & Company.)

THE *Atlantic Monthly* continues to give place to observations of nature by writers who are authorities. An article which appeared in the January number, "The Wintry Wilderness," by Frank Bolles, calls for special mention. In the February number is this charming description of the way in which the chickadee partakes of the feast set forth for him upon the window-sill:

How daintily he helps himself to the tiniest morsels, never cramming his bill with gross mouthfuls as do his comrades at the board, the nuthatch and the downy woodpecker. They, like unbidden guests, doubtful of welcome or of sufferance even, make the most of time that may prove all too brief, and gorge themselves as greedily as hungry tramps; while he, unscared by your face at the window, tarries at his repast, pecking his crumbs with leisurely satisfaction. You half expect to see him swept from your sight like a thistledown by the gusty blast, but he holds bravely to his perch, unruffled in spirit if not in feathers, and defies his fierce assailant with his oft-repeated challenge.

THE *Review of Reviews*, it may be said, is like a keen-witted, genial, well-informed host, who keeps his guests quite up to the demands of modern culture without painful effort on their part. No one, indeed, who spends a little time in reading the magazine can help feeling that such time is well spent. Regular departments include The Progress of the World, in which all important movements in all parts of the world are ably considered; Current History in Caricature, Record of Current Events, Reviews of Leading Articles in Periodicals, Poetry and Art, The New Books. Special articles in the January number are, "University Extension in America," "President Diaz—The Mexico of To-day." By subscribing now one may secure excellent portraits of Gladstone and Tennyson.

A PARTICULARLY good number of the *New England Magazine* is that for January, containing as it does a comprehensive article by M. Betham Edwards on the lately deceased authoress and Egyptologist Amelia B. Edwards; a story by Amelia B. Edwards; a delightful account of "The Oldest Episcopal Church in New England," by Alice Morse Earle; "Ye Ancient Burial Ground of Boston," by Albert Scott Cox; "Harvard's Youngest Three," by Eliot Lord; "James Parton," by Julius Ward; and other articles of interest.

LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE for February includes, in its well-varied list of contents, Julien Gorden's latest novel of social life; a criticism of "Seventh Commandment Novels," by the author of "Rutledge"; and a dainty poem, "The Bobolink," by Daniel Dawson, which tells the tale of the hapless singer who sings in vain.

AMONG its short articles selected from foreign periodicals, *Littell's Living Age* often presents scientific papers on animal life. Tales of adventure, or of travel in which animals incidentally figure, also appear from time to time. For example, in the issue of January 7, there was given in "Burmese Traits" some of the commandments of the Buddhist religion in regard to animals, and an account of the punishments awarded to those who are cruel.

Professional hunters and slayers of oxen, swine, etc., will be committed to a great hell, and be ground between four burning mountains for two thousand years. . . . Persons who kill animals by setting a forest on fire, will be sent to a great hell for sixteen thousand years, and afterwards thrown headlong from a burning mountain, to be transfixed on an iron spit and cut and torn by demons.

THE "Spectator" of the *Christian Union* has lately been observing the life that may be found beneath the icy covering of most ponds. They are the winter homes of many small creatures; among others, of that odd race of caddis-larvæ whose curious dwellings are thus described:

One builds him a house by simply extracting the solid wood of a twig from its bark. Another takes the bark itself, in sections, soldered together by plumbing so firm that the house parts at any place but its joints. There seem to be a whole tribe that build from little twigs cemented at all sorts of angles, while yet another of the tribe caddis does the same with pebbles and mortar. Indeed, there is one of the tribe who, apparently by secretion, puts up a dwelling of little transparent bricks, through which, in the strong sunlight, the captured inmate may be seen. On gravelly bottoms we shall discover larvæ which copy exactly a rough pebble.

ONE of the admirable departments of *Outing* is that called "Kennel and Loft," which is devoted especially to the care and management of dogs and pigeons, prefaced by a list of coming bench shows. In a recent article it was stated that probably ninety out of every hundred dog owners were not taking proper care of their favorites, excepting, of course, practical owners of kennels. This was said to be especially true of dogs owned in the cities, and necessarily closely confined.

Their well-meaning owners would possibly be greatly horrified could they hear the plain unvarnished truth from the long-suffering canines. Errors in feeding, errors in general treatment, lack of judgment in selecting the kind of dog best suited to limited accommodations, and frequently gross neglect in the matter of needful exercise, all contribute to the woes of a horde of fine animals. These are the most common sins of amateur owners, and, taken all in all, the unfortunate dogs must have a precious poor time of it.

THE *Youth's Companion* promises for the present year many interesting articles by well-known writers, among them being three papers by Sir Edwin Arnold. The natural history sketches in this periodical are always trustworthy sources of information, both for the youth of our country as well as for "children of a larger growth."

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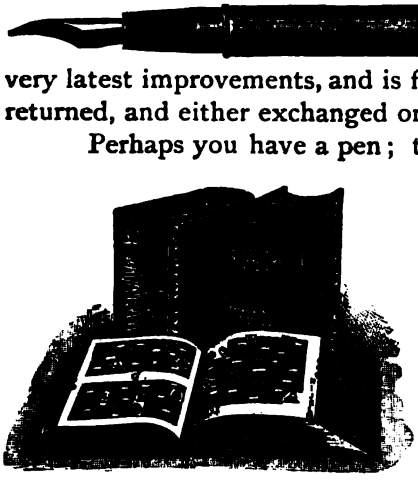

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ANOTHER DEFEAT OF DISHORNING

FOR the third time an attempt to legalize the barbarous operation of dishorning cattle in the State of New York has been defeated through the resolute opposition of the Society and the intelligent humanity of a committee of the State Senate.

On January 7th, Senator W. P. Richardson began his manœuvres as the champion of barbarity by introducing a proposed amendment to Section 655 of the Penal Code. Among its many excellent provisions for the prevention of cruelty, this section declares that "any person who causes, procures or permits any animal to be . . . . unjustifiably injured, maimed, mutilated, or killed, . . . or who wilfully sets on foot, instigates, engages in, or in any way furthers any act of cruelty to any animal, or any act tending to produce such cruelty, is guilty of a misdemeanor." Under this statute it is evident that the dishorning of cattle, by which they are "unjustifiably mutilated," is "an act of cruelty," and consequently punishable as a misdemeanor.

There is not a court in the State of New York in which the flimsy pretexts offered in defence of this outrageous practice would be accepted as a sufficient "justification" of them to exempt the perpetrator from the penalty of the law. It was therefore necessary to Senator Richardson's plan that the law itself should be amended.

A DISHONEST PRETENCE

The amendment proposed was exceedingly specious. Even its mover did not at first pretend to deny that dishorning in general is cruel, and he knew perfectly well that it is horribly cruel. All he professed to ask was, that it should be legalized in cases in which the cruelty might be justified on the ground of necessity. His amendment, therefore, merely excepted from the provisions of the

act "the removal of the horns of vicious and dangerous animals."

If this amendment had been offered in good faith, it might have been allowed to pass without suspicion; but in Senator Richardson's crusade against dumb animals there was not one single element of good faith. It was tainted with insincerity in every particular.

Senator Richardson pretended to represent "the farming interest," and that pretence was false. He had no mandate from the farming interest to represent it in this matter; he was acting entirely in the interest of certain transportation companies whose profits would be increased if the present sufferings of cattle *in transitu* could be made still greater by closer crowding in cattle trains and steamers.

Those corporations were Senator Richardson's real constituency in this business, and the few farmers by whom he was supported were ignorant of the nature and consequences of the operation.

Just so the pretence that the proposed amendment was intended to protect human beings from "vicious and dangerous animals" was thoroughly exposed by Mr. Richardson himself when he began to assert that dishorning is a harmless, useful, and not very painful operation, which ought to be at the discretion of any owner of cattle. By adopting this line of argument, he virtually confessed that the purpose of his proposed amendment was to introduce an exception under which it would be practically impossible to prevent dishorning in any case.

The dishonesty of the whole measure was transparent; and it was necessary to resist it with the fullest evidence of the true character of the practice which the proposed amendment was meant surreptitiously to allow. Accordingly, President Haines addressed a note to Hon. George F. Roesch, chairman of the Judiciary Committee of the Senate, to which the proposed amendment was referred, asking to be heard by the committee before it reported the bill. Mr. Roesch courteously granted the request, and there was then no reason to fear for the result. A committee consisting of such men as Senators Roesch, Parker, McMahon, Cantor, McClelland, Bloodgood, Saxton, O'Connor, and Mullin would not easily be exploited by Senator Richardson; and it would be necessary only that the real nature of dishorning should be shown to the satisfaction of those gentlemen in order to insure their indignant condemnation of the attempt to legalize it.

FIRST HEARING BEFORE THE COMMITTEE

Accordingly, on January 24th, when Senator Richardson appeared before the committee to give his reasons for desiring the passage of his amendment, he was surprised to find Mr. Haines in attendance for the purpose of showing that the amendment ought not to pass. Mr. Haines was supported by Mr. H. S. Matteson of Morris, Otsego County, one of the best known and most influential practical farmers of the State, and invincibly opposed to dishorning; also by three veterinary surgeons of acknowledged eminence in their profession, viz., Dr. Samuel K. Johnson of the New York City Board of Health, Professor McLean of Brooklyn, and Dr. R. A. McLean, Inspector of the State Board of Health. Senator Richardson attempted to pooh-pooh the objection to dishorning as a sentimental fad of people who knew nothing of cattle or of farming. Mr. Richardson did not know that President Haines himself has had nearly twenty years' experience in practical farming and cattle raising, nor had he bargained for the plain, straightforward, and decisive evidence of Mr. Matteson. Least of all, however, was he prepared to meet the ocular demonstration of the cruelty of dishorning which was put before the very eyes of the committee by the distinguished veterinarians in attendance. Among other exhibits they had brought a pair of horns, cut precisely as the horns of the living animal are cut in dishorning, and showed the cavities through which the blood-vessels and nerve-tissues extend from the head into the horns. After that, it was useless for Senator Richardson to attempt to persuade the members of the committee that dishorning is not a horribly painful operation. He felt that he was worsted in that encounter, and begged the committee to grant him an opportunity to be heard again at an adjourned hearing, when he should be better prepared. With characteristic fairness and patience his request was promptly granted, and the hearing was adjourned to January 31st. Meanwhile a decided advantage had been gained, and not least in the unmasking of Senator Richardson's real purpose, which was *not* to protect human life and limb, but, under that false and fraudulent pretext, to legalize a barbarous cruelty to defenceless animals.

SECOND HEARING AND VICTORY—FACTS VERSUS FICTION

At the adjourned hearing Senator Richardson made his appearance attended by two gentlemen hailing from Cornell University, Professor Roberts of the chair of Agriculture, and Professor James Law of the chair of Veterinary Surgery. It seemed, after all, that the senator's belief in "practical farmers" required the support of men of science; and if the two men of science had been able to prove that what they said was trustworthy, they would have done him notable service. Professor Law said that dishorning is an operation which is quickly performed and is *not* very painful; and his colleague, Professor Roberts, was quite enthusiastic in his account of its utility. He declared that dishorned cattle require less food after the operation and yet increase more rapidly in weight, and that while the male becomes less dangerous, the female gives more milk. Last of all he stated a fact which ought probably to have been mentioned first, that more of them can be crowded into cattle sheds and stables.

With the exception of the first and the last statements, every particular of the testimony of the two gentlemen from Cornell was disproved to the satisfaction of the committee. It had already been demonstrated that dishorning is a monstrously cruel operation. It was now shown from actual experience and observation that it sometimes causes lockjaw; that it is often followed by blood poisoning; that it is always attended by a feverish condition which may last for weeks, and during which the milk of a dishorned cow is actually poisonous; that it produces a general disturbance of the system and a decided loss of flesh; and that its consequences are sometimes so severe that the animal is killed, and the diseased meat sent to market to poison any one who may eat it. It was shown, moreover, that the operation is so injurious to the general health of the animal as to diminish the reproductive powers in both sexes, so that any apparent diminution of fierceness in the male is due not to an improvement of temper, but to a lowering of vitality. While these facts were being proved, the two gentlemen from Cornell were compelled to admit so much of the evidence against them as to impair the value of whatever parts of their own testimony they still continued to maintain. The upshot was, that the Judiciary Committee next morning unanimously reported the bill adversely to the Senate, and the report being accepted, the measure failed to become a law.

DISHORNING IN THE ASSEMBLY

But Senator Richardson was not even then willing to abandon the interests of the corporations whose cause he champions as persistently as if he were their paid attorney; therefore, when defeated in the Senate, he betook himself to the Assembly. He had already been guilty of an amazing piece of blundering impropriety in trying to influence the Senate committee by putting before them a petition from sundry members of the lower house, requesting them to report his amendment favorably —an impertinence which brought down upon him a severe and dignified rebuke from Mr. Roesch. Now, in the Assembly, he has thrown off all pretence of care for human safety, and in Assembly Bill No. 547 it is proposed to amend the present statute by the addition of the words "but nothing in this section shall apply to the dishorning of domestic animals when the operation is performed by a competent person." Thus, at length, the mask is cast completely off, since any person who has skill enough to tie the head of a poor beast so as to keep it motionless, and strength enough to use a hand-saw on the comparatively soft substance of a living horn, is "competent" to commit this act of cruelty. Mr. Richardson is likely to succeed no better in the Assembly than in the Senate. The bill has been referred to the Committee on Codes, of which the Hon. Daniel F. Martin is chairman. The cause of the dumb beasts it is proposed to torture will be duly represented before that committee, doubtless with the same result as in the other case; if not, there is little likelihood that the bill will ever pass the Assembly; and even if it should, there is a moral certainty that it will not pass the Senate.

* * *

A FRENCH army surgeon, M. Stroebel, recently read a paper before the Académie de Médecine, demonstrating that one carrier pigeon is capable of carrying five or six tubes of vaccine. If an epidemic of smallpox should break out in a besieged city, deprived of all communication with the rest of the country, the advantage of thus utilizing pigeons can well be imagined. In Edinburgh the evening papers have a trained service of carrier pigeons for use at out-of-the-way meetings.

SENTIMENTALISM AND SENTIMENT

THERE is no objection with which teachers of philanthropic and humane principles are more commonly met than that they are carried away by mere sentimentalism. If the charge were true, it would be a valid objection both to their work and to the principles of their work. Sentimentalism is only a feeble and fictitious imitation of genuine sentiment. Sentimentalism enjoys the luxury of tears shed for the heroine of a novel or a drama, but has nothing kinder than contempt for the actual miseries of human beings, or of God's dumb creatures; and a philanthropy or humanity of that kind deserves all the scorn that can be heaped upon it.

The objection to sentimentalism, however, is aimed not only at sentimentalism, but at sentiment, which is something very different. Sentiment is a reality, and an essential reality, in human nature. The man or the woman who is destitute of sentiment lacks something without which humanity is poor indeed. Right sentiments are essential to right character. If a man should obey all human laws in his external conduct, no one would have a right to call him a vicious man; and yet, if the motive of his conduct were a mere sentiment of selfishness, he could not rightly be called a virtuous man. Thus we perceive that the ethical character of a man's life and conduct depends upon the sentiments by which he is actuated.

This, too, the objector may admit, and still maintain that, in determining one's actions, reason alone, and not sentiment, is to be followed. It is on this fallacious argument that we desire now to make one or two observations.

SENTIMENT AN ORGAN OF REASON

No less logical a writer than Sir James Stephen says: "It should not be forgotten that *opinions have a moral side to them*"; and wherever there is a question of morals, there a right moral sentiment is fully as indispensable as reason itself. But Principal Caird goes even further, when he says that "feeling and conscience are *more than helps* to logic in finding truth; they are themselves *organs for the discovery of truth.*" In this observation the great Scotch logician is referring to intellectual truth. That any question of moral truth—that is to say, of justice or mercy—should be determined without feeling and without conscience, would have seemed to him preposterous. As Frederick Robertson has well said: "We may question the decisions of the intellect, but it is at our peril that we tamper with the verdict of the heart." To like effect, we might quote very many authorities of the highest character. Thus the famous Joubert says: "There are subjects of grave moment and questions of primary importance in which the governing ideas *ought* to spring from the sentiments; *all is lost* if they are taken from elsewhere." "The heart," says Pascal, "*has reasons of its own* of which reason knows nothing"; and the great Buckle, with all his positivism, declared that the heart is right. "*The emotions*," he tells us, "*are as large a part of us as the understanding; they are as truthful; they are as likely to be right.* Though their view is very different from that of the understanding, it is not capricious. They obey fixed laws; they follow an uniform and orderly course; they run in sequences; they have their logic and methods of inference." To quote only one other authority, no less a man than Professor Tyndall observes that, "The circle of human nature is not complete without the arc of feeling and emotion."

THE SENTIMENTS AS A PRODUCT OF EVOLUTION

If reasoners such as these not only admit that sentiment has a due place, and a large place, in the operations of the reasoning faculties, but that in many matters sentiment, rather than mere understanding, ought to determine both belief and conduct, we need not be ashamed to profess that we agree with them. We therefore assert that in all matters of morality—that is to say, of truth, of justice, and of mercy—the sentiments ought to control and determine the judgment. This proposition we might easily maintain on grounds of religion and philosophy; we prefer at present to regard it as a logical inference from the doctrine of evolution.

If we should admit that morals are a product of evolution, we must also assert that moral sentiments are likewise a product of evolution. The sentiments of the individual are an inheritance of the race to which he belongs. What we call conscience, according to the theory of evolution, is simply the inherited and instinctive testimony of the race concerning what is good and evil to the social life of the race. Thus, conscience represents in the individual the accumulated experience of the race through countless generations; and the testimony of that age-long experience is incomparably

more trustworthy than the independent reasonings of any individual. In a matter of pure morals—that is to say, in a matter concerning truth, or justice, or mercy—the conscientious sentiment of a man or woman of average character is a thousandfold more authoritative than any reason that either of them could give for it. Only in obedience to the moral sentiments can there be peace. Independently of them, reason alone gives no satisfaction; while an unreasoning obedience to the dictates of conscientious sentiment imparts a sense of inward harmony and peace without which no mere intellectual conclusion can be perfect. "There is a sense," says Principal Caird, "in which all intense feeling transcends the limits of logic, and is capable of a richness and fulness of content which baffles definition and outstrips the hard and fast categories of the understanding. Our most exalted spiritual experiences are those which are least capable of being expressed by precise logical formulæ." In other words, man at his present stage of development bears within himself the testimony of all previous human experience as an instinctive guide to his conduct; the satisfaction of the moral instinct which we call conscience is essential to his happiness; a life from which the influence of the moral sentiments is excluded is at once a monstrous and a miserable life: it is more, for, though it pretend to be guided by reason and understanding, it is nevertheless an irrational life, since it rejects the inherited experience of the race and declines to use an indispensable organ of right reason.

THE SENTIMENT OF JUSTICE

If there be any matter of morals in regard to which reason alone might be supposed to be a sufficient guide, it is justice. Most men say that they want no sentimental concessions; all they ask is bare justice. But is it quite certain that justice itself is not founded in sentiment? The Roman definition of justice was, "to do wrong to no one, and to give every man his due." The law of our own land proclaims that every man is entitled, as a matter of right, to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. All this seems perfectly elementary to us in our present state of social development; but it did not always seem so. It took ages of social experience to create the idea of social obligation; and when that idea had been so far formed as to govern men in their tribal relations, it was not even then understood to be binding beyond the tribe. One tribe warred upon another and plundered it without the slightest idea that it was doing a wrong or depriving any one of his due; and even within the tribe or state the general law had notable exceptions. Thus, in Rome, the slave had absolutely no rights. His master could do him no wrong, though he should torture him or crucify him; and the father of a Roman family had absolute power over the life of his own wife and children. It took a long time for men to acquire the *sentiment*, which at last grew into the *principle*, that all men are born free and equal, and are alike entitled to enjoyment of life, liberty, and property. In social development it is always the gradual growth of just sentiment that leads at last to the recognition of what we now regard as elementary principles of justice.

THE EVOLUTION OF JUST LAWS

After the fundamental principles of justice have been reached and recognized, it is still by the growth of right sentiments that the application of those principles is more and more extended. Every lawyer knows how beneficently this process has been carried on by courts of equity, in which the chancellors, as "keepers of the king's conscience," or, more properly, as representatives of the public conscience, have changed the crude customs of our barbarous ancestors into the equitable system which now prevails. It is quite true that courts of equity have always justified their innovations on grounds of reason; but then it is also true that they have never thought of the reasons until some sense of violated justice impelled them to search for reasons. That salutary process is by no means terminated, and in times to come it will continue, as in times past. The evolution of society is never stationary; the moral condition of society is always represented by the justice or injustice of its laws; and the sincere lover of mankind can hope for nothing better than that the just principles which are now so clearly recognized shall be more effectively and faithfully applied, until no wrong of any kind shall be allowed, and every man shall have his due.

Now all we ask in behalf of the brute creation is that they, too, shall have justice, as fellow-denizens with man of this earth. They are designed for man's use; therefore, let man use them. But let him use them justly. Let him not wrong them by

needless, wanton, or capricious cruelty. Let him recognize that they have rights, and give to every one of them its due. That is all we ask.

Mankind is surely far enough advanced to see that the principle of justice, which was once confined in its application to the tribe or clan, and even there to free men only, and which is now applied to all *men* universally, must have some right application to all sentient creatures. What we ask is that its applications to them shall be rightly studied, so that justice may be done to myriads of myriads of inoffensive creatures which have no power to resist injustice. In that study, we maintain, there must be a conscientious use of the sentiments as well as of the reason. The results will benefit both man and beast. Civilization advances in exact proportion as right sentiment removes the need of force to compel justice. Let the sentiment of justice be so developed that every wrong done to any helpless creature shall inspire horror and disgust, and then we may expect that wrongs done by men to men will be proportionately fewer.

FORESTRY

THE retirement of General Noble from the Department of the Interior makes it proper to recall the service done during his administration of that department, by the addition of 500,000 acres to the domain included in our national park. In every aspect this service is worthy of commemoration; and its value will be increased if the State of California shall see fit to cede to the United States that portion of the park which lies within its jurisdiction. Unless the park shall be thoroughly protected from the vandalism of intruders, not many years will pass before it will be stripped of many of the noble trees with which it is adorned. The State of California has not been able thus far to prevent such inroads, and it is doubtful whether it can do any better in the future. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the right to prevent them may be placed in hands which are powerful enough to guard this valuable portion of the national domain.

The new Secretary of the Department of Agriculture is a gentleman from whom the nation may expect excellent service in promoting the preservation of forests, and the cultivation of scientific forestry. It is said to be a fact that 25,000 acres of forest lands in the United States are daily stripped of their trees; and unless some steps shall be taken to replace the forests thus destroyed, the experience of France and other countries has shown that vast districts of arable land will soon become absolutely barren. One of the most wonderful instances of barrenness as the result of the destruction of trees is that of Palestine, once "flowing with milk and honey," but now, except in certain parts, reduced to barrenness on the western side of the Jordan. On the east of that river, the country is of the same natural character as on the west; but there the trees have not been destroyed, and consequently its soil is good, its herbage is abundant, nature responds to the labor of the husbandman, and the perennial streams which water it are full of fish. It is the belief of competent observers that the systematic planting of trees on the west of the Jordan would in thirty years restore that portion of the country to the wonderful fertility for which it was once famous, and the success of France in the restoration of a once fertile region from the curse of barrenness, makes that opinion probable.

The new Secretary of Agriculture is well known as the founder of the "Arbor Day" observances by which millions of trees have been planted in all parts of the country; and he has modestly, but firmly, declared his purpose to devote the influences of his office to the introduction of scientific forestry as a recognized department of the national interests. He could do nothing wiser or more beneficial. The present destruction of trees and forests threatens ruin; and unless the planting of trees shall be promoted in some practical and large way, serious disaster may be expected by our agriculturists.

For the sake of the farmers, therefore, we hope that the new Secretary may be able to carry out his plans. But we hope for his success in the interest of dumb animals as well. The destruction of a forest means the extermination of innumerable living creatures whose habitat is in the woods. Surely the advance of civilization ought not to be marked by such wholesale destruction, nor do we think that it can take place without more harm than has ever yet been appreciated. We know already that the destruction of trees changes the meteorical phenomena of any district, but is it not at least probable that the wholesale destruction of animals may likewise change the vital conditions of all animals in the vicinity? The balance of nature

is so delicately adjusted in all its parts, that if it be disturbed in any way, some damage must follow. But even were it not so, is it well that the advance of man should cause needless suffering or destruction to any of God's creatures that are not injurious to human health or wealth?

AT HEADQUARTERS

ABOUT half-past two o'clock the other morning Officer Noble, who was on duty at the stock yards, Sixtieth street and North River, noticed an unusual commotion in one of the dark corners of the immense cellar of what is known as the sheep house. Cautiously approaching the spot he saw a cow in the grasp of several men, some holding her by the nose, others by the tail, more were pulling at a rope around the horns, while two were standing ready with bale sticks to strike the animal whenever and wherever the opportunity offered. Before Noble could interfere one of the men struck the cow a fearful blow on the neck with the stick and was about to repeat the offence when the officer seized both the club and the clubber. The companions of the latter left their four-legged victim and went to his assistance. "I realized that I was going to have a pretty hard time," said the officer, "so I made up my mind to begin operations. I held on to my prisoner in spite of the assault of the rest of the gang, and after a hard struggle landed him in the station-house; then I went for the others, but they had gone away. I put the cow in a stable and had it fed." The place where this incident took place is one of the most dangerous in the city, especially in the early hours of the day. Several of our officers have been roughly handled while interfering to protect some poor animal from being abused. The prisoner, John Muszynski, was held in one hundred dollars bail for trial.

* * *

"WHAT do you mean by stopping my carriage? I am on my way to the *matinée*, and I shall be late," exclaimed a very indignant young woman to Superintendent Hankinson. "Well, I will tell you if you will get out of your carriage," was the reply; but this she refused to do for fear of wetting her feet. The carriage was an ordinary hack to which was attached a poor lame horse, hardly able to walk, let alone to gallop, as the driver was endeavoring to make it do by the free use of a heavy whip. When informed that she would have to make a change of vehicles, owing to the disabled condition of the horse, the woman became perfectly furious and denounced the proceeding as an outrage. "I found it waste of time," said the superintendent, "to try to explain matters." Her only reply was, "I want to get to the theatre; I don't care for the horse, and I will not get out." The horse in the meantime had been unhitched from the cab, and, when released from the shafts, almost fell down from weakness. The sight of the poor suffering creature did not appear to affect the woman in the slightest degree; she continued to lament being late for the *matinée*, and threatened all sorts of vengeance upon the officers of the society. The innocent cause of the trouble was taken to the veterinary hospital in an ambulance; the cruel driver to the station-house; and the indignant female, who refused to use another hack to take her to the theatre, started off on foot to make a complaint against the officer.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

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MISCELLANY

THE RETURN OF THE BIRDS—MARCH MIGRANTS

By Frank M. Chapman

[For our animal friends]

WHY do birds return to us each spring? What impulse is it that forces them to leave a congenial climate and an abundance of food, to follow fast in the footsteps of retreating winter? The bayman knows that the day after the ice breaks, ducks will appear in the bay; the robins brave the winds of late February, and seem quite willing to exchange warmth and sunshine for snowy surroundings, and even prefer frozen cedar-berries to the more palatable china-berries, or fruit of the mistletoe, which they leave behind. So strong is this desire to return to the nesting ground, that birds are frequently deceived by unseasonably warm weather into traveling northward long before the proper time. An instance of this kind occurred at Englewood, New Jersey, on December 31, 1882, when a friend of the writer observed thousands of tree (or white-bellied) swallows. The day was an unusually warm one, perhaps part of a warm wave on the crest of which the swallows had been borne northward. There were no insects on which they could feed, but they adapted themselves to circumstances, and accepted bay-berries as a substitute—a habit which has frequently been noticed in this species.

But these illustrations of the power of the impulse which induces birds to migrate northward do not answer our question, and it may as well be admitted that the subject is among the unsolved problems of ornithology. It may be love of a home which lack of food has forced them to leave for a season; it may be inherited habit acquired under conditions of which we are and ever will be ignorant. But whatever the original cause of migration, its object now is to reach a home in which the young may be reared in safety, and the attractions of winter resorts are never sufficient to induce migratory birds to remain in their winter homes during the summer. Captive wild fowl are well known to exhibit an unusual restlessness as the season of migration approaches, and even our domesticated hens, peafowl, ducks, etc., if given freedom, will migrate a greater or less distance in order to find a place in which they may conceal their nests.

Why may not the habit of migration be simply a development of this instinct, which prompts animals to secure an unexposed place in which to bring forth their young? Through succeeding ages, changing conditions may have compelled birds to wander farther and farther in search of homes where they would be undisturbed during the season of reproduction, and we now find them performing journeys of thousands of miles twice each year.

The first birds that come to us in the spring are those that winter farthest north. The last arrivals are generally those which pass the winter farthest south. Thus all our March migrants winter in the southern States, while the birds which reach us in May are, as a rule, not found in the United States during the winter. For example, the robin, one of our earliest birds, is a regular winter resident as far north as New Jersey; while the bobolink, which appears in the latitude of New York City in May, winters south of the Amazon.

It is an interesting fact that in the United States, at least, the northward movement commences everywhere at about the same time. Thus, in February, when the first migratory robins are arriving in the vicinity of New York City, at nearly the same time the first purple martins are crossing from Cuba to southern Florida. The bluebirds come with the robins. A few of both species generally winter with us, it is true, but the increase in their numbers is soon apparent. For a week or more after their arrival the robins are songless, but their spirits rise with the temperature, and on the first spring-like days we are cheered by their morning and evening chorus. Soon the song sparrows join the choir, and these two birds may be said to inaugurate the season of song which lasts until August.

The purple grackles, or crow blackbirds, follow not long after the robins. Flocks of thousands pass rapidly northward. With them are the red-wing blackbirds. The crackling music of a band of blackbirds as it rises and falls with the wind is one of the most welcome voices of spring. At this time, too, the crows are migrating. One can see them journeying by day, black specks high in the air, flying towards the northeast.

About March 10 the fox-sparrow arrives. The coming of this sparrow is eagerly awaited by the lover of bird-music. He is indeed the "noblest Roman of them all," and his pure rich song is none the less effective because of his bleak surroundings. The phœbe, the only flycatcher which winters in the eastern United States, comes as soon as the presence of insect food warrants his appearance. Generally he may be found prospecting near the site of last year's nest by March 15. The high-hole, flicker, or clape—he has received some thirty common names—winters with us in small numbers; but by the middle of March many new arrivals will be noticed, and the rolling tattoo of his downy cousin will be heard.

The woodcock awaits only a thaw which will enable him to probe the earth for his favorite food of worms. Through a misplaced confidence in the weather he and his mate frequently go to housekeeping not long after their arrival. A woodcock found by a naturalist at Englewood, New Jersey, was faithfully sitting on its nest, while all about it the earth was covered with snow. Under ordinary circumstances a woodcock harmonizes so perfectly with its surroundings that it requires a keen and practised eye to distinguish the nesting bird. The bird seems aware of this protective coloration, and will permit one to approach to within a few feet of the nest before taking flight, doubtless trusting to its protective coloring for concealment. In two instances known to the writer the observer, by approaching with the utmost caution, actually stroked the sitting woodcock before it left the nest. But the bird found nesting after the untimely snow-storm seemed well aware of its conspicuousness against a white background, and took flight at the first sign of danger.

About the middle of March the male woodcock is in full song, and his curious vocal performances, accompanied by aerial evolutions, are among the most interesting events in our March bird-world.

From March 20 to the last of the month, tit-larks, cowbirds, field, swamp, and vesper sparrows, king-fishers, and myrtle warblers may be looked for. The time of their appearance varies with the season. Indeed, the coming of all the earlier birds is largely dependent on meteorological conditions, and it is only after the weather becomes settled that we may expect a bird to arrive within a day or two of a given date.

GLIMPSES OF JAPAN

By Kate Elizabeth Clark

[For our animal friends]

NATURE worship is a marked characteristic of the Japanese. Their appreciation of flowers and trees and scenery is manifested in ways that have long seemed quaint and curious to us; but ways that, now we are becoming more civilized, we find ourselves quite willing to imitate. We see, for example, that it is more artistic to arrange flowers after the Japanese fashion; perhaps a single flower spray in a vase which harmonizes with the branch in shape and color, or a cluster of water-lilies with their own leaves floating naturally in a broad low bowl that calls to mind the dark, quiet pool whence they were taken. We find, too, that there is a fine and true reason for decorating a wall with but a single exquisite Kakemono, or placing a single rare work of art by itself on a lacquered stand. In many of the details, indeed, that make up the charms of daily life, we are learning from our Japanese neighbors, as they in turn are learning from us in general culture and that breadth of outlook which sees all parts subordinate to the whole.

One characteristic that is a result of nature worship we might, as a nation, copy to advantage. Of the Japanese far more than of us can it be said that their kindness to animals is a national trait. All travellers agree upon this. In *Unbeaten Tracks in Japan*, Miss Bird notes the kindness of the Japanese, particularly to horses. These patient animals, patient and gentle as the Japanese themselves, are not even roughly spoken to; and, as a matter of course, are neither beaten, stoned, nor otherwise ill-treated. They are sometimes even honored after death by having tombstones erected over their graves. A recent writer (Miss Webb, in the *Animal World*) mentions that according to Mossman there were formerly hospitals in Japan for invalid dogs, and when dogs died they were buried on eminences, which was considered a great mark of respect. The cows there, Miss Webb states, have cotton cloths printed with blue dragons thrown over them to keep off mud and insects.

"At one temple where there are some tame pigeons, old women sit outside and drive a regular trade in selling rice and bran, so that humane

people can have the opportunity of feeding the pretty birds."

Pierre Loti and Lafcadio Hearn, who have both so daintily pictured the poetic side of Japanese life, testify to the gentle attention shown by the Japanese toward the lower as well as the higher forms of animal life. But no modern writer has more faithfully and brilliantly pictured the nature-loving Japanese and their surroundings than Sir Edwin Arnold. A recent article by him in the *Cosmopolitan* contains passages that are veritable prose poems. His subject is Atami, a Japanese watering place on an ocean nook on the southern shore of the empire, between the peninsula of Idzu and the Gulf of Yeddo. It stands against a background of mountains; orange palms and semi-tropical plants, not common elsewhere, grow abundantly in the neighborhood. The valley, at the foot of which Atami is built, divides, as it recedes from the sea, into numerous converging vales, all falling steeply from high ridges, which thus afford an inexhaustible variety of mountain and forest walks. Here and there are terraces of rice and barley fields, and an occasional slope where the peasant has burnt off a patch of ground upon which he can grow a sackful of grain or pulse.

"The rest is all pure, wild, original nature—thickets of tall bamboo; hillsides of waving spear grass and reeds; groves of dark firs and cryptomeria, with close undergrowth of ferns, azalea, and hydrangea bushes, and the ever-springing coarse bamboo grass, wherein few creatures can live except lizards, foxes, and the tanuki, or badger. But countless streams, descending from the crests of the Hikone Pass, make music in these green hills; and every fresh knoll or ledge in them, as you climb and wander, reveals some new and exquisite combination of mountain and ocean, rocky coast and flowery meadow, distant islands and far-off headlands, melting into the mingling blue of sea and sky."

"Here you may lose yourself in lovely solitudes, wandering among vast coppices of bamboo like a forest of green gigantic ostrich plumes, mingled with fir and laurel and oak, and observing how your own woodland flowers blend in happy harmony with the novel flowers of Japan, the blood-red lilac, the purple-black arum, the wild camellia, and the hotaru-nohanu, or firefly's blossom.

"On every path you will meet the wood-cutter in blue gown with Chinese letters of good luck upon it, and black hair tied with a blue and white cloth, toiling down with his load of fire-wood. Near to the town, at the temple of Kinomiya, stands, in a thick grove, an immeasurably ancient camphor tree, the trunk of which is still some thirty feet in circumference. The commonest timber trees are the pinus orientalis, the Japanese fir, and the cryptomeria. Not very much animal life moves among these verdant silences. The hototogisu—the Japanese cuckoo—who comes across the Shide Mountain and the Sanzu River, fabulous places in the other world, to tell the farmer when it is time to sow his rice, has not yet begun his slow song; but there are eagles (washi), kites, crows, with finches and tits; and in the thicket, weasels, yellow and brown lizards, and the yamakagachi—a pretty, graceful snake with red head and shoulders and golden belly. In the rice-borders a great russet frog keeps up the immortal chorus of Aristophanes, and a little, bright-green species of batrachian hops about the wet leaves, and tries to make you believe he is himself a leaf. Over every pool and runnel dart the steel-blue and black dragon-flies, like tiny spears, much hunted by country boys and girls; which reminds one of that brief, pathetic Japanese poem, written as an epitaph upon her little lad of seven by the most famous poetess of Japan:

'Tombo-tsuri!
Kyô wa doko made
Itta, yara!'

which may be Englished:

'My chaser of the dragon fly!
My son! my son!
How far, I wonder, have those little feet,
This sad day, run?'"

Japanese children are early taught to restrain those impulses to cruelty which still seem to be characteristic of certain children in every nation—a survival of primitive barbarian instincts. They are not allowed to believe that an insect or a fish has no feeling, and that its little life is of no consequence, and they are constantly warned that every act of cruelty will be punished in a future state. It is doubtless due to this careful inculcation of a humane spirit at a time when the mind is most impressionable, that the Japanese have become, as all travellers say, the politest of nations. One cannot but hope that the quaint and peaceful charm which results from a universal spirit of kindliness may not pass away with the adoption of modern institutions and modern habits of thought.

THE HIGHLAND COLLIE

By George Ethelbert Walsh

[For our animal friends]

AMONG the fine breeds of dogs that have been evolved through generations of selection and training for the use of man, the collie or sheep dog probably excels all others in intelligence and faithfulness. Life is serious to this wise animal; his ability is not that of the trick dog, simply to please and amuse spectators. He looks with contempt upon such frivolous performances; but, when in the field for work, he displays a superior knowledge, which places him in the front rank of useful dogs.

In the Scottish Highlands the rare sagacity of the collie reaches its highest perfection; and among the snow-clad peaks and deep ravines of that rough country the shepherds often leave the faithful dogs in full charge of the flocks of sheep. The trained dog rules the grazing animal by the force of his dominant nature, just as a good horseman controls a horse. This same will power is exhibited at times by the collies in ruling other dogs and cattle, and, though gentle and kind in their actions, they are always firm and determined. In certain parts of the Highlands of Scotland and the lake country of England the dog is indispensable in sheep raising. For days at a time the sheep are left entirely in his care, and, if necessary, he will gather them all from the mountainside and not let one stray away. During the dipping season he guards the undipped sheep from the others, and as fast as one is required he sep-

arates him from the flock and hurries him to the master. One word from the shepherd will make the collie understand what he is to do.

Between the Scottish shepherds and their dogs there is perfect intelligence and a real affection. Away up the rough mountain-sides, far from any habitation of man, the faithful collie and his master live together, enjoying the fine summer

weather, and roughing it through the severe cold wintry season. So isolated are they that they become close friends, and in this companionship the dogs acquire almost human sagacity. Steadfast, faithful, and thoughtful, they understand their duty, and they perform it often with actual heroism. A dumb signal from their masters is enough for them, and they in turn can make the shepherds comprehend their meaning by barking and peculiar movements of the body.

The duties of the collies are manifold. Simply watching the sheep as they graze is a small part of their work. They are trained to fight the enemies of the flock, and they are as brave as they are faithful. A collie would lay down his life, if necessary, to defend his charge. Gathering the sheep together, when they have been scattered on the hill-sides, is no small labor, for the sheep are often unruly and wild; but the collies are firm and active, and the sheep soon learn to trust them. Out of a flock of fifteen hundred, three or four may be missing. The collie is told to go out and find them. Perfectly comprehending what is expected of him, he instantly hurries away to the mountains, and when he returns he will be sure to bring the lost sheep back with him.

In the Highlands there are many sudden snow storms, and when the sheep are pasturing on mountains they are apt to be frightened at the approach of a storm. The collies, however, never lose their heads, but with wonderful foreknowledge of the weather they will begin to gather the sheep together before the storm has arrived. Often they become uneasy, and begin to huddle the sheep in a small space before a cloud or moan of the wind has signified an approaching change of weather, and immediately begin to drive them down to a place of shelter which may be miles away. If the snow overtakes them, and the sheep show a desire to stop and huddle together, the dogs will drive them firmly along. One dog can move the sheep and drive them into a fold quicker and better than a dozen men.

Gentleness as well as courage is required in the collie, and it is this remarkable combination which makes him so valuable. While gentle and considerate with the lambs, he is firm and unyielding with the old rams, which are disposed to drive the frisky little creatures away. When a difference of opinion occurs between the rams and the dogs, the dogs carry their point every time.

Of late many collies have been exhibited at bench shows, and quite a number of finely trained animals have been sent to this country. At the West they will be of inestimable value to cattle owners. They have an inherited faculty of herding and folding cattle and sheep, and they are excellent watch-dogs, not assailing every one who may appear on the premises, but instinctively divining a nefarious purpose in an intruder, and then guarding their master's property with sagacity and skill. At the same time they have affectionate traits which fit them to be companions of children and women.

CATS OF HIGH DEGREE

THÉOPHILE GAUTIER had a passion for cats, even in his boyhood, when his gray cat used to bite Madame Gautier's legs whenever she took her son to task. No gift was so acceptable to Gautier as a cat, but he was fairly alarmed when he received a white Angora, "a veritable Apollo." He said he should not dare to offer it anything but white mice. His cats were given grand names—Zobeide, Zuleima, Zuleika, Cleopatra, Zi-zi, were some of them. Childebrand was

a splendid, tawny, black-striped specimen. A red-coated, white-breasted, pink-nosed, blue-eyed beauty was named Madame Théophile because she walked with him in the garden, reposed on his arm indoors, and slept at the foot of his bed. She had a weakness for patchouli, and delighted in hearing her master's lady friends sing, but invariably closed their mouths with her paw if they attempted a note too high for them. Another of his special pets was a white cat, named Don Pedro de Navarre, a cat much interested in his owner's pursuits, who would turn over the leaves of a book and then fall asleep, "for all the world as if he had been reading a fashionable novel."

The Don never retired to rest till Gautier came home, meeting him at the door and preceding him to his bedroom. As soon as he was between the sheets, up jumped the Don, took Gautier's neck between his paws, rubbed noses with him while uttering little cries of affection, and then perched himself on the bed-head and slept like a bird on a branch. He was provided with a spouse in the dreamy, contemplative, snowy Seraphita; but the pair died all too soon, and the white dynasty was succeeded by a black dynasty—three black beauties, the offspring of the white pair. They bore the names Enjolras, Gavroche and Epinone. The first named was a magnificent cat of slow and majestic moments; Gavroche was of a Bohemian temperament, fond of low company, and given to the amiable weakness of inviting starved strays to partake of the good things provided for himself.

Epinone was a perfect lady, who received visitors, conducted them up-stairs, and amused them till Gautier relieved her, when she retired to the corner of the piano, and listened to the conversation without interrupting it. She took her seat at table, and went regularly through the dinner from soup to dessert; but if she found knife, fork, and spoon laid in her place, Epinone betook herself to the piano and quietly looked on. Naturally this model cat lived beloved and died lamented. Gautier's artist cronies were fond of caricaturing him and his pets; but he told them cats were quite beyond their pencils. They might draw men and women—mere talent sufficed for that—but to portray a cat required genius.—*Chambers' Journal.*

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NOTHING of the highest Christianity has ever suffered, or will suffer, by scientific research.—*Sir Richard Owen.*

WHITTIER'S "ROBIN ADAIR"

BY CABAC

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

DURING one of Mr. Whittier's recent birthday celebrations, he entertained at his home a famous American singer.

After dinner she was requested to sing, and seating herself at the piano began the well-known ballad of Robin Adair, rendering it with all the pathos appropriate to the words and music. She had just begun it when the poet's pet dog entered the room, and taking his accustomed place at his master's side paid marked attention, unusual in an animal. Finally he arose, took his position by the piano, and every time the words "Robin Adair" were sung, he wagged his tail with evident satisfaction. When she finished her song, he put his paw into her hand and licked her face, thus expressing his appreciation.

"Robin takes that song as a tribute to himself," explained Mr. Whittier to his amused guests, "he also is named Robin Adair."

From that moment he became the singer's devoted attendant, remaining by her side indoors and accompanying her in all her walks. Whenever she took her seat at the piano he was by her side asking (by his expressive licking and rubbing) for *his song*. When the singer took her departure, Robin carried her satchel to the gate, and showed in every way his distress at parting from her.

It is a very curious coincidence that he only listened to the song of Robin Adair, and whenever she began another, he quietly left the room. How like some people! Attentive when their own interest is concerned, and when otherwise, like the dog, they quietly depart.

CRUELTY

By Edith M. Thomas

[For our Animal Friends]

He led a cruel life, men say;
That steely heart, that iron hand,
Each creature did in fear obey,
Ev'n to the beast that bore his brand.
That iron hand! that steely heart!
When death at last bade them despair,
The frightened watcher saw him start
At some dread vision of the air.

'Twas not the poor, unclothed, unfed,
Nor drudge that toiled 'mid tears and sighs;
But only a gaunt horse's head,
With starting veins and glazing eyes,
That fixed his glance by night, by day,
Between the curtains looming grim.
He lived a cruel life, men say,
But cruelly death came to him.

A LONDON CABMAN'S STORY

MANY years ago a friend of mine, a driver, got the awfullest hiding through his horse having a good memory. It came about in this way:

"There was an old major, or captain, who lived at Westminster, and he had a horse that he drove many years, and he was very fond of him, and kept him until he was blind and so queer in the legs that he wouldn't use him any longer, and he ordered his man to take him and get him shot.

"But the man didn't do it. He sold the horse to a little cab-master in London, for three pounds instead. Well, the cab-master drove of nights for about a year, and of course the horse went wuss, and then he sold him to another cabman for thirty-five shillings. He was reduced to a reg'lar hobject by that time, but they wasn't so particular as they are now, and the driver was rather a rough customer and used to carry a whip that was a 'persuader,' I can tell you.

"Well, one night a fare hailed him on Piccadilly, and he drew up to the curb and took him up, but when the old gent got in the blessed brute couldn't stir a peg, but stood like a frozen horse, his only movement being a trembling of the knees. This naturally made Ive—Ive, his name was—savage, and finding the thong was no good he lost his temper and took the butt end of the whip.

"The gentleman, he banged out of the cab, and he said: 'You inhuman scoundrel, what do you mean by flogging a poor beast that way?' says he, and no sooner did the old crock in the shafts hear him than he turned his head and began to neigh and whinny just like talking.

"He knowed his old master again, though he did not have any eyes to see him, and the old major looked at the horse and they knowed one another.

"I forget how old he was—the major, I mean—but he had Ive off the box and down on the pavement before you could say knife, and went at him with his bamboo stick till he roared out murder, and brought his crowd around 'em.

"Ive was going to play old Harry with the major, but his friends advised him different, so he squared the matter by getting a friend to take three teeth what the major knocked out to his house, saying in a polite note that he wanted a couple of pounds apiece for them, and that if the major would buy 'em the old horse should be thrown into the bargain. That's how they settled it."

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THE editor of *The Youth's Companion* is in sympathy with the movement which discountenances the wearing of birds in bonnets and hats. If every girl and woman would resolve never to wear such a ghastly decoration, he says that myriads of innocent lives would be saved, lives which in many cases are exceedingly useful to the husbandman. An incident is cited of one of our countrywomen who contracted to supply a Parisian firm with twenty thousand bird-skins at forty cents apiece.

She went to a large island on the Virginia coast, which had always been a famous breeding-ground for gulls and other birds, and offered to pay ten cents for each skin. The same offer was published along the southern coast. The gunners went to work. Every kind of bird was slaughtered, from the heron to the humming-bird. The murder was wholesale. As a result, thousands of women decorated their hats with the dead bodies that winter, and the shrewd American woman, with her profit over expenses of four or five thousand dollars, spent probably a gay season in Paris, untroubled by remorse.

But the mother birds being shot, countless fledglings died of starvation in the nests. On the island, which for hundreds of years had been full of innocent, happy life, there is now scarcely the chirp of a bird to be heard.

This is but one chapter of the story of the widespread destruction of birds to satisfy vanity.

CHANGES OF PLUMAGE

THE moulting of birds is a topic which has received very little attention even from ornithologists. Mr. Witmer Stone of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Philadelphia, has recently been engaged in examining these changes of plumage, and has published an interesting paper on the subject in a late issue of *Science*. As is well known, the change takes place in two ways: by the acquisition of an entirely new set of feathers, and by an abrasion, or wearing away of portions of the old feathers. Mr. Stone says:

In effecting the complete moult the feathers are renewed a few at a time in a regular sequence, and the utility of this can easily be seen, for if the old plumage was all lost at once the bird would be unable to fly for some days and would in all probability perish. On the wings, the moult begins with the middle feathers and extends outward and inward, corresponding feathers being lost from each wing simultaneously. At the same time the feathers on the sides of the breast, centre of the back, and the wing coverts are renewed. . . . The change of plumage on the other parts of the body follows rapidly, and the new dress is donned in a remarkably short time, with the exception of the last wing and tail quills.

The second method of changing plumage—by abrasion—is said to be seen best in birds of parti-colored plumage, where the centre of the feather is of one hue and the margin of another. The description of this method is as follows:

Of course, abrasion occurs in all birds, but when the feathers are uniform in color no marked difference is produced by the process. The abrasion begins soon after the autumnal moult and continues throughout the year, being affected by the general wear and tear on the plumage and by the action of the bird itself in cleaning its feathers by drawing them through its bill. The margin of the feather—that is the terminal portion of the barbs—seems to become brittle and break off at a slight touch, the point at which the fracture occurs being on the line where the color changes in parti-colored feathers. In this way the color of the bird may be entirely changed without the loss or gain of a single feather; for owing to the shingled arrangement of the plumage only the terminal portion of the feather is seen, and when this is worn off, the central and basal portion, which is frequently differently colored, comes into view.

The author concludes his article with a comprehensive account of the changes which take place in the plumage of our passerine birds during the year. The scarlet tanager, indigo bird, white-throated sparrow, and many others are mentioned in this connection.

THE TORPIDITY OF FISH UNDER ICE.—The *Zoologische Garten* gives an account of some recent observations that have been made upon the resistance of fish confined under ice. It was already known that the carp (Cyprinus carpio) loses the power of motion when the temperature of the water descends below 4° C. In the recent experiments, from twenty to thirty specimens of the following species were taken in the month of January: The common minnow (Phoxinus lævis), the gudgeon (Gobis fluviatilis), the bleak (Leucaspius delineatus), and the loach (Cobitis barbatula). These fish were put in the open air into wide-mouthed vessels, whose bottoms were covered with a layer of earth. After a continuous period of cold, these vessels became covered with ice reaching a thickness of several centimeters. The fish were soon observed to turn over, some upon the back and others upon the side, and remain motionless. It was remarked that the chromatophores, especially in the minnow and loach, had become more intense than at the epoch of spawning. All the animals appeared to be dead, but after a hole had been made in the ice they soon began to move their gills, at first slowly, and then more rapidly. It was not till after several hours, when the water was warmed, that they regained their ordinary vivacity.

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NEAR the Altai Mountains Captain Younghusband, of the King's Dragoon Guards, once saw the small tracks of a wild camel, but he was not fortunate enough to meet specimens of this comparatively rare animal, which skeptics long ago supposed to be a creature of Marco Polo's imagination. Prejevalsky is the only modern European who has seen the wild camel; and its skeleton, mounted in the Russian museums, has confuted in another particular the former critics of Polo. It is smaller than the tame species, and is shot for its skin by the Mongols, who are also able to break in young camels for riding purposes; they assured Younghusband that the sturdy animals can travel two hundred miles a day for a week at a time.

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WORKS without faith are like a fish without water; it wants the element it should live in. A building without a basis cannot stand; faith is the foundation, and every good action is as a stone laid.—*Feltham.*

THE YOUNG FORAGERS

By Tappan Adney

[For our Animal Friends]

ONE afternoon, about the middle of last July, a wee visitor came to our camp in the Maine woods, a singularly tame, unsuspicious creature, which by his tawny color we knew to be a red squirrel. He had evidently little knowledge of the ways of the cruel world, for he took us at once into his confidence, and thereafter did not appear to trouble his mind about us. Some choice morsel, which the cook had thrown out of the door, tempted him to tarry, and there he sat among the chips, nibbling away at the tidbit which he held between his paws, with his tail pressed lightly against his back. As is generally the case with young animals, his head was greatly out of proportion to the rest of his body; indeed, the head seemed almost full grown, and wise accordingly. Wishing to tame him, we did not frighten him in any way.

"THE CAMP-ROOF WAS THEIR FAVORITE POST OF OBSERVATION."

He stayed about most of the time for several days, and then another squirrel made his appearance. So exactly alike were they that their own mother could not have told them apart. As the saying goes: "Each one looked a little more like the other than the other did." And as they were equally tame, we did not care which was which.

The next move was for one to enter the camp. He ran about the floor, picking up bits of food almost at our very feet, and if we moved he was not in the least alarmed. The camp roof was their favorite post of observation, and it was not long before they found in the spruce bark covering, a crevice that immediately became their door; for a nice hole just big enough to crawl through is dearer to a squirrel's heart than a whole big doorway. The opening was near the wall, so our friends could easily clamber down the logs to a wide shelf upon which the provisions were stored, thence it was but a step to the table where we ate. They peered into everything, skipping nervously about, picking up the tiniest crumbs, and even tasting the butter on the tin plates.

But the bread-box was the most attractive to them. It was originally a large cracker-box, and its place was upon the table. Once inside thereof, where the supply of nice food seemed so vast, and was to be had for the taking—the box was never covered—the squirrels made constant visits to it, until at least one squirrel could be found there at any time. They liked the molasses cake best, and it was amusing to watch their behavior. Into the box one would pop; then a sound of scratching, and out he would come with a chunk of cake. Then sitting on the edge of the box he would hold the piece in his forepaws and nibble away. The tail was no longer curled against the back, but was jerked up and down in a laughable effort, not always successful, to keep his little body balanced. The comical, wide-open expression of his eyes was increased by the white lines that encircled them. Of course he saw nothing funny about these tight-rope performances, but they caused us much amusement. The squirrels never took food from the hand, though they might have learned to do so in time, for they allowed us to place pieces of bread close in front of them, as they sat upon the table.

Day after day they came; and all would have been well but for a habit the squirrel has of carrying off all that it cannot devour. Pieces too big to go through the hole were impudently carried out of our door. As the little thieves became bolder and bolder, we decided to watch them more closely, and to our amazement we found that at least four or five, perhaps six, nearly full-grown young ones and two old ones—the whole family—were living out of the contents of that bread-box.

Impertinence was increased by our forbearance. No one who has not watched him can imagine with what bravado a squirrel jumps, with stiffened legs, inch by inch, toward you, uttering at each forward jerk its short, grating, I-dare-you-to kind of a sound; but make the slightest movement, and oh! how he scampers away, and berates you vigorously at a safe distance. It is possible that very soon we might not have been permitted to occupy our camp. But really they had become so destructive that we were at last obliged, much to our regret, to drive them away.

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EVERY dog has his day, and the Irish terrier at length has his. He is now all the vogue in London, and one can only wonder, says the *Pall Mall Budget*, why he was so long about "coming in;" for, with his beautiful eyes and pretty head, he is beyond all question one of the wisest of the canine tribe. He is an "all-round" dog, always ready for a romp with the children or a trip with his master, and he takes to the water like a duck. He ought to be proud of himself to-day, for his market value ranges from ten to twenty pounds—"Erin go Bragh!"

SLEEPING THROUGH THE WINTER

By L. J. Vance

[For our animal friends]

As soon as the shadows of the Indian summer's sun begin to creep over the land, and ere Jack Frost breathes hard on ponds and lakes, our summer friends say "good-by." You wonder where all the insects and birds have gone. You know that the robin and wren have fled long since to warmer climes. But where are the gay and festive friends of July and August—the butterfly, the bee, the beetle, and the bug? What has become of the myriad of tiny creatures that danced and frolicked their lives away in the soft and throbbing air?

The disappearance of our summer guests is due to the disappearance of food; and the disappearance of insects forces animals that feed on them into retirement. As a rule, those creatures which "neither have store-house nor barn" die of cold. But you would be surprised at the cosey winter quarters of some of our friends. Burrowed down deep in the earth, enclosed in silken-lined caves, slung in warm hammocks on leafless limbs, cradled in leaf-lined cots, nestled beneath the bark of trees, curled up in chinks of old walls, and coiled in the recesses of snail shells, are millions of living creatures sleeping away the dark cold days of winter.

SITTING ON THE EDGE OF THE BOX. (See page 160.)

When food disappears, our animal friends must do one of two things if they want to keep alive: they must be able to seek their food in countries where it can be found; or the ordinary waste of the tissues of the body must be suspended until food reappears. The former is called "migration," and the latter is termed "hibernation." Here is an interesting example of hibernation which can be verified by all those who are curious.

The snails are mainly vegetarians, as the unhappy owners of gardens whose cabbage plants have suffered are ready to bear witness. Now, just before vegetation turns brown and dry in the fall, Mr. Snail begins to look for winter quarters. His food has disappeared, so he goes quietly to sleep for several months, and wants nothing until he wakes again in the spring.

Underneath the snail's body is a tough, wrinkled disk, or foot, which secretes a sticky fluid; and before he settles himself into his long winter sleep, he finds some safe hiding-place, and fastens his shell there with that fluid, which soon dries and holds the shell as firmly as if it were glue or mortar. When that has been done, the foot is withdrawn into the shell, and then the snail throws across the opening a curtain of slime, which soon becomes firm and hard. As the days and months grow colder and colder, the snail retreats farther and farther, and makes another and another "epiphragm," until perhaps four or five protect the sleeper in the recesses of his castle.

Thus the snail passes the time when there is nothing for him to eat. He breathes, but although he has a "tongue" with fifteen thousand "teeth," he does not taste nor eat. I have taken up snails in winter, and the warmth of my hand has restored their animation. I have placed the little creatures in the sun, and then watched them awaken by degrees, until, after some hours, the square head and the two short horns peeped from the aperture or window of the shell-house.

The creatures that live entirely on insects have a hard time; they must hibernate if they cannot migrate. The bat is a curious example. There are many species, but the following will serve as an illustration. The bat always flies in search of food at night, when the air is filled with gnats, midges, and winged forms of minute size. The savage way the bat flings itself upon its prey is surprising to behold. I once saw a bat kept under a large bell-glass, into which thousands of flies were put when the creature was sleeping; in the morning every fly had disappeared. At the first hint of frost the bat retires to some dark hiding place and goes to sleep, suspended by its hind feet.

Now, note the changes that take place when the bat hibernates.

In summer its pulse is as rapid as that of a bird; but in winter it is lowered fully one-half.

In the second place, respiration is so completely suspended that the hibernating animal may be placed in a vessel filled with carbonic acid gas, or even with water, for several hours without injury.

In the third place, digestion is almost suspended, and the temperature is about three degrees above that of the surrounding atmosphere. The temperature of any hibernating animal in the north must be several degrees higher than the freezing point. In other words, the waste of tissue is reduced to the smallest possible amount.

When animals are hibernating, they can endure a degree of cold that would be fatal at other times. In their ordinary

condition, if the temperature of their bodies falls to thirty-two degrees they die; but not when hibernating. I have seen frogs and fishes frozen so hard as to be brittle, and then when they had been thawed out, they showed signs of life. If a hibernating animal is frozen, it revives when its temperature is raised to thirty-two degrees; but if it is kept at that temperature it dies. I have seen frogs and insects that had perished in that way, because their nests had been broken open, and the freezing air had killed them.

That is the reason why animals like to find out-of-the-way places in which to hide. The inhabitants of ponds and ditches dig down in the soft mud or creep under stones. The water-rat burrows deep; the water-beetles I have found reposing in thick mud.

Another curious feature of this winter sleep is, that some animals wake up and then go back to sleep. For example, the hedgehog comes out of his ball of sticks and leaves, and hunts for food. The dormouse, too, is an irregular sleeper, waking up at intervals to "take a bite." Perhaps the most curious feature of hibernation is, that natural enemies will sleep almost side by side.

MUSICIANS AND THEIR PETS

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

GREAT musicians, like great poets, are nearly always kind-hearted. Many of those now passed away have left in their letters some mention of their pets, and many of those now living find comfort in the companionship of animals and birds. It is easy to see why this should be so. One who has genius has generally a fine nature.

Wagner, who at the time of his death was the king of the modern musical world, kept many pets about him, and sorrowed greatly when any of them died. A full account of his animals was written for the December number of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.

From a very pretty volume recently published by G. Schirmer, and entitled "Letters from Great Musicians to Young People," you may learn, among other interesting things, that Mozart was very fond of animals. In the early days of his housekeeping with his young wife, he says: "Sometimes I spent more money than I ought upon some pet, for I was very fond of animals. Once I bought a starling that whistled one of my airs. I was much attached to the dear little fellow, and when he died I erected a monument over his grave in the garden."

Von Weber did not consider his establishment complete without pets. When he lived in Dresden he and his wife took one summer a nice country house which they called "Our Little Paradise." "Here," he writes, "we had all our animals about us, for I was devoted to pets. Let me see: we had a splendid big hound, an Angola cat, a raven that could say 'Good-night,' a starling, and a deliciously droll monkey."

This story of his monkey will be appreciated by young readers who like "dressing up." "The monkey frightened us nearly into fits one night by keeping up an unearthly knocking. I leaped up, seized my pistols, looked for robbers, and found—master monkey in a nightmare! Indigestion or—a guilty conscience! Once my wife wickedly dressed up our pets and marched them into my room. It was on our *fête* day. The big dog was turned into an elephant. Little did he like it! Puss was a donkey with paniers, and was gravely displeased. Then came master monkey dressed in gorgeous hooped petticoat, and hat with nodding plumes, proud as a nobleman in court attire. Not as I felt in that attire! I used to say of myself, 'I ought to be stuck in a wax figure show.'"

Another entertaining anecdote in this volume, which all children who study music should read, is about "The Cat's Fugue," and how a favorite cat dressed in wig, spectacles, and feathers, helped his master, Scarlatti, to write one of his best known musical compositions.

FISHES THAT DO NOT MOVE

BY EDMUND COLLINS

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

A GREAT many of our well-known fishes do not move from Christmas to Easter, and often for a much longer period. I paid a visit to the chief Canadian fish hatchery, which is under the superintendence of Mr. Wilmot, at Newcastle, Ontario, early in December. In some of the tanks were carp and in others were eels. One large eel was in the form of the letter S, and poised midway in the water; when I returned to Newcastle, early in March, the eel had not changed its place or his form, and Mr. Wilmot assured me that it had not moved in all that time. The carp lay close to the bottom of the tanks and did not move either. They like to go into deep, reedy lakes or ponds, get close to the bottom, and remain there till the ice above their heads has melted. Unless they are disturbed I doubt if some of these hibernating fishes move so much as a fin during the winter. A frog will remain for four months, looking apparently into the heavens with wide-opened eyes without once moving them or any other portion of his body.

At the New York Hospital they related to me a curious occurrence bearing on the hibernation of fishes. In the conservatory, in the upper part of the building, they had several glass jars in which were gold-fish, which is a species of carp. One morning the care-taker found a jar broken and the water frozen through and through, the fish of course being as rigid as ice. The lump was taken away and thrown into an old rubbish barrel where it remained several weeks. One March day the sun was unusually strong and it split the cylinder of ice, but what was the astonishment of the care-taker to see the tail of a fish wriggling out of a part of the broken block. The actual freezing had not killed the fish, which was removed to another tank, where it swims about as if nothing had befallen it.

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THE fastest swimmer among fishes is the dolphin. Its speed varies from thirty to forty miles an hour, and it can swim around and around a vessel sailing at a high rate of speed.

A TRUE HISTORY OF PIGGIWIG

By Mary Leslie

[For our animal friends]

A tiny pig came into the world;
His skin was black and his tail was curled;
His heart was warm and his temper sweet,
And this wise little piggy fell on his feet.

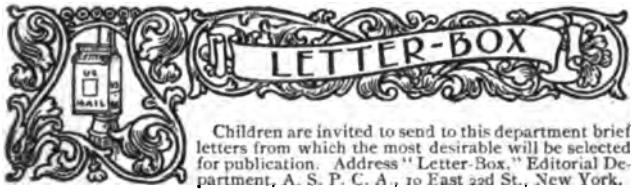
A bright young maiden waited on him
And gratified his every whim;
She scratched his back and brushed him sleek
And gave him a bath three times a week.

He had a wee house with vines all over,
And it opened into a field of clover;
He had nice sweet milk and meal to eat—
Yes, this dear little piggy fell on his feet.

He scampered about on his little toes,
And grunted in bliss, and turned up his nose;
He blinked and dozed in the bright warm sun,
And Dolly loved him, and he had fun.

He dined on sweet pippins and peas and pears,
And rooted the earth, and gave himself airs;
But autumn came, and the leaves fell fast,
And a bright day dawned which was Piggy's last.

Poor Dolly wept, but Piggy was wise;
He cheered her and told her to hush her cries.
"The snow will be here and the trees are bare;
I've had a good time—don't care—don't care!
My life is short, but 'twas very sweet,
And *I* am the Piggy who fell on his feet."


LETTER-BOX
Children are invited to send to this department brief letters from which the most desirable will be selected for publication. Address "Letter-Box," Editorial Department, A. S. P. C. A., 10 East 22d St., New York.

A CORRESPONDENT sends a short account of a winter custom which has been her delight ever since she commenced housekeeping. A piece of fat boiled pork is suspended from the roof of the porch, or from some shrubbery near the house. It must be fastened high enough to be quite out of reach of dogs and cats. After a few days some adventurous little bird, it may be a snow bird, a woodpecker, or a titmouse, finds the treat which kind hands have provided for him and his fellows. He partakes of it, and then flies away to tell his mate of his discovery. The good news soon spreads, and there is scarcely a minute of the day in which the observer cannot see some bird pecking away at the pork. The experiment should be tried in order to realize the enjoyment that may be derived from watching the guests at this feast.

[The following letter begun by Neddie and finished by Mac, is forwarded to Our Animal Friends by Dove Jacobs of Hamburgh, Iowa.]

Dear Letter-Box:

Mamma and brother and myself lived for a time in a warm hay loft, but we were taken from there to a new home where we were very happy until a great trouble came to us —mamma was killed. After her death brother Charlie, for that was his name, had fits and soon died too. This left me alone but for one other cat, a black one. We were Maltese. His name was Abe. He had a bad cough and only lived for a little while. I began to feel very peaceful and happy until a dog came to our family. This dog was a friend to me, only he was very rough and noisy, and often took my food. Because of this I was given my meals on a stove in which there was no fire. One day, expecting to be fed, I jumped on the stove, and there was a fire and my feet were badly burned. Mac never knows that he worries me with his noisy way, and I never quarrel with him. . . .

Neddie can't finish this. He has been gone two days, and I want to say to you all, never gobble up other people's meat, or chase them for fun, or hit them with your paws, for if you do they will go away, and then you will just want to howl all night.

I am regretfully,
Mac Cadaugan.

P.S.—I am a St. Bernard, but I live in the West, and never went to kindergarten.

Dear Letter-Box Children:

A monkey came into our front hall the other day. He belonged to a hand-organ man who stood outside and held the monkey by a long pair of scarlet reins. The monkey was dressed nicely in a blue jacket trimmed with silver braid and buttons.

When I spoke kindly to him and petted him and gave him an apple, he cuddled down beside me and would not go until he was dragged away by main force. He looked up at me pitifully, and, actually, I saw with my own eyes two tears roll down his cheeks. He kept looking back at me as he passed up the street. I suppose he knew that I sympathized with him. This is a true story. Mary L. B.

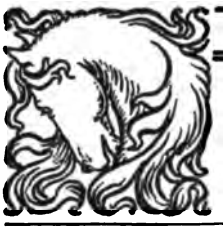
Elizabeth, N. J.

Dear Mr. Haines:

I take the liberty of writing to you to express my regret at not being able to come down to see you. I would like to tell you about my brother's dog Reily. He is a bull-terrier and is pure white; he is always very happy unless he has to take a bath, and then he is very cross. He likes all our family very much. I received Our Animal Friends this morning, and was very glad to get it. Now I must close, and am

Your sincere friend,
W. Lanman Bull, Jr.

[We ask our young friends not to forget that they can help our work, and at the same time benefit themselves, by getting subscriptions for this magazine. (See page 167.)]



THE VETERINARIAN

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians, answers to correspondents, and other items relating to that branch of science.

IS DOCKING CRUEL

DOCKING is in reality cutting off a portion of the horse's backbone.

The backbone, or spinal column, of the horse consists, like that of man, of vertebræ beginning at the base of the brain. In the horse these vertebræ extend some twelve or fifteen inches into the tail itself, and from there branch off into nerves of extreme sensitiveness.

In man the spinal cord is sometimes called the appendage or tail of the brain. Although an injury to the lower part of the spinal column is not as serious as one on the upper part, every human being dreads, with a dread born of knowledge, any injury to this sensitive part of the body.

Even if horses, by reason of their stronger constitutions, escape permanent disablement from docking, the suffering that they undergo during the operation appeals to every man who pretends to care for them.

An expert veterinarian, Dr. S. K. Johnson of New York, describing the operation of docking says : "The portion of the tail severed is about one-third from the root. That portion is supplied with muscles, nerves, blood vessels, etc., and is extremely sensitive to pain. The tail, after the hair is clipped at the point of amputation, is chopped off with a curved knife, made expressly for the purpose, which not only severs the soft structure, but chops the bones of vertebræ. The hemorrhage which follows is arrested by cauterizing with a red-hot iron, which causes contraction of the blood vessels, and stops the flow of blood. The tail after operation is very sensitive for some time. . . . The complications following the operation are sloughing, secondary hemorrhage, gangrene, and tetanus (lock-jaw). When gangrene occurs, a secondary operation has to be performed, and in the case of tetanus, the animal invariably dies."

It is more than surprising to the civilized portion of the world that men are yet found willing to subject their horses not only to the unnecessary pain of docking, but to the possible dangers that result therefrom.

STABLE MANAGEMENT

UPON no one question are horse-owners and grooms more widely at variance than upon that of stable management. As yet, no universal system has been agreed upon. Each horse-owner seeks the method best adapted in his own opinion to serve his own ends, and each, as a rule, adheres rigorously to his own system rather than compare his own with others, and learn to "hold fast that which is good." It would seem that after centuries of experiment some general rules could be laid down upon which all could base appropriate management.

An example of different rules of practice is afforded by the different ways of watering. One groom will give horses no water on mornings when plenty of exercise is anticipated; another gives water only at long intervals ; another, frequently ; another allows free access to water at all times. In our estimation the latter course is, under ordinary circumstances, the proper one, since animals left to themselves are not apt to be imprudent in food or diet. Their instincts when unperverted may safely be trusted to for the preservation of health.

A readable editorial in *The Field* (London) notes some differences of opinion in regard to clipping and cleaning the skin. We agree with our contemporary that friction is more conducive to the horse's health than water ; frequent friction keeps the skin in a healthy condition ; water cleanses the hair, and should be used for that purpose, but its occasional use does not by any means obviate the necessity of constant currying and brushing. *The Field* has this to say of temperature :

Scarcely less important than a sound system of dietary is the temperature of stables ; and it is really wonderful how some horses are kept in health in the hothouses one occasionally comes across. To see the water running down the walls and windows while the horse is heavily clothed would, to most people, lead to the conclusion that the hunter was leading a somewhat unwholesome life ; yet, for the sake of making him look well in his coat, some grooms seem to think that stables can never be hot enough. Others, again, go to the other extreme, and leave the stables cold, while they make up for the want of warmth by additional clothing, and this perhaps is the lesser of the two evils.

Undue heat is as injurious to the horse as to the human being. It renders him susceptible to colds, and is generally weakening. The temperature should be moderate ; in this as in most cases the safest guide is the old Latin rule, *In medio tutissimus ibis.*

DISHORNING

THE cruel practice of dishorning, writes Dr. William Horne, V.S., a contributor to *The Country Gentleman*, *The Western Agriculturist*, and similar papers, is injurious to the vital principles which govern the products of our cows.

I have days and dates, and names of owners of the cows that were permanently injured by dishorning. All the loud boasting of the advocates of dishorning cannot disprove facts—such facts as I have witnessed in the line of my professional duty. . . .

I have judged Jerseys at the Wisconsin State Fair for something like twenty years, and always guided my judgment as to fruitfulness in milk and butter by the delicacy and shape of the horns, as such horns invariably accompanied a good udder ; a coarse horn and a muscular bag fared poorly in my judgment.

Hon. John Mitchell always looked for a clean, fine horn, a well cut-up throat, and a dished face. These are all, as a rule, the companions of a delicate yet well developed udder.

If the horns, then, are such a true guide to a proper judgment of a good butter cow, what is to become of the poor, denuded hornless cow?

LAND OF THE LINGERING SNOW. By Frank Bolles. 234 pages. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Company.

Twenty-six short sketches give us a minute chronicle of as many strolls within a radius of some two dozen miles from Old Cambridge, extending in time from midwinter to the first of June. Step by step we have a clear portrait of Nature in sunshine and storm, and from various points of view as she lays aside the ermine by degrees, and dons the glory of a New England summer.

Each aspect and incident is chronicled with a grace of expression such that the reader seems to be walking and talking with the author, and seeing everything precisely as he saw it. This is a quality somewhat difficult to attain in descriptive writing, and not easy to define; but it is essential, for without it such narratives become either turgid or tame.

A good part of each sketch is taken up with the behavior of the minor denizens of the fields, the woods, and the air—more especially of the birds; so that while the book is not a work upon natural history in the ordinary sense, it serves to supplement the studies of the young naturalist with a good deal of information which he is not likely to find in the text-books.

Many passages are worth quoting; we can give but two or three specimens.

Truly if the winter is tempered by many a suggestion of the renewal of life, the spring is branded with many a reminder of death. Life and death: what are they but the swinging of a pendulum—the one is sure to succeed the other, as the other is certain to give place to the one. Each, while it lasts, contains an ever-increasing germ of the other. Neither can be final so long as law exists.

* * *

The song of the veery has in it the tinkling of bells, the jangling of the tambourine. It recalls to me the gypsy chorus in the "Bohemian Girl;" and when I hear it as evening draws on, I can picture light feet tripping over the damp grass, and in the shadows made by moving branches and ferns I can see dark forms moving back and forth in the windings of the dance.

* * *

There is nothing in nature which is apprehensive of that period of rest, which for the flower is called winter, and for the butterfly death. It is man alone who dreads the downward swing of the pendulum, the ebbing of the tide, the pause in the rhythm of life.

CHIM: HIS WASHINGTON WINTER. By Madeleine Vinton Dahlgren. New York: Charles L. Webster & Co.

A skye-terrier of the purest breed, acute sensibility, and fine nervous perceptions, Chim does credit to the careful training he receives at the hands of a fond young mistress, who resolves that he shall go down in history as the most learned of his race. Chim mysteriously disappears from the little town in Western Pennsylvania to appear a few weeks later at Washington, where he makes a successful début. His society training, conversation, tea-drinking, and various other accomplishments prove exceedingly useful, and he at once becomes the "lion" of the hour. He finds a home with Mrs. Akme, a cleverly drawn type of the stately dame of resident Washington society. Subordinate to the dog's experiences and adventures is a simple little love-story in which Chim's rôle is that of the beneficent fairy. Mrs. Dahlgren's knowledge of society at the national capital is shown in this book, and her sketches of Washington life are well worth reading.

WHY HYGIENIC CONGRESSES FAIL. By Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell. London: George Bell & Sons, York Street, Covent Garden, and New York.

This *brochure* is a criticism of the Seventh International Hygienic Congress, London, 1891, and fully recognizes the importance of its work. The substantial unanimity with which prophylaxis was maintained as the main agency for diminishing the ravages of disease, and the reaction against specific inoculation as a method, are regarded as encouraging; but the doctor views the study of bacteriology as of minor importance and rife with needless cruelty, and strongly insists on the supremacy of the *mental problem*, the unity of the spirit with the body. We quote:

"The great fundamental principle of our human constitution is incarnation; *i. e.*, spirit shaping form, the universe manifesting itself in the phenomenal. This principle is the foundation of sanitary science. It forms the basis of the Moral Law, which must be the guide of science."

UNDER the title of "Vic: The Autobiography of a Fox-Terrier," Marie More Marsh has given a series of excellent studies of human nature from a fox-terrier's point of view. Taken as a whole, Vic's life experiences do credit to the kindliness and sympathy of mankind, although she gets some hard knocks as well. The book is evidently intended for children, but it is equally interesting to those who have "put away childish things." In truth, the little episode of Miggle's misunderstood life and heroic death is so pathetic that every one reading his epitaph, "He was more of a man than his master," must feel that for once a tombstone has told the truth. (Chicago: F. J. Schulte & Company.)

"APPEALS IN BEHALF OF THE SPEECHLESS," is the general title of six admirable little tales by Edith Carrington, which are issued by Griffith, Farran & Co., London. Each story is published as a separate leaflet, so that the collection is well adapted for distribution in schools and institutions, or wherever it is advisable to convey a word in season about our duties to those who cannot ask mercy for themselves. All of the stories are entertaining and some of them amusing. To the latter class belongs "Bird's Eye Views," which should be read by every schoolboy who does not understand why he should protect the birds.

"OUR FRIENDS AND ALL ABOUT THEM" is a harmless collection of poems and pictures, which may amuse those children not old enough to be critical as to the quality of verse or illustration. The aim of the collaborators has been to interest children in their pets. The illustrations are by Fanny Moody and the Marchioness of Waterford, and W. Gil-

bert Foster; verses by Edith Bland. One of the best of the colored pictures is "An Appreciative Audience," which shows a ragged boy sitting in the doorway, "fluting on his tiny pipe," and two dogs, one critically listening, the other trying to sing. London, Paris, and New York: Raphael Tuck & Sons.

THE real religion of the people of Fo-kin, says a recent writer in Goldthwaite's *Geographical Magazine*, is Buddhism, which, though somewhat modified from the Cinghalese type, exerts a profound influence upon the lives of the people. Many Buddhist sects in China, aggregating millions, are vegetarians. Everyone believes in the sacredness of animal life, many in the transmigration of souls from human to brute form, and *vice versa*. All believe that health and strength are best conserved by a diet in which flesh is a flavoring ingredient and vegetable tissue is the main factor. One thing is certain, the workingmen thrive upon it, and in endurance, muscularity, and physical well-being compare favorably with their colleagues in other lands.

FOR literary excellence and variety of contents the long-established *New York Home Journal* still keeps its place among our best weeklies. None surpass it and few equal it in genuine refinement, and it is quite unrivalled in the completeness of its outlook over summer and winter resorts. It also gives much useful editorial information concerning important educational movements.

THE RIDER AND DRIVER contains in each issue reliable articles about horses, turnouts, proper riding gear for men and women, as well as interesting *on dits* about people of note in the riding and driving world. It is printed on fine paper, and the few pictures that appear are in good taste. Altogether an agreeable and useful addition to the horseman's library.

IN the Science column of the *New York Ledger* appeared lately this interesting mention of an ant army, observed by a scientist in Umtali, Africa:

One suddenly sees a long, black line extending for thirty or forty yards along the hospital compound. The line moves with a sharp, rustling sound, like the crisp rustling of dried leaves. One looks closer, and finds that the black line is an army of ants going to storm a white-ant heap. One ant alone goes at the head of the column, which is about eight inches wide. On each side run single ants, bustling up stragglers and rushing to drag sticks and straws out of the way of the army, which streams down into the nest it has in view, and in about ten minutes streams home again in excellent order, each black ant carrying a white one.

THE HORSEMAN continues to give place to interesting and instructive articles pertaining to the horse. Among recent leading articles were "Imprudent Feeding," by Joseph D. Tuthill, M. D., V. S., and "Generals in the Saddle," while much information regarding "Accidents to Horses" was furnished in a paper copied from the *London Live Stock Journal*. Other subjects touched upon were "Persian Horses," "Russian Horses," "Thoughtful Horse Owners;" and in the column devoted to "Amber Glints" there was a humane suggestion as to the shoeing and loading of horses.

SOME excellent advice about the selection of a "Park Saddle Horse" is given by George Blodgett in the *Rider and Driver* for February 4. The writer says that no man can tell whether a horse is really beautiful by seeing him at rest, and adds:

It may be said, however, that keeping a horse standing for a long time in idleness, as many dealers have done in holding them to find a mate, and neglecting to shorten the toes, which would have worn off had he been barefooted and allowed his freedom, is one cause of the lack of proper action, as the motor nerve centres become dormant, and the muscles, as instruments of these nerves, become consequently more or less atrophied. Sometimes a horse may be hastened from long idleness into severe work, and the overstrain inflames the upper arm, and short action is the sad result.

A BRIEF *résumé* of "Dog Law" was given not long since in the *American Field*. The law concerning trespassing dogs was exhaustively treated, and authorities were quoted from the statute books of the different States. In North Carolina and Illinois no animal can be killed for injuries done in the past; in Pennsylvania, Texas, Delaware, and Connecticut, a malicious or wanton injury to a dog is indictable at common law.

MISS DICKENS continues her reminiscences of her gifted parent in the February number of *The Ladies' Home Journal*, and, among other stories of animals, relates the following:

One evening we were all, except father, going to a ball, and when we started left "the master" and his cat in the drawing-room together. "The master" was reading at a small table on which a candle was placed. Suddenly the candle went out. My father, who was much interested in his book, relighted the candle, stroked the cat, who was looking at him pathetically he noticed, and continued his reading. A few minutes later as the candle became dim, he looked up just in time to see puss deliberately put out the candle with his paw, and then look appealingly toward him. This second and unmistakable hint was not disregarded, and puss was given the petting he craved.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

CONTAINS many interesting essays on horses, dogs, birds, and other animals, reports of societies, reviews, and other interesting matter. There are animal stories for young people, handsomely illustrated; and papers on natural history, similarly adorned.—*The Critic*, New York.

SHOULD be read regularly by every boy and girl in the land. It must not, however, be supposed that OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS is merely a children's book. It is full of excellent reading for both men and women, and its humane teachings must have increased enormously the comfort and happiness of the brute creation.—*Spirit of the Times*, New York.

IT is a magazine of most interesting literature on horses, dogs, cats, and other domestic and wild animals; it is beautifully illustrated, and a work of typographical art.—*Rider and Driver*, New York.

CONTAINS much that is interesting to older readers, and some good stories for the children. It is doing a good work. —*Christian Advocate*, San Francisco.

THE index of articles shows that the noble work of arousing public opinion to the importance of the cause of mercy and kindness to the animal world has been faithfully and courageously done. The articles and illustrations are excellent, and forcible in their teachings, and appeal to the nobler sentiments of humanity in favor of the prevention of cruelty to animals.—*Journal of Education*, Boston and Chicago.

THE commendable and interesting periodical issued by The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. . . . This publication deserves the cordial support of all humane readers.—*The Press*, Philadelphia.

IN OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS the right word is always said, and the many illustrative stories are the best examples that we can have of the good which this society is both directly and indirectly accomplishing. The volume, aside from its evident moral purpose, is effectively gotten up, and is attractive enough to catch the eyes of those who might not otherwise pay attention to it.—*Boston Herald*.

THE rights of dumb animals cannot too early be taught to children. This noble society is doing a grand work, and should have the patronage and encouragement of all humane people.—*Inter-Ocean*, Chicago, Ill.

OUR SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFERS.

We wish to increase the circulation of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS to 100,000 copies each month before the present volume is completed, and in order to accomplish this we need the co-operation of our friends. That they may not go unrewarded, we make the following liberal premium offers:

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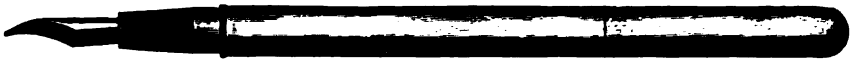

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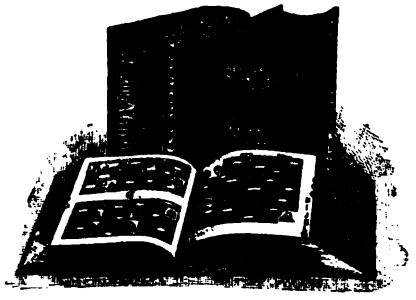

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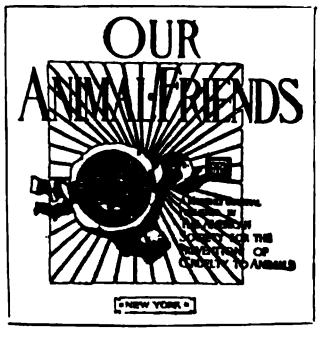

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Vol. XX. NEW YORK, APRIL, 1893. No. 8.

THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

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THE ASSOCIATED CHARITIES BUILDING

THE new building erected for the Associated Charities of the City of New York, and now completed, at the corner of Fourth Avenue and Twenty-second Street, is much more than a monument of well-directed private munificence: it is an object lesson of practical beneficence. In that single building are gathered together the administrative directories of many charities, which are thus enabled to coöperate with each other, so that the work of each is in helpful relations with the work of all. The visitor to the building—and it is well worth a visit—will find there all the conveniences and appliances which are found to be necessary or desirable in the prosecution of the work of the different societies. When a destitute child, for example, is to be cared for, there is no need to send him away to be prepared for the place to which he is to be ultimately designated. He can be put at once into the bath, baptized with the baptism of bodily cleanliness at least, clothed in clean raiment, nourished with good food; and all this while arrangements are being made for providing him with a home in city or country. So of other departments of the organized charities. Each has facilities on the spot for doing what it ought to do, and for doing it at once. Thus all the resources of consecrated wealth, advanced science, and mechanical art have been placed at the disposal of charity for the noblest of all works, which is the ministry of compassion. Then, besides all these things, the stately building has commodious offices for other business, and the rental of those rooms provides a revenue for the permanent support of the good works of the Associated Charities. Could anything be more admirably planned? Could any good plan have been more perfectly executed? Could any good work of this generation be more profoundly instructive to a thoughtful observer? Here we have four things, each of which is neces-

sary: a wise division of humane endeavor; a wise coöperation of different humane executives; an admirable adaptation of means to ends; and a provident endowment, by which permanent efficiency is secured.

A BUILDING FOR OUR SOCIETY.

It is the great happiness of our society to be in active sympathy with the humane purpose, and also with the practical administration, of every one of the Associated Charities for which that noble edifice has been erected. It is an additional happiness to know that the directories of all those institutions are earnest friends of our society. Yet, in the division of humane work, it has fallen to us to be intrusted with a department which cannot directly coöperate with any other. All the rest are charged with some work of humanity to man; our peculiar work is to protect helpless dumb beasts from the inhumanity of man, and, so far as in us lies, to inculcate humane sentiments to the lower animals. The field we occupy is all our own, since there is no other society which enters any part of it.

We may observe, too, that the appliances and instrumentalities required in our work are different from those required in any other. It would be impossible, for example, to make our headquarters in the Associated Charities building, because the conveniences we require from hour to hour could not be accommodated there. Thus far, the best arrangements it has been possible to make for the service of the society are exceedingly imperfect. Our offices are in one building; our press is in another; our ambulance, our rescue apparatus, and our stables, in a third; our place for the care of injured and stray animals is the best we can obtain, but it is far from being what it ought to be.

Now, we submit to our readers that a department of humane endeavor which includes so many subordinate departments ought to have the accommodations necessary to efficiency. The magnificent building erected for the Associated Charities suggests what ought to be done for our own society. We do not need any such building as that; but we do need a building, eligibly situated on some convenient thoroughfare, and constructed with a special view to the efficient performance of the special and peculiar work we have to do. Our offices should be accessible and open at all hours of the day and night, and everything required in succoring and ministering to the wants of suffering creatures ought to be immediately at hand. We are more and more convinced that in our work the press must be one of our most constant and effectual agencies; and to use the press to the best advantage, we should have a press under our own control and in our building. Then, too, if we had offices to let, from which a permanent revenue might be available for the maintenance, let us say, of a larger force of officers than we can yet afford, such an endowment would secure both efficiency and permanency to the humane work of this State and of the whole country.

We throw out these suggestions for the consideration of our readers. We have a conviction that, in some way, they will soon be taken up and carried out. Who would have thought a few years ago that one single man would build the noble edifice which has now been consecrated to the Associated Charities? Who shall say that some one lofty soul may not be moved to build for our work such an edifice as it requires?

SLIPPERY ASPHALT

EVERY advance in the conveniences of civilized life leads to some other improvement; and the general introduction of the bicycle is no exception to the rule, since it has led to an improvement of streets and country roads to an extent which would once have been thought extravagant. Every wheelman—and wheelmen are now numbered by hundreds of thousands—demands that streets and roads shall be adapted to the cycle as well as to the wheels of vehicles. This is fortunate; for streets and roads adapted to the running of the cycle must be quite as well adapted to the running of all other vehicles, and the labor of draught animals must be correspondingly diminished. Thus, it is pleasant to think that the increased convenience and enjoyment secured to wheelmen by the improvement of roadways is accompanied by an enormous relief to beasts of burden.

There is one point of the improvement, however, at which the owners of horses will have to adapt their outfit to a new condition. Of all pavements the wheelman prefers the asphalt. Everywhere, therefore, the asphalt pavement may be expected to prevail. But while the asphalt in any condition is as favorable to the vehicle as to the cycle, in cer-

tain conditions it is anything but favorable to the *horse.* When asphalt is either thoroughly wet or thoroughly dry it gives a good footing; but when it *is* only slightly wet, as in a slight shower or after rain or snow, it is so slippery that no horse, however sure-footed, is safe even in walking over it. In trotting the horse is liable to slip at any moment, and in turning a corner the danger is even greater. The danger of falling is not the only danger of slippery asphalt. The horse appreciates that danger much more vividly than his master, and the continual strain of avoiding a fall wearies him and makes him nervous, so that a very gentle animal may often become restive.

What, then, is to be done? The asphalt is here, and "it has come to stay." In some respects it is advantageous to the horse, and consequently to the horse's master. Most of the time, therefore, there is nothing to object to it; but in certain contingencies which must often occur, and which may occur at any time, asphalt is dangerous to horse and master. It would seem, then, that, when horses have to travel over asphalt, something ought to be done to avert all possibility of danger at any time.

Fortunately nothing could be easier. A rubber shoe, covering merely the frog of the horse's foot, is found to take hold of the moist asphalt so that some of the danger of slipping is avoided. Such a shoe costs little, but it saves much. It makes driving on asphalt safe at all times; it reduces the strain of the horse; it adds to the comfort of the driver. Only one thing must be remembered; namely, that the rubber shoe must be taken off and carefully cleansed every day, or the horse's feet will become sore. If shoes and feet are kept clean, there is absolutely no objection to the rubber shoe. In fact, it has much to commend it even on the ordinary roads, since it is an effectual protection to the frog of the foot from the stones or gravel on ordinary roads.

As a matter of humanity, but equally as a matter of prudence and economy, we commend the adoption of the rubber shoe wherever asphalt pavements exist.

THE BEHRING SEA ARBITRATION

IN the Behring Sea controversy, it is curious to observe that the matter really at issue is simply that of the extermination of the seal tribe in those waters. In the interest of humanity, and apart from all patriotic prejudices, one must hope for a confirmation of the contention of the United States, that Behring Sea is a *mare clausum* in which this country has acquired exclusive jurisdiction by purchase from Russia. If that claim is well founded, it will then be possible that wise laws for the protection of the seals may be enacted by Congress and enforced, if necessary, by the United States navy. But the most sanguine American must admit that there is a good deal to be said against the theory that Behring Sea is, or ever was, a "closed sea;" and if the court of arbitration which now has that question under consideration shall decide adversely to the United States, it ought surely to be next in order that the powers concerned should enter into some treaty for a joint protection of the seals. Unless that shall be done, the same murderous slaughter by which ten seals are killed for one whose fur is valuable will be renewed; females with young will be shot as recklessly as full-grown males; year by year the number of the animals will be diminished, and within a few years the seal haunts in Behring Sea will be deserted. If, therefore, the contention of the United States is not sustained, we sincerely hope that our government will move for the adoption of some treaty regulations by which so needlessly cruel a destruction of animal life may be averted. Is it too much to ask our English contemporaries to impress the desirableness of such a treaty on their countrymen?

IT is said to be a matter of record that, when an epidemic of cholera threatens a certain locality, the birds leave the neighborhood a few days before the appearance of the scourge. The *American Field* states that this fact was noticed in connection with the recent outbreak of the epidemic at Hamburg. In 1884 the same phenomenon occurred at Marseilles and Toulon, where all the birds, as if actuated by a common impulse, abandoned the plague-stricken cities, and took up their abode at Hyères, which was fortunate in escaping the plague. The great influx of birds at the time was much commented upon by the inhabitants. In 1872 all the sparrows left the town of Prezemsyl, Gallicia, two days before the appearance of the pest, and not a single bird returned before the end of November, when the cholera had entirely disappeared. Let us hope that the birds may remain with us this summer.

AT HEADQUARTERS

A HORSE is starving to death in the stable No. 697 Washington Street," was the message received at the Society's Headquarters about seven o'clock the other morning. Officer Seymour was sent to the place mentioned, and there he found, lying in a wretched stall, a mere skeleton of a horse in a dying condition. The poor creature had eaten the wooden manger and part of the floor of the stable to allay the pangs of hunger. "The sight made me sick; I never saw the like before," said Seymour. The presence of the officer was hailed with satisfaction by other occupants of the stable. To the inquiry why the case was not reported before, the reply was, "We were afraid to make complaint." A kind-hearted baker living in the vicinity had, from time to time, carried to the starving horse loaves of stale bread, and the boys of the neighborhood had taken pity on the poor creature and had given it food, such as it was, and what they could obtain. A bullet mercifully directed ended its suffering.

Charles Foster, residing at 862 Second Avenue and doing an express business at the corner of Vesey and Washington Streets, was the owner of the horse. The case being laid before Judge Grady, presiding at the Second District Police Court, a warrant for Foster's arrest was issued. He was found at his place of business, and when informed of the charge at first made light of it, but when he realized he was a prisoner, told several contradictory stories. Judge Grady required him to furnish $300 bail to answer the charge of neglecting to provide food and water for the horse.

ANOTHER brutal case of cruelty to a horse has been prosecuted. The horse was taken sick on Third Avenue near Forty-seventh Street, and while the owner, Oscar Fwlhalet, went to summon the Society's ambulance, Timothy Foley, of 1135 Second Avenue, almost cut the suffering animal's right ear off with a knife. "I thought the horse had the staggers," was the unfeeling reply to the angry protests of the spectators. Officer Noble of the Society, and Policeman Cummings of the Twenty-third Police Precinct, arrested the man and arraigned him before Judge Mead at the Fourth District Police Court. The prisoner was held under $300 bail for trial at Special Sessions. The tortured horse was taken to the Society's hospital for surgical attention. Foley claimed to be a veterinary surgeon, but said that he had lost his license.

"A HORSE has fallen into the cellar of a baker shop at One Hundred and Twentieth Street and Second Avenue," was the telephone message received at Headquarters the other evening. The night patrol was at once ordered to the scene of the trouble, and there sure enough was found a horse lying among cake-moulds and bread-pans, while the bakers had taken fright at its sudden entrance into their workshop and had fled to the yard of the building. It appears that the horse had broken away from its mate, and while suffering from a fit of "staggers" had plunged headlong into the cellar. The usual remedies were applied, the bewildered animal was blindfolded, and being led to the doorway it made the ascent of the steps, upon which blankets had been laid, without trouble or injury.

BY good judgment at a critical moment, Officer Smart of the Society was the means of saving human life. A team of spirited horses, attached to a truck on First Avenue, became frightened at the noise made by a passing vehicle and started down the avenue at a full gallop. Fortunately the avenue was clear of obstructions, and the frightened animals kept their rapid pace to One Hundred and Nineteenth Street, where the officer was standing. A carriage containing two ladies and three children was coming through the street, and if the now frantic team had not been stopped, a collision with the carriage would have been inevitable. The officer, realizing the danger to the women and children, snatched a blanket from off a horse standing on the corner, and ran toward the rapidly approaching runaways, with the purpose of changing their course so that they should pass in the rear of the carriage. The blanket was dexterously thrown over the nigh horse's head, and the speed was checked only for an instant, but long enough, though, to save the inmates of the carriage from injury or possible death, for, in pass-

ing them, the heavy wheels of the truck just grazed those of the lighter vehicle.

The above is only one of many similar incidents in the daily experience of the Society's officers. Theirs is a service requiring coolness and nerve, combined with intelligent discretion.

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PRESIDENT HAINES was opportunely at hand the other night, to save a horse from a bad beating at the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, at the hands of an angry driver named Hasseman. The animal, a small creature, was attached to a wagon heavily loaded with merchandise, and the street being blocked with snow, it was unable to go a step farther. A crowd had gathered, and many suggestions were made as to the best way of compelling the poor creature to continue its weary journey; but the driver, angry at the delay, proposed to solve the difficulty with the whip, and was just about to begin when the President arrived upon the scene. "If you strike a single blow I will arrest you," he said, as the lash was raised to descend upon the body of the unoffending horse. A muttered oath was the only notice taken of the threat; but the whip was thrown into the vehicle without a blow being struck. "Now take off half of the load," said Mr. Haines. The driver evidently had "been there before"; he seemed to understand that he was addressed by one who had the authority to enforce his command, so far as it related to the horse. Off came the load, and after a rest the horse was started homeward.

"I take this occasion," said President Haines, "to testify to the prompt action of Policeman N——, who on his arrival at the scene of trouble placed himself at my service. It is gratifying to know that the officers of the police force, with but few exceptions, are in hearty sympathy with the Society and its humane work."

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DURING the last heavy snow-storm a cat was run over. It was in a most pitiable state, with one leg cut off close to the shoulder, the tail also hanging half off. Covered with blood, and hardly able to crawl, it was trying to climb out of the gutter and up the stairs of the Eighteenth Street Station of the Sixth Avenue Elevated Railroad. Crowds of people saw the poor creature's pitiable condition, but offered no relief. At last a lady, a teacher in the Twentieth Street school, happening to pass that way, picked it up and carried it to a drug-store for the purpose of having it put out of its pain with chloroform. The proprietor refused to sell the article or aid her in any way. She then carried the animal in her arms to the Headquarters of the Society, where it was at once put to sleep.

"I teach my scholars to be kind and helpful to any animal when found in distress," she said, "and I am glad to say they take pleasure in the humane work."

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"I WANT an order to have a dog shot, that belongs to Henry Schlichtner, of North Seventh and Havemeyer Street," said James Doran to Justice Patterson of the Lee Avenue Police Court, Brooklyn, the other morning. "What do you want the dog shot for?" inquired the magistrate. "I went into Schlichtner's saloon two days ago," he explained, "and leaning over the counter where the dog was chained I hit it just for fun. It paid no attention to that, but when I hit it a second time it bit me." "Young man," said the justice sternly, "I want to tell you that even dumb animals have rights in this court. If you struck a man without provocation and he soundly thrashed you, you would have no redress, for the law would decide that you were the aggressor. The same rule holds good in this case."

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

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JOHN P. HAINES, President,
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MISCELLANY

AN INCIDENT OF THE WAR

BY ALFRED L. DONALDSON

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

WE gathered in the library around the open fire, the log fire of Yuletide in the country, which is to story-telling what moonlight is to love-making. We grouped ourselves about the arm-chair of the old soldier, and awaited, with the eagerness of youth, the recital of some thrilling adventure of days we only knew by hearsay.

"Well, boys, what shall it be to-night? I am afraid that I have no new story for you this time. But wait, let me see! What is to-day? By Jove, it is the 6th of January! Did I ever tell you of my ride just before the battle of Middle Creek?"

"No, no," we all answered together; "tell us now."

The old gentleman turned his eyes from the fire and looked through the great bay-window of the room. It was a perfect winter's night outside. New-fallen snow lay thick upon the ground and sparkled like white sand in the moonlight. Here and there the whiteness was broken by the black-face shadows of the leafless trees. They seemed like the image of war-time memories traced in dark lines on the white background of peace. Some such thought seemed to pass through the old soldier's mind before he turned to the fire again and began his story.

"It was such a night nearly thirty years ago. The moon was full and the ground covered with snow. I was then a lieutenant under Colonel Garfield, who has since been our President. We were within ten miles of Paintsville, Kentucky, where the Confederate General Marshall was encamped. We were trying to unite with Cranor, who, with his regiment and four hundred cavalry, was advancing upon Marshall's left and rear from the direction of Saylersville, thirty miles to the south.

"One attempt to communicate with Cranor had been frustrated by the enemy. Another was to be made. At midnight the colonel sent for me. He asked me if I would undertake to carry a letter to Cranor. Unhesitatingly I answered, "Yes." It meant a ride of thirty miles, probably, before daybreak, through a country carefully watched by the enemy. It meant, indeed, almost certain death; but we young fellows courted Death in those dark days when her bony fingers held the laurel wreath of honor. By one o'clock I was ready to start. I sprang to the stirrup and galloped away into the night!

"My horse, a dainty roan, who could show her heels to any in the regiment, seemed to share with me the exhilaration of the cold night air and the keen excitement of our danger. Away she bounded, with the lightness of a greyhound, over the noiseless snow. For an hour all went well. We passed several houses without giving alarm, and I even thought that every now and then I saw a distant musket gleaming in the moonlight; but as no one fired I may have been mistaken. Suddenly, at a turn in the road, my horse slipped and fell. I was thrown over her head and not hurt in the least. In a second I was on my feet again, and fully expected to find my four-footed companion on hers. To my surprise, however, she lay motionless. I ran to her side and saw at a glance, thanks to the brightness of the moon, that she had fallen on her knees and broken one of them. A stretch of ice sparsely covered with snow had done the mischief.

"For a moment I was stunned with the realization of what had happened, but all feeling of disappointment at the frustration of my plans soon melted into pity for my poor Nancy, as the boys called her. I went to her head and held it in my lap. I stroked her neck and called her all the pet names of a sweetheart. I told her all that she had been to me and how I loved her. I recalled the battles we had fought together, the hardships we had borne. She seemed to understand. Her great brown eyes looked wistfully the while into my face, and as I watched I saw great tears well from them and roll down her cheeks. They may have been from pain, but somehow it seemed to me that they were tears of sorrow at having failed me, however unavoidably, at a time of need. I had often heard that horses cried, but I had never seen it before, and may I never see it again! It was more heart-rending than any scene of human love and suffering that I have ever known.

"After a few moments my thoughts began to revert to my dilemma. It was only right. I was

not merely a man with a heart, I was a soldier with a duty. There was but one thing for me to do; to shoot my horse and continue my journey on foot. A moment's reflection showed me, however, that the report of my pistol might, in all probability would, prove fatal to my errand. Was my duty to man or to humanity the greater? I paused like Hercules at the cross-roads.

"As I stood there looking around and debating with myself, I noticed a house which I had not seen before. It was half hidden by some trees. An idea flashed upon me. There might be a stable behind it, and a fresh horse within the stable! I crept stealthily to the back of the dwelling, and found my hope confirmed. There was quite a large stable there. The doors were of course locked, but I soon found a window that was not. I climbed through it. The space within was clearly lighted by the moon, and I could see distinctly. There were three stalls and a box-stall. The former contained very ordinary quadrupeds, and I opened the latter, hardly expecting to find it occupied.

"Imagine my surprise at finding in it the most beautiful horse I had ever seen. It was a jet-black mare, with that graceful arching of the neck and back, and that daintiness of foot and ankle which is the birthright of a Kentucky thoroughbred. The beauty of the apparition was enhanced, moreover, by the silver moonlight pouring through a window at the back of the stall, thus showing the dark outlines of the horse in perfect silhouette. I felt what some lover of violins might feel, when

carelessly opening an old case his eyes fall on the flawless contours of a Stradivarius. I was prone to linger in wonderment; and again the soldier had to overcome the man.

"I knew that I had found a horse that would carry me quicker than my own to my journey's end. It only remained to get her out of the stable. I went to the doors. The small one was locked from the outside, but the large carriage-door was only bolted on the inside. To slip the bolt and lead the horse out was the work of a moment. I led her by the halter to where I had left Nancy.

There I made a transfer of saddle and bridle. I had fully intended to explain to Nancy what was happening, but when the two horses came together the one looked up and the other looked down, and then they rubbed their noses together, and I felt that all was understood between them. Dumbness, as we know, does not prevent the conveying of ideas and thoughts between men and women; why should it between animals? Why should not more use he laid him down to die! Now came the hardest thing of all; the shooting of poor Nancy. I felt what Virginius may have felt when about to plunge the cold steel into the heart of his child. We were both animated by the same motive, and I remember repeating the very words which the poet puts into the hero's mouth:

"'And now, mine own dear little girl,
There is no way but this.'

they, to whom dumbness is a natural condition, have as perfect a language as the mutes of our asylums? I never felt more convinced that they have than after the incident I have just related.

"After the horses had exchanged confidences, as it were, the behavior of both changed. Nancy, who had been watching for me with uplifted head, lay quietly down and closed her eyes. The newcomer, who had, quite naturally, been nervous and distrustful, became perfectly calm and amenable to my slightest wish. The wounded soldier had given the colors to the fresh recruit, and being of no My pistol was on Nancy's temple as I said them. Then two quick reports, a leap to the saddle, and another plunge into the stilly night!

"I was, of course, wide awake to the danger of what I had done. I was not surprised, therefore, after riding a short distance, to hear behind me the report of a gun, and then a little farther off another. Both seemed to come from about the spot which I had left. I had awakened the inmates of the house or given the alarm to some wandering scout. Perhaps both! I did not feel uneasy, however; my brave horse was literally flying through the air, and

we had a good quarter of a mile start of any pursuers. After a little, as all was still again, I slackened our speed, thinking we might need it more later on. I began to enjoy the ride, and relish the exquisite action of my beautiful mount.

"Suddenly it occurred to me that I had ridden this very horse before! The house and stable from which I had taken her came to my mind with that vague distinctness of things seen before. Little by little, like the melody of a forgotten song, every thing recurred to me. Some years ago I had visited a friend in Kentucky. One afternoon we took a long ride to the very house where I had been that night. There was a charming young girl there who had a beautiful horse which she not only showed me, but allowed me to ride. I felt quite sure now that I was riding the same pet, only without the fair owner's permission this time! I also tried to remember the horse's name. I knew that it was an odd one, and that I had thought it strangely pretty at the time. I recalled a greyhound which I had seen on the same occasion, who bore the name of Camillo. I was certain that the horse had likewise been baptized with mythological water, as it were, and yet for the life of me I could not think of the name. I was very anxious to recall it, because I wanted to use it. I felt that it would put horse and rider on a more confidential footing. It would show that I was an old friend, not a mere intruder, if, indeed, the pretty black did not think much worse of me.

"In the midst of my effort to remember the forgotten name, I felt my horse start, and I saw one of her ears prick backwards with undue suddenness. I brought her to a standstill and listened. Not very far behind I distinguished the muffled clatter of horses' hoofs. We were pursued. 'Now, my pretty,' I said, 'do your best for me!' I gave her the reins and a caressing pat, and away she darted. She bore me bravely, but she had been running for over an hour, whereas my pursuer was evidently on a fresh horse, and I felt that he was gaining on us little by little. His horse was warming to the chase, while mine was spending her last strength. I could not think of defeat so near the goal, which I knew could not be far away. So I urged and talked and patted, and even tried to laugh, but my efforts were of small avail. My brave animal was straining her utmost, and yet we were losing ground. The clatter from behind was coming nearer and nearer, inch by inch! 'Oh for that name!' I thought. Why could I not remember it?

"Just then I looked up and saw a pale streak of light in the east. I had good reason to fear the breaking of the morning, and I tried to persuade myself that it was something else. An affinity of thought sent Romeo's words into my mind:

> "'I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
> 'Tis but the pale reflex of Cynthia's brow.'

"'Cynthia's brow!' What was there so familiar in that name? And then it flashed upon me! It was the one that I had hunted for so long! 'Cynthia.' 'Cynthia!' I repeated. The effect was almost magical. It was to my exhausted horse what music is to the tired soldier. And who knows all the music in that name for her? Who knows what pictures of kind words, of loving looks, of soft white hands, it brought to mind, and what longing to know them all again? At any rate, it seemed to instill new strength and courage into the tired limbs and panting body. The head lifted and the feet seemed freed of heavy weights. I bent over and unloosed the girths; I rose in the stirrups and stroked the vein-swelled neck, and called 'Cynthia' a hundred times. Our speed almost doubled, as it seemed to me, and I felt now that we were gaining as steadily as we had lost before. If we could only hold our own for a little while, all would be well, for in the dim gray of the dawn I saw watch-fires ahead.

"Just then I heard a dull thud behind me, and in the silence which followed I knew that we were no longer pursued. A few moments later, I handed Cranor the letter from Colonel Garfield."

BIRDS OR BONNETS—WHICH?

BY L. J. VANCE

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THE milliners are primarily responsible for the destruction of all kinds of birds on a grand scale. Every show-window reveals the extent to which the feathered tribe is used to adorn fashionable bonnets. The other day I counted six tiny bird bodies on a broad-brimmed hat. The milliners decree what women must wear, and their authority is not disputed by tender-hearted women who would not "harm a fly." I believe that the reckless and wholesale destruction of birds would be largely checked if American

women would refuse to have their bonnets adorned with birds. That would practically settle the question.

It is commonly supposed that the destruction of birds for the millinery trade does not amount to much, but such is not the fact. The traffic in bird skins and feathers is enormous. There are over one hundred persons in London engaged in the feather business as importers, dealers, manufacturers, plumassiers, etc. Several hundred women are engaged in the manufacture of ornamental feathers in Vienna and Paris, and in New York there are perhaps fifty dealers, employing not less than two hundred hands. No figures as to the number of birds "butchered"—not "to make a Roman holiday," but to satisfy Dame Fashion—are at hand. But there are figures enough to prove that the victims run up into scores of millions annually.

The Society for the Protection of Birds has done a most excellent work in England. Under the leadership of the Duchess of Portland, the attention of women in "society" has been directed to the cruelty of the milliner's craft, so that few ladies in aristocratic circles now think of wearing a bird in their bonnets. The subject has been agitated in books and papers until no woman who obeys the milliner's behest can plead ignorance of its cruelty; and yet the trade in birds continues to be as large, if not larger than ever. From a recent report of the society we learn that in London warehouses, the great market to which the birds of the world are sent, you can walk ankle deep in bird skins, and see them piled shoulder high on each side of you. It is also stated that one dealer received as a single consignment over twenty thousand dead humming-birds. Here is the outrage and cruelty of it: these little birds are slain during the mating season, when, in the ardor of love, the dainty plumage assumes its greatest splendor. Then, in order to secure the bright hues, the birds are skinned alive. Out upon such barbarism! It is a foul blot on our boasted nineteenth-century culture and refinement. It ought to bring the blush of shame to fair cheeks.

Sometimes the greed of man for gain overreaches itself. A striking instance presents itself in India. Two years ago the rice crop was injured. How? By the number of insects, which was enormously increased because the birds had been almost exterminated. If man had let the birds alone, the insects would have been devoured and the rice crop saved.

The mere names of the kinds of birds destroyed for millinery use would make a very long list. At one time or another every member of the feathered tribe has been sacrificed to fashion, from the dull-colored wrens and sparrows to the gorgeous scarlet tanagers; from the tiny humming-bird to the great plume-bearing ostrich. The warblers, grosbeaks, goldfinches—these are a few of the native birds whose feathers have adorned the bonnet of Miss McFlimsey. The feathers of the Baltimore oriole are still in demand. The male is noted for its deep yellow plumage. The wings are black. The bird derives its name from Lord Baltimore, the livery of his servants being yellow and black. The feathers of the great blue heron are also in demand. The roseate spoonbill has rose-colored plumage and carmine wings. The scarlet ibis, which is sometimes found in the South, has its beautiful plumage used for bonnet trimming. Happily the warfare against native birds is growing less deadly each year through the enforcement of stringent laws and the influence of public sentiment.

Of the foreign birds whose feathers are used in millinery art, we may name first the bird-of-paradise, the bird itself often being worn, with its long graceful plumes. The males are of great beauty, being distinguished by their fine plumes. The emerald bird-of-paradise is a native of New Guinea and the neighboring islands. The feathers of the argus pheasant and the Impeyan pheasant are used for bonnets. The former bird is found in India, the latter in Nepaul. Then there is the Australian emu and the cassowary, which is a native of the Eastern Archipelago. The plumage of these two birds (they are almost as large as the ostrich) is not unlike long hairs. No feathers are more beautiful than those of the brilliant trogon. They are of a bronzed golden-green color, and show a flashing beauty. The trogon is about the size of a pigeon, and is found in South America, Asia, and Africa. The list might be extended, but enough has been written to show the wide-spread and barbarous destruction of our feathered friends.

The modern practice of trimming hats and bonnets with birds and feathers is viewed with astonishment even by rude people whom we are pleased to consider as uncivilized. A lady who lived for a time at a Chinese settlement in Formosa, gives a humorous instance of this fact. "One day I heard a scream," she says, "and looking up saw that a stalwart young Chinaman had thrown down his

water buckets in alarm, and was gazing with open mouth at me, transfixed with astonishment. Terror was depicted in every feature, his limbs trembled, and before I could realize what was the matter, he turned sharply round, and, crying aloud in the utmost fear and horror, fled at the top of his speed toward the village, leaving his buckets behind him. . . . To my astonishment I learned that the frightened native, observing some feathers in my hat, thought I was one of the 'savages' from the hills—of whom many Chinese are in constant dread—and fled before there was any possibility of his being eaten or flayed alive."

"KAUTICKIES" *

By J. Carter Beard

[For our Animal Friends]

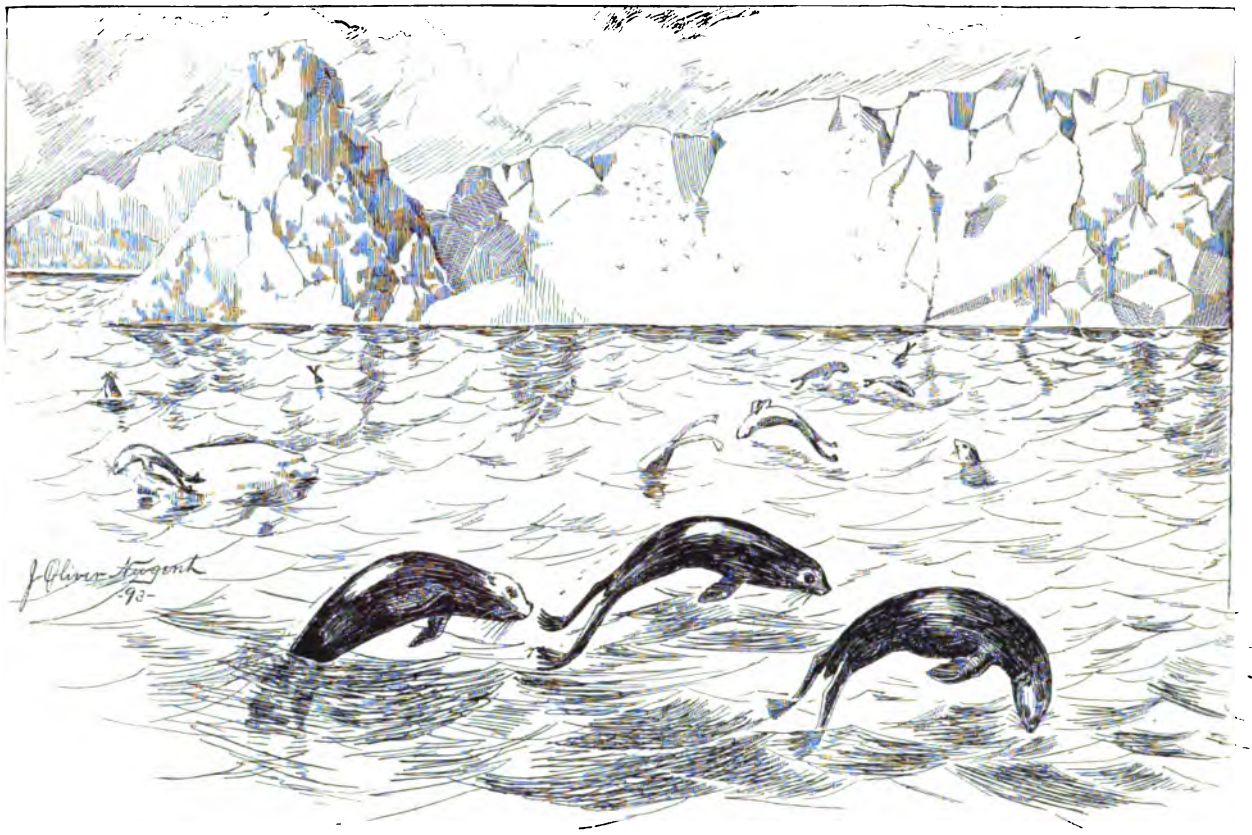
BACKGROUND of treeless cliffs and large, lonesome looking highlands, along the foot of which stretches a middle distance of broken, surf-beaten rocks, some of which are of considerable size, and a foreground of dark waves with a silver lace of spray bordering the shore lines, is the picture that is presented to our eyes as we near the coast of one of the Pribyloff Islands that are washed by the waters of the northernmost Pacific. If the time we arrive is about the middle of July, we see the area of broken rocks, reaching back from the surf to the cliffs, a distance of from sixty to one hundred feet, fairly covered with strange animals that somehow suggest to us gigantic caterpillars as they slowly drag their fur-covered bodies with an undulating motion around the loose masses of stone, or rest sphinx-like, with body prone and head and shoulders erect, in exactly the attitude assumed by the larvæ of the hawk moth. The lack of limbs and the elongated bodies in such continuity with the head that of neck there seems to be nothing, give the creature this appearance. We are in fact looking upon the breeding grounds, called the rookery, of that active source of international controversy, the kautickie, or fur-seal. The greed of man, that has doomed the greater part of the animals he has not domesticated and enslaved, to utter extinction, is fast thinning the ranks of this species of the otaria. Still the rookeries are crowded with myriads of these animals, though old sealers say the numbers are sensibly diminished.

Probably the strangest accounts given of any living mammal in the whole range of zoölogy are found in the reports of the habits of the fur-seal furnished by careful and reliable observers, who have visited their haunts for the express purpose of studying them. The males make their appearance on these coasts in the early part of May, and after swimming about reconnoitring the grounds, slowly and apparently with reluctance, as if they knew the unparalleled strain that must follow their landing, approach the shore. The old males, or "hulls," take the initiative, and the others follow. Each individual takes possession of a small lot of ground about a dozen feet square, and proceeds to make good his claim by repelling all trespassers. Those nearest the water have the hardest task, for they are obliged to defend their holdings against all new-comers, or be pushed further inland. All this makes a great hubbub and "confusion worse confounded," an unceasing struggle day and night, which lasts from the moment of coming ashore to the migration of the whole community seaward from three to four months later. Day and night, for six weeks before and for the balance of the season after the arrival of the females, these devoted creatures never leave their stations, never for a moment relax their vigilance nor fail to assert and maintain the only title recognized by their fellows to land or family—that of force.

A fast of from ninety to one hundred and forty or fifty days would seem more than any warm-blooded animal could endure, but when we consider the expenditure of energy in defending their allotments against intruders, and, what is still more wonderful, that not only food but water is eschewed, and, most incredible of all, that the male fur seal does not indulge in a wink of sleep during this long period of time, our astonishment recalls the old saying that "facts are stranger than fiction."

The males, when full grown, have bodies as large as oxen, weighing from four to six hundred pounds. The females are much smaller, and often weigh less than eighty pounds. The baby seals, when born, are no larger than puppies. The mothers are a light gray, but the little ones are invariably jet black. The young seal, we are told, soon finds its voice, a kind of bleat like that of a young lamb. It soon essays what Mr. Micawber calls "the maternal

* The name given by the Russians to the fur-seal.



font," and gorges itself with the rich creamy milk. Strange to say, the mother seems remarkably indifferent to her offspring, and if it wanders off beyond the limits of the family group, it may be lost or abducted by other seals for all she cares. The young grow fast, and the rookery soon swarms. Some resort to the grassy or sandy uplands in companies of hundreds or thousands, and play and frolic like schoolboys. Some, dashing through the surf, chase each other through the waves. A bright warm day sends them all off quickly to the water to avoid the heat. Toward the end of September the larger proportion of seals leave the islands, though some linger until December.

If the reader has ever seen the salted dry sealskin as it comes into the hands of the manufacturers, dirty, oily, and as hard as a board, he may well wonder how the unsightly skin with its coat of coarse matted hair can ever be transformed into the splendid and costly cloaks, the softness and beauty of whose velvety surface are so much admired. If we feel carefully the coat of the dog and cat, we may discover that the longer hairs start from a tuft of smaller and finer ones. These shorter hairs comprise the fur of the animal. In dogs and cats the under coat of fur is neither plentiful nor thick. In the fur seal, on the contrary, the longer hairs are comparatively few, and the fur beneath is soft and thick. Indeed, the fineness and density of what is called the under fur are very remarkable, and it is this that gives value to the pelts of fur seals. The skin, having been thoroughly cleansed and freed from greasy matter by repeated washings, is stretched and fastened with the hair and fur beneath to a bed or frame. A knife fashioned for the purpose is used to pare and thin the fleshy side. In doing this the sharp blade cuts away the roots of the longer hairs, which penetrate much more deeply into the skin than those of the under fur. The former can now be easily pulled out, while the fur retains its hold. After a variety of manipulations and processes by which the skin is softened and protected from decay, it is dyed. This takes the natural twisted or curly texture out of the fur, and produces the deep uniform brown which is so highly valued and admired.

Few animals are more intelligent than seals, which rank with the dog and horse in docility and capacity to perform actions altogether foreign to their natural habits and instincts. They have

been taught to smoke pipes, to beat drums keeping time to music, to fire pistols and guns, and to draw boats about as trained horses do vehicles. As pets they are as faithful and affectionate as dogs, and it would be hard to say more than this for any living creature.

"JEFF"

By Rush C. Hawkins

[For our animal friends]

AMONG the gunboats on the inland waters of North Carolina in the early spring of 1862, which composed what Commodore Goldsborough designated his "Pasteboard Fleet," was the *Louisiana*, commanded by Commander Alexander Murray, who was noted for his efficiency and good-nature. His treatment of his crew made him one of the most popular officers in the whole fleet. He entered into all of their sports and sympathized with the discomforts of forecastle life. He was fond of animal pets, and always welcomed the arrival of a new one. At the time of which I am writing, his ship carried quite a collection of tame birds and four-footed favorites.

Among them was a singular little character known as "Jeff." He was a perfectly black pig of the "Racer Razor Back" order, which, at that time, was plentiful in the coast sections of the more southern of the slave-holding States. They were called Racers because of their long legs, slender bodies, and great capacity for running; and Razor Backs on account of the prominence of the spinal column. The origin of this particular species of the porcine tribe is unknown, but there is a tradition to the effect that their progenitors were a part of the drove that came to the coast of Florida with De Soto, when he started on the march which ended with the discovery of the Mississippi River. History records the fact that a large number of animals were brought from Spain for food, and that a considerable number of them succeeded in getting away from the expedition soon after the landing was effected.

Our particular specimen of this wandering tribe of natural marauders was captured by a boat's crew of the *Louisiana* in one of the swamps adjacent to Carrituck Sound, when he was a wee bit of an orphaned waif not much larger than an ostrich-egg. He was an ill-conditioned little mite that had probably been abandoned by a heartless mother, possibly while escaping from the prospective mess kettle of a Confederate picket. In those days Confederate pickets were not very particular as to quality or kind of food, and I have a suspicion that even a Razor Back would have been a welcome addition to their *menu*.

When "Jeff" was brought on board, his pitiful condition excited the active sympathy of all, from the commander down to the smallest powder monkey, and numerous were the suggestions made as to the course of treatment for the new patient. The doctor was consulted, and after a careful diagnosis decided there was no organic disease; want of parental care, want of nourishment, and exposure, were held responsible for Jeff's unfavorable condition. It was decided to put him on a light diet of milk, which proved an immediate success, for within forty-eight hours after his first meal the patient became as lively as possible. As days and weeks went on there appeared an improvement of appetite that was quite phenomenal, but no accumulation of flesh. His legs and body grew longer; and with this lengthening of parts there came a development of intellectual acuteness that was particularly surprising. He attached himself to each individual of the ship. He had no favorites, but was hail-fellow-well-met with all. He developed all the playful qualities of a puppy, and reasoned out a considerable number of problems in his own way without the aid of books or schoolmaster. His particular admirers declared that he learned the meaning of the different whistles of the boatswain; that he knew when the meal pennant was hoisted to the peak, could tell when the crew was beat to quarters for drill, and often proved the correctness of his knowledge by scampering off to take his place by one particular gun which seemed to have taken his fancy.

I can testify personally to only one item in the schedule of his intellectual achievements. It is a custom in the navy for the commander of a ship to receive any officer of rank of either branch of the service at the gangway of the ship. In this act of courtesy he is always accompanied by the officer of the deck, and often by others that may happen to be at hand. After the advent of "Jeff," whenever I went on board the *Louisiana*, he was always at the gangway, and seemingly deeply interested in the event. It may be said of him generally that he was overflowing with spirits and took an active interest in all the daily routine work of his ship.

He had a most pertinacious way of poking his nose into all sorts of affairs, not at all after the manner of the usual pig, but more like a village gossip who wants to know about anything that is going on in the neighborhood.

In the gradual development of "Jeff's" character it was discovered that he had none of the usual well-known traits of the pig. He was more like a pet and pampered dog, was playful, good-natured, expressed pleasure, pain, anger, and desire, with various squeals and grunts delivered with a variety of intonations that were very easily interpreted. He was never so happy as when in the lap of one of the sailors having his back stroked. His pleasure upon those occasions was evinced by the emission of frequent good-natured grunts and looking up into the face of the friendly stroker. When on shore, he followed like a dog and was never known to root. Except in speech and appearance, he was the counterpart of a happy, good-natured, and well-cared-for household dog; possibly, however, rather more intelligent than the average canine pet.

The Fourth of July, 1862, was a gala day at Roanoke Island. The camps of the island and the vessels in the harbor were *en grande fête.* Colors were flying, bands playing, drums beating, patriotic steam was up to high pressure, and a goodly number of glasses of "commissary" were consumed in wishing success to the cause. The good old day, so dear to the hearts of Americans, was made more glorious by the exchange of camp hospitalities and an indulgence in such simple hilarity as the occasion seemed to require, but "Jeff" was not forgotten. Early in the morning he was bathed and scrubbed, more than to his heart's content, and then patriotically decorated. In his right ear was a red ribbon, in his left a white one, around his neck another of blue, and at his mizzen, or in other words his tail, he carried a small Confederate flag. Thus adorned he was brought on shore to pay me a visit, and as he came through my door he appeared to be filled with the pride of patriotism and a realization of the greatness of the occasion. His reward for this unusual demonstration was instantaneous, and consisted of some apples and a beautiful dessert of sugar. Afterward he made the round of the camps with a special escort of warrant officers and devoted Jack Tars. From after accounts it appeared that he had been so well received that his escort experienced much difficulty in finding their way back to the ship.

During this triumphant march over the island an incident occurred which developed the slumbering instinct of the swamp racer. In a second, as it were, and seemingly without cause, "Jeff" was seen to move off at a tremendous pace at right angles with the line of march. After having run a few rods, he was seen to make a great jump, and then remain in his tracks. The pursuing party found him actively engaged in demolishing a moccasin, which he had crushed by jumping and landing with his feet upon its head and back. Hogs of this particular kind are famous snake killers. A big rattler or a garter snake is all the same to them. They advance to the attack with the greatest impetuosity, and a feast upon snake is the usual reward of exceptional bravery.

In his habits of eating "Jeff" was a confirmed and persistent gourmand, and in time paid the usual penalty for over-indulgence of a very piggish sort of appetite. While the meal pennant was up it was his habit to go from one forecastle mess to another, and to insist upon having rather more than his share of the choice morsels from each. In a short time he came to the repair shop very much the worse for wear, with an impaired digestion and a cuticle that showed unmistakable evidence of scurvy. For the first, he was put upon short rations; for the second, sand baths on shore were prescribed. Under this treatment poor "Jeff" lost all his buoyancy of spirits and his habitual friskiness, and became sad and dejected, but bore his troubles with becoming patience. He took to the cool sand baths at once, and gave forth many disgruntled grunts when lifted out of them.

The last time I saw "Jeff," July 10, 1862, he was buried up to his ears in the cool sands of the Roanoke Island shore, with eyes upturned and looking like a very sad pig, but I fear none the wiser for his offences against the rights of a well-regulated digestion.

This account has not been written for the only purpose of glorifying the one particular pig, or pigs in general, but rather to call attention to the fact that this universally despised animal, by associating with human beings and receiving gentle treatment, may develop interesting traits of character which would otherwise remain unknown; and also to prove that kindness bestowed upon lower animals may be appreciated and reciprocated in a manner which the upper animal, man, who boasts of his superiority, would do well to imitate.

ARE FAIRY TALES TRUE?

THERE are but two classes of persons whose opinion on such a subject I think worth the asking,—children and poets.

I myself might sit all day at my window. I should see only the street flooded with sunshine and the blue sky overhead, while a poet would see Spring.

Shut your books, children, and run out of doors. Are the bare old trees really coming to life? Is the grass to be green again? Cinderella, with her glass slipper, and Little Red Riding Hood are nothing to such wonders. Perhaps their story is not true. We shall have to turn, then, to the "Sleeping Beauty."

Nature fell asleep last autumn. Snow and ice built barriers around her just as the brambles and thorns grew up around the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. But the sun, forcing his rays through ice and snow, has awakened his princess with a kiss. Nothing matters to her now. If there are stormy days, she cares not for them. She knows that Spring has come.

Let us go to our city parks or into the country and beg Nature to tell her fairy tale in her own sweet fashion. It is better than that of any book; is it not, children and poets?

WAKING UP IN THE SPRING

By L. J. Vance

[For our animal friends]

IN the March number of Our Animal Friends you were told about "Sleeping Through the Winter." That is one part of an interesting story. The other part may be entitled "Waking Up in the Spring." The phrase is an old and a favorite one with poets and lovers of Nature.

Perhaps the first signs of waking up are to be detected after a January or February thaw. In the midst of winter gloom, frost, and fog, suddenly there comes a spell of bright weather; now and then a mild day,

> "So fair 'mong its dark peers,
> It seems a straggler from the files of June."

Hosts of insects and other creatures are tempted to steal forth ere it is the proper time for them to appear on the scene. On these occasions we see our friends looking around generally for food to satisfy an appetite sharpened by a long fast. How lean and hungry and cross Bruin is! How bold the woodchuck, and how venturesome the squirrel!

I notice that the inhabitants of the ponds and ditches like to creep from their warm beds in the mud, and to take advantage of the sunshine. The great water-beetles and the black water-beetles are thawed out and begin to show signs of life and activity. It is surprising how tenacious of life some fresh-water creatures are. Take a piece of ice from some stagnant pond, and, after it melts, the water swarms with animalcules which had been imprisoned in an icy tomb.

Just when our friends do wake up in the spring is more or less of a mystery. Many sharp-eyed observers have endeavored to play the detective, but have returned home baffled and disappointed. No one can say positively, "This is the first," or, "That is the earliest, to wake up in the spring." No matter how patient or watchful you may be, no matter how early you rise in the morning, or how late you retire at night, our friends in field, forest, and water will surely get ahead of you.

Thoreau, says Mr. John Burroughs, was for years trying to settle in his own mind what was the first thing that stirred in the spring after a severe New England winter, "in what was the first sign or pulse of returning life manifest; and he never seems to have been quite sure." Those who have read Thoreau's writings will recall how he poked into the water; how he dug into the swamp; how he stole forth before daylight; how he watched here and there, and how he could never satisfy himself. "Nor can any one," says Mr. Burroughs. "Life appears to start in several things simultaneously. Of a warm day in February the snow is suddenly covered with myriads of snow-flies looking like new powder just spilled there. Or you may see a winged insect in the air."

Many a time I have watched the dancing parties of the winter gnats. It is a merry round. The tiny dancers hop up and down with wonderful vivacity. At one time they seem to beat time with their wings; at another all is confusion and disorder. Somehow the scene seems to me a kind of summer-like delusion, for few sights are more associated with mild, bright, balmy days than that of the gnat dances.

Among the first of our friends to gladden our eyes in the spring are the grubs. The pupæ of different species of insects keep warm during the long, cold winter in cracks and crevices under the bark of trees, or beneath the dead leaves and moss. Some are wrapped up in a film-like covering or cocoon, and some swing in cradles. These, in common with those that sleep through the winter months, are the first to come forth, arrayed, like the Queen of Sheba, in beautiful garments.

Some of the butterflies are early risers. The first-born that have probably passed the winter in the pupa state flit about in the early spring sunshine. The one aim of the butterfly now is to find some suitable place in which to deposit its eggs.

Then we see swarms of ants, bees, and beetles that have come out of a state of torpor; they are rather stiff in their legs and wings; but that soon wears off, and gayly colored beetles in black and gold skip about or bask in the sunshine. The burying beetles are queer fellows. They crawl around in search of a dead bird, mole, or bug, and after scooping a little grave and covering the body with earth, they spread their wings and fly to other fields of labor.

Now come those "motions of the spring" that tell us "the year has turned." Day by day the air feels warmer and warmer, the grass assumes a livelier hue, the buds begin swelling on the trees, which hang all their "leafy banners

out," and anemones peep out from the mossy ground. All at once "ten thousand forms, ten thousand different tribes, people the haze."

The waking up of the insects is the signal for the return of insectivorous creatures—birds of various kinds and colors. One by one, by twos, and by flocks, the exiles come home again. Overhead the wild geese are winging their way northward. Among the first to brave snow-storms and March winds are the robin redbreasts, song-sparrows, and bluebirds. Later on orioles, blackbirds, woodpeckers, and other birds put in an appearance. They all go to work keeping house for the summer.

But listen to the voices of Spring—the buzzing of the insects and flies, the humming of the busy bees, the twittering of the birds as they build their nests, the notes of every creature rejoicing in active, industrious life. How happy and joyous is the "waking up" of our friends in the spring!

THE NUT-HATCH

BY STODDARD GOODHUE

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

OF the few wild birds that remain with us during our cold winters the oddest, quaintest, and most interesting is the nut-hatch. He is about the smallest also—a mere morsel of flesh well bundled in a cloak of densest plumage. You can scarcely lay claim to an observing eye or ear if you have not noticed him, for he comes often into the trees in your door-yard, and his weird little note is quite unlike any other sound you hear. It is a single little grunting syllable, two or three times repeated. "Quank, quank, quank," expresses it as well as I am able to spell it.

If you hear such a sound as this, and look in the direction from which it comes, you will probably see a little slate-colored sprite, with white cheeks and a black crown, moving about a tree-trunk in the most peculiar way, and assuming all manner of strange attitudes. He will not pay the slightest attention to you, even if you go very close to him. But you will surely be interested if you watch his strange actions. As he lies flat against the trunk of the tree, he may at first seem to you like a tiny woodpecker. But a woodpecker moves always upward along the trunk, or, at most, goes downward in a hopping, awkward manner, while the little nut-hatch glides along the bark in all directions with equal ease. He seems not to notice whether his head is up or down. Now he is running up the trunk, now he turns to one side, and now he is running down again. A moment later he is gliding along the under side of a large horizontal limb, reminding you of a fly on the ceiling. And all the while he is twisting his head this way and that, spying here and there into every nook and crevice of the bark, intent on finding the home of some insect. Woe to the insect family when he does find their retreat. He pauses, looks more closely, thrusts in his bill, and extracts the morsel. If the crevice is too small to admit his bill, he gives a few sharp taps, chiselling off a bit of the bark, and the victim is exposed. "Quank, quank," in a tone of decided satisfaction, and the little hatch goes on in search of further tidbits. A very business-like little fellow, is he not?

But you should see him when good fortune comes his way,—or, rather, when he overtakes it in his busy pursuit. Suppose he has found a supply of food larger than he needs at the moment, does he gorge himself and pass the remainder by? Not he. He knows too well that stormy days are ahead, when he may have to go to bed hungry if he has not some reserve store to draw upon.

Watch him, now that he has discovered that large cocoon. He carries it to the crotch of a tree, and there begins to dissect it. A piece severed, he flies with it to a limb where he well knows of a safe-deposit vault in the form of a fine crevice in the bark. The morsel is placed in this, and securely fastened with a pat of the bill, and the little hatch returns to the cocoon. Again and again this is repeated, no two morsels being placed in the same vault, until perhaps a dozen different deposits have been made in various parts of the tree, and the cocoon is finished. A fine display of bird wisdom, is it

not? How very shrewd of him to hide each bit in a different place! A single large vault would be more convenient, but he would then be in danger of losing his entire store should any other bird discover his secret. No fear but he will remember where each bit is placed, and return for it when he is in need.

But with all his providence there will come times when it is very hard for him to secure enough food. Especially after heavy storms of sleet, when the limbs are coated with ice, does it go hard with the little climber. You will do him a kindness then if you will place a crumb of bread or a bit of meat in his way. The nut-hatch will appreciate it, and will thank you in his own quaint language.

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IT is astonishing what a lot of odd minutes one can catch during the day, if one really sets about it.—*Miss Mulock.*

OUR LITTLE NATURALIST

By Frank M. Chapman

[For our animal friends]

PICTURE to yourself a demure little girl just seven years old, with bright, happy blue eyes and a tangle of sunny hair. A quaint, oldish little maiden with ways all her own; never idle, but never too busy to do your bidding; never lonely, but in her child's plays always alone; never tired and cross, and wanting to be amused, but each day of her life finding even her small world filled with beautiful and interesting things. A companionable little lass whose eager, intelligent questions it is a pleasure to answer; whose thoughtful replies are worthy of one's attention.

This is Queenie, our little naturalist. Her home is in a Florida forest of palms and live-oaks. The Indian River on the west, the broad Atlantic on the east, form the boundaries of her playground. No other child's voice echoes through the trails and clearing she knows so well; indeed, from one year's end to another Queenie's human playmates are her mother and father. Still she never lacks for company; she knows the forest is filled with friends who are waiting for her to join them, and rarely a day passes in which she does not make some new acquaintance.

Miles of water lie between Queenie's home and the nearest village, but she has no need of toy stores. Each incoming tide brings her a host of "playthings" for which, I am sure, you would gladly exchange some of your painted treasures. On the ocean beach there are bright-colored shells of almost every kind you can imagine, from the small variegated "fans" to the polished conchs almost too large for Queenie to carry. Then there are many-hued Portuguese men-of-war, like small balloons; smoothly rounded sea-beans; bits of coral; and curious animals from the sea.

I wish that with me you could watch Queenie as, humming some little tune of her own, she makes her round of calls on these friends of hers; or when, at home, she is receiving. There is Sport the dog, and Nero the mule, and all the chickens large and small. The little alligators (there is a tank full of them) are rather stupid playmates, to be sure, but they seem to have an appreciative twinkle in their black and yellow eyes when Queenie calls, and she doubtless understands them. The tree-frog, holding court in the hollow centre of a banana stalk, receives a daily call, and, perhaps, knows just what Queenie says to him. The nest of dormice in the garden is frequently visited, and when their eyes were opened Queenie claimed one as her own. Strangely, too, she carried it beneath the checked pinafore where it might nestle snug and warm.

To her "doodles" Queenie is devoted, and interesting friends they are. In your natural history you will find "doodles" classed as insects, and termed "ant-lions."

Through the sandy trails and clearings one can see hundreds of small funnel-shaped pits dotting the ground. If you should take a doll's cap and press it into the soft sand, you would make just such an opening. What made these pits? I did not know until Queenie brought me a small box filled with sand, and holding her own particular "doodle" friends. Then I learned that these little holes were the traps of the ant-lion, a small grub-like insect not half an inch long.

Queenie's reception-room is her garden, where the young lemon-trees hold their first offering of fruit within her reach, and where the flowers, like maids of honor, are grouped about her. Here she receives the visits of her bird friends. No one knows the birds as Queenie does, for birds do not confide in every one.

The mocking-bird, hopping down the walk, flits his tail in approval of her remarks, or mounting a post near by replies with sweetest song; the glossy blackbirds feed near her; the catbirds and cardinals ask questions which she alone can understand.

Sometimes Queenie brings her friends to us; an odd plant or flower; a strange-looking beetle, or brilliant butterfly; a land-shell, a wounded bird, and even little wriggling snakes. Nothing seems to escape her, nothing is too small or unattractive to raise an inquiring "what" or "why" in her active mind.

Occasionally, it is true, Queenie's friends do not prove themselves friendly. The centipedes which live in the pretty air-plants, the scorpions hiding beneath the palmetto's shaggy bark, the wild-cat she met one day on the trail to the sea, these certainly are not pleasant friends. Still I am sure, if the centipedes and scorpions would not sting her, and if the wild-cat would accept her caresses, she would find a place in her heart for each one of them, for to our little naturalist fear is unknown.

Tell me, if in hunting hens' eggs in the nooks and corners of the barn, you should feel the great folds of a serpent when you were reaching in some dark hole, what would you do? I think you would not do as Queenie did when her hand thus unintentionally grasped the cold, scaly coils of a snake which was concealed in a hen's nest. She jumped backward quickly, it is true; who would not? But she did not scream, nor even run away. No, indeed; she placed a box before the opening where the snake lay hidden, and going to her mother said: "You can't guess in all day what I've got up at the barn." Then she led the way to her prisoner, and helped the brave mother kill it. It measured eight feet in length, and its skin is now one of Queenie's trophies.

One deadly enemy lurks in Queenie's woods, an enemy so cruel and relentless he has no mercy for even this dear little girl of ours. Once, indeed, she almost fell his victim, and I pray the mother's strong arm may ever be as near to protect her. Side by side mother and child were walking over the trail to the ocean. It is a beautiful walk; the way has been cleared, and one can look far ahead through the palms and oaks, while on either side the vegetation is so dense, the trees so draped with swaying moss and clinging vines, that this path is almost like an aisle in some conservatory. With no thought of the hideous reptile lying concealed at the border of the trail beyond, they strolled slowly toward the sea.

Suddenly there was a slight rustling in the leaves, a warning *whir-r-r*, and a rattlesnake sprang from the undergrowth at Queenie's side. Was it the unerring instinct of a mother's love which saved her? Not a moment too soon had the encircling arm swung her to the centre of the trail; the serpent had missed his strike, and recoiling, lay there in threatening attitude before them. Here it was killed by the father who came in answer to their calls.

I know that with me you will hope Queenie may not again encounter so great a danger, and that in nature she may find all the joys and pleasures your well-filled lives bring you.

FAITHFUL SAPPHO

BY HARRIET ELLIOTT

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

SAPPHO was a large-sized English terrier, by no means thorough-bred, but quite a good-looking dog, with a shiny black coat and a white spot on her chest. I used to be afraid of her when I was a child, for she had a rough way of jumping on people and barking very loud, which, however, was only her way of welcoming friends. When ladies were going upstairs to take off their bonnets, she would precede them, and turn around on every step to bark as she led the way. I thought, as she was a house-dog, she might have been better trained; but her mistress, who knew how good and faithful she was, did not find any fault with her. Sappho was much attached to all the members of the family, and when one went out she would look wistfully at the others as if she could not make up her mind to leave them, although she dearly loved a scamper through the park.

One winter, about six years after Sappho went to live with the family, a fever broke out in the house and spread from one to another until all the family were given up by the doctor; first the brother died, and then the youngest sister, and, last of all, the poor old mother who had been blind for many years. The sister who survived was so ill that she did not know anything about the others, and it was a long time before anyone ventured to tell her that they were dead; at last they broke it gently to her, and though at first she was inconsolable she knew that it was God's will, and tried to be submissive and to face the future bravely. One morning she sent out for a servant to give her some directions, and while she was talking to her she remembered Sappho and that she had not seen or heard of her since she had been taken ill.

"Indeed, ma'am," said the woman, "I did not think there was any use in troubling you about her, but the poor beast is just dying. Not a morsel of food has she touched since the day the poor master died, and as for getting her out of that room, there isn't one that would dare to try it, though maybe she is so weak now that some one could carry her."

"Try if you can bring her to me," said the poor mistress, who was herself too weak to sit up.

Mary went and returned in a few minutes carrying Sappho in her apron. Sappho's head was hanging down, and she looked as if she was dying; but when she was laid upon her mistress's bed and felt the soft touch of her hand, a new light came into her eyes, and the lady said she never afterwards could forget the look of affection which the poor animal cast upon her. Then she ordered some warm milk to be brought, and Sappho took a little from the spoon that her mistress held. Evidently the dog had thought that she, too, was dead, but from that time they both began to recover.

Sappho lived for about four years after this, and was a true friend to her mistress, who did not disdain to honor her as she deserved. An artist was employed to take her portrait, and when she died her likeness was engraved on a seal with the words, "Faithful Sappho," and under a glass on the back of the seal was placed a lock of her hair. This seal is in the possession of the writer, who wishes that she could show it to some of her young friends who have read this story.

TOM, DICK AND HARRY

BY M. C. MCNEILL

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

HARRY lived in the city, in a large apartment house that had a wide ledge running outside his window. He was very much delighted when his papa gave him a beautiful canary, and on warm, sunshiny days he could put Dick's cage out on the ledge where the bird could enjoy the fresh air, and sing to his heart's content. Harry was always very careful to keep the cage clean, and to give Dick plenty of water and seed.

"Why, Mr. Dick," said Harry one day in great surprise, "the fresh air must have given you a wonderful appetite. Every time I look at your cup I find the seed gone." This happened so often that Harry made up his mind to watch and see how it happened; so in the morning he filled the cup full of seed, and then sat down quietly behind the curtain, peeping out to see what Dick would do. Presently Harry heard Dick chirp as much as to say: "How do you do?" to some one. Then something answered back in a cooing voice, and Harry saw Tom Pouter, a pigeon, sitting on the ledge and talking to Dick through the bars of his cage. Tom poked his bill through the wires of the cage, but he could scarcely reach the seed-cup, and when Dick saw that, he hopped over to the cup and began to push the seed forward with his bill till Tom could reach it. So he kept on working with all his might, until Tom had eaten every bit. Then Tom sat down beside the cage, and kept Dick company all the day.

Harry was so amused at this performance that he determined to give Dick all the seed he could shovel, and as Tom would eat three or four cupfuls of seed in a day, Dick generally did a hard day's work.

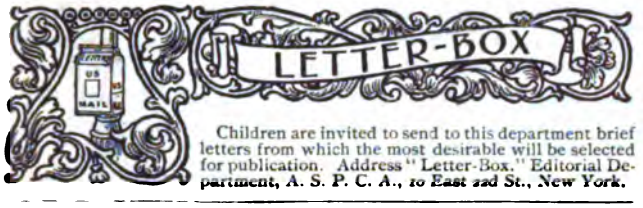
One afternoon, when Harry had gone for a long walk with his papa, a dreadful hail and thunder storm came on, and they had to take shelter till it was over. As they came near the house, Harry suddenly burst into tears.

"What is the matter, Harry?" asked his papa.

"O papa!" said Harry, crying harder than ever, "I forgot all about Dick. I left him out on the ledge, and I know he is dead by this time; I am so afraid to go into the room, for he is sure to be lying at the bottom of the cage. Oh, my pretty Dick! What shall I do?"

His father took him by the hand, and led him into the room. Almost afraid to look, they went over to the window, and there they saw Tom Pouter sitting on the top of the cage with his wings spread out over it, and the raindrops dripping off his back onto the ledge; and close underneath him, on the top perch, high and dry, sat Mr. Dick! So Tom showed both Dick and Harry that "one good turn deserves another."

HABIT is a cable. We weave a thread each day, and it becomes so strong that we cannot break it.—*Horace Mann.*


LETTER-BOX
Children are invited to send to this department brief letters from which the most desirable will be selected for publication. Address "Letter-Box." Editorial Department, A. S. P. C. A., 10 East 22d St., New York.

Editor OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS :

We, my sister and brothers and myself, have been much interested lately in watching the cats which come to our back yard. I hope this story about them will prove acceptable for the Letter-Box. I have called it

TOM'S COURTSHIP

There was disquiet among the aristocratic cats of a certain neighborhood, for Bachelor Smith's dignified Maltese Tom had been discovered serenading a fair creature who lived at No. 23, and they were the more jealous because Maria never had anything to do with the other young cats. So one night a number of cats collected in the yard to lie in wait for Tom, and to take suitable revenge for the slight offered their daughters. They had cunningly taken positions in corners and behind barrels so as not to be seen.

Madame Tortoise Shell had forbidden her daughters to come, but was herself hidden behind an overhanging branch of a tree, and was uneasily perched on an old shovel-handle that had been put on the corner of the fence as of no further use. Mrs. Grey was more securely seated under a wheelbarrow, but it was so damp that she paid dearly for her eavesdropping, by a bad attack of rheumatism.

It was in the fall, and the yards were heaped and strewn with fallen leaves which rustled with a strange whispering sound. The moon was hidden by a misty gray cloud, and a brisk breeze blew the leaves about and ruffled the fur and tempers of the assembled spies.

Now Tom lived about four houses down the row, and late in the evening, from the fence of No. 16 was seen a dark gray tail waving and swaying in the air, as Tom quietly picked his way along and balanced himself for a moment on two pickets and sniffed the sharp November air, making sure that he was alone and safe. Not the faintest me-ow was wafted to his sensitive ear, so he cautiously walked along the fence until he reached the home of his sweetheart. Descending the fence, our hero softly approached the house, and stationed himself near her favorite window.

Presently a long wailing note vibrated through the air, his voice gradually growing louder and losing its sad tone, until his m-r-r-a-o-w swelled into a M-r-r-i-i-a that would touch a heart of stone.

Suddenly at the closed window Maria appeared, her long white fur showing well against the dark background kitchen. Poor Maria! The window was closed, and she only could rub against the prison bars and drag her tail sorrowfully on the sill instead of waving it proudly aloft. Tom sang on, not noticing that other listeners had gradually left their hiding places, and, with hatred bristling in every hair, were creeping nearer and nearer. Suddenly Romeo's high tenor ended in a howl, for a half-dozen enraged cats had sprung on him and assailed him on all sides. Tom would have fared badly had it not been for a disturbed sleeper, who came to his window and slammed a blind. Then there was great scrambling and scratching as they all scampered home.

In December, Tom and Maria vanished, but how or where no one knew until one day, a long time afterward, a pane of glass was found broken in the cellar. Maria had escaped through this, and with Tom found her way to a car in a railway station where they curled up and went to sleep.

Making friends with the brakeman in the morning, they traveled for many days, and then just at Christmas they came to a farm-house where they were joyfully welcomed by a little girl who was the pet of the household. She called them Santa and Claus, after the children's jolly friend, who, she declared, sent them to her. They are now the happy father and mother of the sweetest little kittens ever seen.

MARION MESSITER.

Dear Letter-Box :

Jenny Dilver is dead. I have been crying about her all the morning. Now, as we have had the funeral and she is in a beautiful grave in the back-yard, I suppose I ought to take care of her three little children and her husband, Dickey Dilver, and not cry any more.

The children did not go to the funeral. They are too little to leave their nest. Mamma would not let me move the big cage down-stairs, but Dickey, as soon as he was asked, hopped into the old gilt one that he used to live in before he was married, and I carried him along.

All the little girls and boys that I know were invited into our front basement for the funeral. Some bad boys sat outside on the area railings to laugh at us, but we did not pay any attention ; we just pulled down the window-shades and they could not see a thing. Dickey is a plain yellow canary, while Jenny had a brown spot on her head, like a bonnet. When she was lying on pink cotton in a handkerchief box, she looked lovely. I put the coffin on a table close by Dickey's cage. Then I preached a sermon to tell how patient Jenny was ; how hard it must have been for her to leave three little children with only pin feathers and not able to feed themselves. I opened Dickey's cage, so that he could kiss Jenny for the last time. He really did come out and hop around her, feeling dreadfully. Every one of us cried. After that, we put the cover on Jenny's box and laid her in a doll's carriage. My brother Bertie pushed the hearse out to the back-yard, the rest of us following, two by two. Mamie Colton brought a piece of ivy to twine over the grave, and I broke the marble slab of my doll's washstand so that we might have a real tombstone. The words on it were :

"She stretched her legs and curled her toes,
And withered like a summer's rose."

Grandpa made up the poetry.

Yours very truly,
JOSIE R——.

THE VETERINARIAN

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians, answers to correspondents, and other items relating to that branch of science.

VETERINARY EDUCATION

OUR exchanges afford abundant evidence of increasing interest in the development of veterinary science in all parts of the country. In no land is so large a percentage of the people who are interested in animals sufficiently educated to master readily the essential rudiments of the subject as in ours; and certainly the undergraduate courses in our colleges are at least of sufficient scope to enable an alumnus to enter upon a full veterinary course with every prospect of success. Then there is in our favor the characteristic practical talent of the American, which inclines him to rely on independent observation and deductive invention rather than on the dogmas of the schools, and at the same time to avoid experimenting upon doubtful or unpromising lines. This is one of the reasons why American physicians and surgeons, though shut out from the superior scholastic advantages of European schools, have in so many instances become distinguished among the foremost abroad as well as at home. There is no reason in the nature of things why this should not also come to be the case with the veterinary branch.

But while our medical colleges insist on a tolerably advanced grade of preparatory scholarship, and a protracted course well abreast with the present state of knowledge, the veterinary schools on the other hand have set their standards for matriculation lamentably low, and made their courses far too circumscribed and short, without much uniformity. Thus the student who aspires to become truly accomplished must perforce seek his special training and have his armor forged abroad, or else struggle on at home under difficulties which ought not to exist.

It is against this state of things that our best veterinary schools and associations and foremost practitioners are now so earnestly striving, and the result must be—we trust in the near future—that not only in popular estimation, but also in high-grade and useful practice, the American veterinarian will rank with the highest in the Old World.

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THERE is an especial fitness in having a veterinary department embraced in the organization of our American agricultural colleges, the chair of which should be held by a specialist of learning and skill. The true object is not to make accomplished practitioners, but to broaden the culture of our educated farmers by diffusing a correct knowledge of fundamental principles, enabling them to understand the important relation which the subject has to their own industries both in an economical view and as a basis of genuine edification.

Our agriculturists are to a greater or less extent stock owners and breeders, and an adequate knowledge of the principles of correct breeding, and of the care and management of animals in health and disease, is quite as essential to success as is that of organic chemistry, the composition of soils and manures, and the laws of vegetable growth to the tiller of the soil; or of hygiene, nursing, and domestic medicine and surgery to the householder.

The agricultural college ought to be the very best preparatory school for special veterinary education. The relation of the science to rural industries is exceedingly close, and its due recognition in the agricultural school will prove a potent factor in evoking a consciousness of latent talent, and determining its direction. Dr. W. L. Williams (*American Veterinary Review*, November, 1892) gives a forcible illustration:

> By referring to veterinary colleges requiring two or three terms attendance for graduation, we find students from agricultural colleges admitted to examination after one session's attendance, and we have been unable to find one whose knowledge was found wanting; but in every or in nearly every case, they have carried off honors, and in an unusually large per cent. of cases have won first places. . . . A very large proportion of these students from agricultural colleges, or from veterinary departments of agricultural colleges, occupy prominent positions.

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THE practice of docking foals, and then turning them out to grass without the means of keeping off flies, is one that should be stringently condemned. We are glad to note that at a recent meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society of England, the Duke of Westminster moved: "That in future no foals with docked tails should be entered for the Society's county meetings." The motion was supported by H. R. H. Prince Christian, and others.

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FOWLS afflicted with scaly legs should be treated immediately, as the disease is contagious, being due to the presence of a parasite under the scales. A remedy, said to be efficacious, is to wash and brush the legs thoroughly with warm soapsuds, and, after drying with a towel, rub with vaseline to which a few drops of carbolic acid has been added. Generally three or four applications of this salve will effect a cure.

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H. W. B., who lives where he cannot readily consult a veterinarian, inquires how best to check occasional attacks of diarrhœa in a house-dog, a skye-terrier, which does not seem otherwise ill. Diarrhœa should never be suddenly arrested except in cases of inflammation or weakness. It is quite safe generally to give first a dose of castor-oil to aid nature in her efforts to cast off irritating matter; if there should be pain, about ten drops of laudanum may be added to the oil. Some veterinarians give a small dose of rhubarb in peppermint water. During such attacks the dog should be kept quiet and his diet carefully looked after.

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CHARCOAL is one of the best aids to digestion that can be given to young chickens. It need not be pulverized, but should be broken in small bits and scattered about where it can easily be discovered.

KENNEL SECRETS: HOW TO BREED, EXHIBIT, AND MANAGE DOGS. By "Ashmont." Boston: J. Loring Thayer Publishing Company, 1893.

If any one shall think that this magnificent volume contains only "Kennel Secrets" which are available for purposes of fraud or imposition, he will greatly mistake the character of the work. "Ashmont's" great secret is to avoid defects and prevent diseases which the arts of the charlatan would merely conceal. In short, he tells the true method of feeding, kennelling, exercising, training, and otherwise caring for dogs, so as to secure the highest conditions of health and beauty.

It is hardly possible, in such a notice as this, to give any real idea of the magnificent volume before us. It is in small quarto form, printed on heavy glazed paper, and illustrated with an enormous number of superbly executed full-page engravings. It is but scant praise to say that the publishers have produced one of the handsomest volumes, if not the very handsomest, that have ever been devoted to the subject of dogs. To all breeders and trainers of dogs it will henceforth be indispensable; and every owner of even a single dog, if he wishes either to do his duty to the animal or to enjoy the pleasure of seeing it healthy and happy, will do well to put himself under the instructions of "Ashmont."

Even among men who think themselves skilled in the management of kennels, many false theories of the diet appropriate to the dog are prevalent. The author therefore does well to begin with the discussion of the natural diet of canine animals, after which he discusses the varieties of animal food which may be judiciously given, and the vegetable foods to which the dog in its domesticated state has been accustomed. The qualities of each particular food, and the circumstances in which it may be judiciously given in preference to some other food, are clearly stated; also the times at which the quantity of animal food should be increased or diminished. He pays particular attention to the dietary of puppies when they are weaned, and he gives many valuable hints to novices in the management of house-dogs. It is needless to say that kennelling, exercise, the necessity of pure water, the right and wrong methods of washing and grooming, and the best means of banishing and destroying troublesome insects, are carefully and clearly treated.

The great interest in the dog which is manifested in the frequency of exhibitions, makes it most desirable that the owners of valuable dogs should know how to exhibit them to advantage, so that they shall reach the exhibition in the best condition, be protected from the dangers which are always incident to dog-shows, and, in case of some slight temporary disorder, be so cared for as to leave the exhibition still in good health. All these subjects in general, and all the incidents connected with them, "Ashmont" considers always with the knowledge of an expert; and he has the rare faculty of communicating his knowledge as an expert with such simplicity as to make it seem like mere ordinary common-sense!

The third part of the book is devoted to the important subject of breeding; and, as in the former parts of the work, the author here treats his subject with admirable simplicity. Nothing, from the selection of the sire to the full maturity of the young dog, is overlooked. The chapter on "Training" is most admirable. "Ashmont's" idea of training is that it is an appeal to the intelligence of the animal, with just enough of command to impress upon it the idea that it has a duty to perform, as well as a pleasure to be enjoyed. Owners of pets and house-dogs, especially of toy-dogs, will be grateful for the instructions given in the last two chapters, in which the author treats the subject of those pests of the domestic dog—intestinal parasites.

Altogether, we have only commendation, and that of the most cordial character, for this superb work. Wherever it is read and studied, the cause of humanity will be promoted, and many sufferings of the most familiar of our animal friends will be prevented. In the publication of "Kennel Secrets" author and publisher have laid all dogs and all friends of the dog under heavy obligations.

EVOLUTION AND MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE. By Henry Calderwood, LL.D., F.R.S.E., Professor of Moral Philosophy, University of Edinburgh. New York: Macmillan & Co. 1893.

The silly "conflict between science and religion" is coming rapidly to an end. Professor Calderwood is a man of science; he is also a devoted believer in the Christian religion; and he finds nothing inconsistent in his position. Moreover, Professor Calderwood, like all other men of science, believes in the theory of evolution. He believes in it with quite absolute conviction; and yet he observes a boundary beyond which the theory of evolution does not apply. He holds that man is one of the animals, and that, as such, his animal nature and organism fall fairly within the observations which justify a belief in evolution. But he finds that "man is not only among animals, but above them." Man has characteristics which Professor Calderwood holds to be essentially different from those of other animals. He utterly denies the dictum of Darwin that "there is no fundamental difference between man and the higher mammals in their mental faculties." The superiority of man over the other animals does not consist merely in superior sensibility, or in the size of the brain. Darwin himself observes that "primeval man practised a division of labor"; and it was not such an instinctive division as that of ants in their hill, or of bees in the hive; it was a division of purposes intelligently adapted to free ends. Thus we reach the observation that the activity of man is not merely an instinctive activity, but a self-directed activity, the outcome of which is rational conduct, connected with a sentiment of self-approval, or of self-reproach. "In man," says Professor Calderwood, "there is one life, but a duality of power within it; one continuous course of activity, but a duality within that also. The physical precedes the mental; and again, the mental precedes the physical." Again he says: "Looking at life, as it is concerned with knowledge, apart from muscular activity, we have come to a knowledge which cannot be attributed to the sensory sys-

tem, any more than it can be attributed to the motor system. . . . Localization of function in the brain has made large advance. Centres of sensibility have been identified, so also have motor centres ; and even centres for vocalization, providing for the language of dogs and of monkeys, as well as of man. But there has been no advance towards localizing of 'thought' centres, such as might produce science."

In the study of heredity and evolution, Professor Calderwood admirably states the two theories of embryotic cells, which divide the allegiance of men of science ; but in neither of them does he even find anything which would account for heredity of intellect. That a germ-cell contains the potentiality of *animal* intelligence, he knows to be a fact ; that likewise contains the germ of *rational* intelligence, he considers it to be not proved and incapable of proof. Finally, all men have a moral and spiritual being of which Professor Calderwood does not think that evolution gives a full account. It accounts for his physical organization; of that of which the physical organization seems to be merely the vehicle, it knows nothing and reveals nothing.

Those who are familiar with the subject of evolution, will find fresh thoughts in connection with it in this volume ; those who would possess in a brief compass the substance of the chief theories of evolution, should possess themselves of it; religious people who have dreaded that evolution would subvert religion, will find in this work ample evidence that it has neither done so, nor is likely so to do. Professor Calderwood's style in the first part of his work is close, compact, almost laconic ; in the middle it is less compressed; toward the close it is entirely free and flowing.

"LOULETTE," a charming story by Miss Ruth Lawrence, appears in the March number of *Short Stories*. It is full of graceful sentiment and is so well told that the ending is as much of a surprise as the author could wish. In the same number is "Peach Blossom," the story of an Arab's love for his horse, by Louis Enault.

"ONE of the many features that have been noted in the study of our North American locusts during the past ten or a dozen years," writes Lawrence Bruner in *Science* for March 10th, "is the color-variation of the wings of the different species of locusts of the sub-family Œdipodinæ." Mr. Bruner believes that an examination of a fairly representative collection of these insects would be a sufficient index of the climate of the region where they are found. Along the Atlantic slopes, and even in the interior of the continent as far westward as the eastern edge of the great plains, red or orange is the characteristic color. On the plains and in other arid districts of the West and Southwest the red and orange give place almost entirely to yellow. In the mountains red reappears, while at a certain elevation, and under peculiar conditions, blue takes the place of both. The "Notes" seem to us highly instructive and interesting. We should like to learn more from Mr. Bruner. If, as he modestly claims, he has not gone far into the matter, he has certainly taken up a fresh subject, and he presents it delightfully.

THE *American Veterinary Review* for February tells us of the success achieved by the *United States Veterinary Medical Association*. What can be more gratifying than to see such an association become more and more important? It has worked toward the establishment, upon a permanent basis, of an advanced and uniform standard of education for veterinarians in the United States. May it prosper in every respect! We know the need of it, and we sympathize with the undertaking.

A CORRESPONDENT of *The Christian Union*, signing himself J. B. B., writes in the number for March 11th an interesting letter about his experience in raising ruffed grouse. This spring his grouse family is to have a spacious range, open to sun and rain, but with ample shelter accessible, and all carefully protected from the too curious approach of man or beast. The possibility of a brood of young chicks, and the study of their conduct and habits as they grow up in such an environment, offer, he thinks, fascinating opportunities for the study of what we are wont to call instinct.

THE great naturalist, J. J. Audubon, had many trials and romantic experiences in his youth. These are pleasantly set forth in the story of his life which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* for March. Among noteworthy passages occurs the following :

"One of the most extraordinary things among all these adverse circumstances was, that I never for a day gave up listening to the songs of our birds, or watching their peculiar habits, or delineating them in the best way that I could ; nay, during my deepest troubles I frequently would wrench myself from the persons around me, and retire to some secluded part of our noble forests ; and many a time, at the sound of the wood-thrush's melodies, have I fallen on my knees, and there prayed earnestly to God. This *never* failed to bring me the most valuable of thoughts, and *always* comfort, and, strange as it may seem to you, it was often necessary for me to exert my will and compel myself to return to my fellow-beings."

BOOKS RECEIVED

KENNEL SECRETS. HOW TO BREED, EXHIBIT, AND, MANAGE DOGS. Ashmont. With Illustrations. Boston : J. Loring, Thayer Publishing Company.

THE INTERPRETATION OF NATURE. Nathaniel Southgate Shaler. Boston and New York : Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

RECENT RAMBLES ; OR, IN TOUCH WITH NATURE. Charles C. Abbott, M.D. With Illustrations. Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Co.

EVOLUTION AND MAN'S PLACE IN NATURE. Henry Calderwood, LL.D., F.R.S.E. London and New York : Macmillan & Company.

MENTAL EVOLUTION IN ANIMALS. George J. Romanes. New York : D. Appleton & Company.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

IT is educational in character, as well as humane, and undoubtedly has a mission for good.—*The Messenger*, South Haven, Mich.

THE periodical cannot be too widely read, and it is gratifying to have the numbers preserved in volume form.—*Turf, Field and Farm*, New York.

IT is ably edited and well illustrated, and is devoted to the general cause of tempering the common cruelty practised on all our domestic animals.—*The Times*, Philadelphia.

THE contributors include many of the favorite American writers of the day, and the tone of the periodical is humane without being sentimental.—*The Beacon*, Boston, Mass.

IT abounds in sketches of wild and domestic animals, birds, etc., and will interest most men and women, and all children who may be fortunate enough to get hold of it.—*Godey's Magazine.*

GOOD advice is tendered to men and women as to the care and attention which they ought to bestow upon their horses instead of leaving them, as they so often do, to the tender mercies of coachmen. There is much in the little volume that is worthy to be noted.—*Philadelphia Record.*

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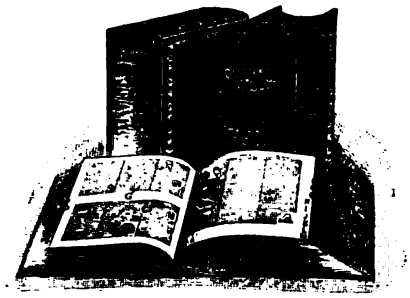

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Vol. XX. NEW YORK, MAY, 1893. No. 9.

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AN ANNOUNCEMENT

WHAT small people do is of small importance. If the small people grow to larger dimensions, what they do is of more importance to other people.

When OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS was first published in its present form, it was considered sufficient that its numbers should appear monthly. It was not supposed that the time of the month in which it might appear would be a matter of great interest to anybody. As it has gone on, we have been gratified to find that many of our readers become impatient to have it in their hands before the middle of the month, which has been our usual time of publication. In deference to their wishes, we shall hereafter publish our magazine punctually on the first day of the month.

The appreciation of our efforts, which is exhibited in the demand with which we now comply, appears in many other ways. From many far-off countries we are receiving letters which show that the work of our Society is attracting attention, and that its principles are commending themselves. At home we have every reason to be satisfied with the approval which our efforts receive, and the sympathy with which every new effort on our part is greeted. We take great pleasure in acknowledging the deep debt of gratitude which is due from the Society to the leading members of both the great political parties in the Legislature of the State of New York, for the intelligence and patience with which they have investigated every proposed measure to which the President of the Society has felt himself, during the present session, to be conscientiously bound to enter an objection. The annual report of the Society, extracts from which appeared in this column two months ago, contained the official expression of our recognition of kindness from many other official friends.

In making the slight change which we have just

announced, we are endeavoring to meet the wishes of our friends. Our hope is that the time is not far off when the cause of humanity to every living creature will have only friends and no enemies at all anywhere.

THE SUMMER OUTING

SPRING is here and summer is nigh at hand. What shall we do with it? Where shall we spend the good days of our summer outing? What good besides sunny recollections shall they leave behind when they are gone?

People who have nothing to do, people whose lives are spent in nothing worth mentioning, may pass their summer days in idleness as laboriously useless as that in which they pass their winter nights. Wearied men and women, overstrained with the long tension of strenuous employments, are apt to think only of the luxury of rest under green trees, with blue skies peeping through the branches, while the balmy but invigorating air breathes life and strength into the weary frame. For the idle people, God pity them! we have no counsel; for the tired and weary people, God help *them!* nature is the best adviser; let them rest in peace and thank God for the opportunity. But there is another class of persons who are neither idle nor overtaxed, to whom the summer outing ought to yield a threefold satisfaction in the prospect, the enjoyment, and the retrospect. To them, and particularly to those of them whose privilege it is to live in families, with children's laughter mingling with the converse of their elders, we should like to make just one or two suggestions.

The right use of the summer outing ought to be invaluable in the education of us all, and surely of the young. If it is not, if children go out with the thought that aimless idling is itself a happiness, will they not bring back that thought with them and look on serious occupations as a drudgery? Let us not be misunderstood. There is a time for aimlessness and drift, a time for fun and frolic for their own sake, a time for care and conscience to be forgotten in the enjoyment of pure pleasure. Children should be brought up to know that recreation, amusement, diversion—call it what you will—has a place in right living, and that it cannot be neglected without peril to body and mind. But recreation is the incident, not the object, of life; and the best of all recreations is not that which consists in the disuse of one's faculties, but that which brings into fresh activity faculties which are not much used in daily life.

THE CHILDREN'S OUTING

It is not necessary, however, that children should be made to think much of the uses of their recreations, if those recreations are of the right sort. What is needed is that the operations of their brains should be so directed as to form good habits. In every action of life some brain activity is called into play; some nerve-track of sensation and volition is formed; and when right activities are roused and proper nerve-tracks are established, a physical basis of good habits has been laid, which will not easily be changed.

There are whole tracts of brain activity into which children should be early introduced, but into which they seldom stray without leading. Who, for instance, can measure the calmness of delight which one feels when he is perfectly "in touch with nature"? How many children are ever wisely taught to know that touch? Yet it were no hard task to lead young hearts into that deep knowledge. All that is needed is to direct attention to the myriad lovelinesses of God's universe—to the glories of the heavens, the sweetness of the air, the long sweep of the waves, the rippling of the stream, the odors of fair flowers—the unseen, because unnoticed, beauties of ten thousand common things. Train a child's eye to perceive the beautiful, and the child's soul is too fresh from paradise not to love what it beholds. Train its ear to hear the murmurs of the woods, and it will need no help from you to listen to the music of the spheres. If, with all that, you bring it into sympathy with that deep mystery of *life* which every living creature shares with every other, you will bring it very near to God, the Source of all life. Thus, even in recreation, true religious sentiment may be fostered, and a love of all that is poetic with it. We do not say that the children's summer outing should be turned into a course of botany, or geology, or zoölogy, though we think that such an outing might be made delightful. All we insist upon is this: that the higher opportunities of a vacation should not be neglected, but should be judiciously applied with a true educative purpose.

Very often they are badly misapplied. To most boys, for example, the first thought of an outing is

that it is an opportunity to "kill something." Why should that be so, if boys were taught to think of life as a sacred thing, and of the beauty of life as a glorious and admirable thing? Our contributor, Mr. Ernest Ingersol, has shown our young readers how they might have endless "sport without a gun" by rightly using a cheap camera. Why should not a camera be given to a boy, rather than a gun?

In a word, wise parents may enjoy the prospects of a summer outing with their children, while they study how to use it to the best advantage, so as to inspire the young mind with a love of nature and a horror of offences against nature. With their children they may spend innumerable hours of satisfaction seeing nature in their little ones responding to the universal life of nature. On their home return after such a summer, they and theirs will bring to their home life quickened minds and larger faculties of perception than they took away; and so a summer wisely spent will add joy to the whole year.

THE CRUELTY OF IGNORANCE

WHILE brutal abuse of animals is now happily confined for the most part to the lower orders of humanity, there is another kind of cruelty, nearly as fatal in its results, which is constantly displayed by those whose education, refinement, and desire to do right generally exempt them from the charge of inhumanity. We refer now to the cruelty of ignorance.

Comparatively few among those who train domestic animals to useful service, or who divert themselves with household pets, endeavor to become informed concerning the proper treatment of animals in health, the speediest way of curing slight ailments, and the necessary hygienic and sanitary conditions for their best development. Policy, if not kindness, might dictate reasonable attention to the special needs of domestic animals, for it is through their best development that we gain their most useful service. Yet the best of people continue to give their household pets unwholesome food, and neglect them when ill until, perhaps, their ailments become incurable.

Everything that we take under our own care involves a certain moral responsibility. Even a plant, voluntarily taken charge of, has a right to reasonable care. The higher we rise in the scale of moral development, the more conscientious we ought to be in regard to our obligations. The servants and friends we have made for ourselves from among the creatures which are below us in the order of creation, have a right to our comprehension, our sympathy, our justice. We do not concern ourselves here with the demands of human beings. We acknowledge their first claim, but the second claim is certainly that of our domestic animals.

Recent investigations and experiments show that there is less difference between the ordinary man and the superior type of horse or dog than is commonly believed. New and surprising examples of intelligence and tenderness of feeling among animals are constantly appearing. Scientists marvel more and more at the similarity of animal civic and industrial organizations to those of humankind. What the great Agassiz said is now felt by many who could not so clearly express their own impressions:

"The gradations of the moral faculties among the higher animals and man are so imperceptible that to deny the first a certain sense of responsibility and consciousness would certainly be an exaggeration of the differences which distinguish animals and man. There exists, besides, as much individuality within their respective capabilities, among animals as among men, as every sportsman, every keeper of menageries, and every farmer or shepherd can testify, or any one who has had large experience with wild, tamed, or domesticated animals. Yet the principle unquestionably exists, and whether it be called Soul, Reason, or Instinct, it presents in the whole range of organized beings a series of phenomena closely linked together; and upon it are based not only the higher manifestations of the mind, but the very permanence of the specific differences which characterize every organism. Most of the arguments of philosophy in favor of the immortality of man apply equally to the permanency of this principle in other living beings."

This conviction is not that of Agassiz alone; it is shared by other men of science whose views might readily be cited. Looking from their standpoint, who can fail to perceive the broad range of human responsibility, a responsibility which includes not only the duty of man to man, but the duty of man to animals? There are many, we doubt not, who will agree with our views theoretically; we hope that some of them will put belief into action and aid us practically in our efforts to do away with the Cruelty of Ignorance.

AT HEADQUARTERS

A MISERABLE team of horses belonging to the Fifth Avenue Stage Company were stopped at the corner of Forty-seventh Street and Fifth Avenue on the night of the 6th of March. The heavy vehicle to which they were harnessed contained eighteen passengers, who were apparently ignorant or unmindful of the physical condition of the living motive power that was conveying them to their homes, or, perchance, to some scene of pleasure.

The poor creatures had struggled along from Waverly Place to the point mentioned above as best they could; their physical infirmities aggravated by their shoes being as smooth as glass, making it almost impossible for them to get a foothold on the frozen roadway. One of the passengers, however, Rev. James M. Bruce, was not indifferent to the torture the horses were undergoing, and he determined to exercise his right as a citizen, to end the cruelty. Alighting from the stage, he ordered the driver, George Mott, to stop, then called the attention of his fellow-passengers to the dreadful condition of the horses. While all were shocked at the painful sight, several objected to the delay caused by the arrest of the driver, which Mr. Bruce insisted should be made by Officer Phillips. The horses were at once unharnessed and taken to the stable. Next morning Mr. Bruce described the case to Justice Meade, at the Fourth District Police Court, as "most shocking, and one of the worst he had ever seen." His testimony was corroborated by several other witnesses who voluntarily appeared in court to testify. The magistrate said his sympathies were with the prisoner, but as it was he who had committed the offence, he must bear the consequences; then, turning to Superintendent Hankinson, the justice said, "You should prosecute those who send the disabled horses out." "The Society stands ready to do so," was the reply, "and if the Court will tell us whom it considers responsible, and will issue a warrant for his or their arrest, it will be immediately acted upon." A summons was granted for the appearance of John Mitchell, the starter, who, according to Mott, had ordered the team out; but Mitchell told the Court that he was only an employee without any authority to order what should be done at the stable. He was therefore discharged, and Mott was held in $100 bail to appear for trial at the Court of Special Sessions.

The case was tried before Justices Smith, Hogan, and Divver. The defendant was represented by counsel, and contended that the horses were well able to work when they left the stable; but the testimony of Dr. Shaw, the Rev. M. Mackay, R. M. Fuller, Officer Seymour of the Society, and others for the prosecution, showed conclusively that the animals could not have been in proper condition when they started out. Mott was convicted of cruelty to the horses, and fined $25.

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AS Officer Evans of the Society was going through Mulberry Street, on his way to the Court of Special Sessions the other morning, to appear as witness in a case of cruelty to a horse, he saw what appeared to be a ball of fire thrown from the third-story window of a tenement-house. When it struck the ground, however, it proved to be a living rat, the body of which one Victor Tialcama had saturated with kerosene oil and set on fire. Evans ran into the building, and ascending the stairs met Tialcama coming down, laughing as if he had done something very funny. Accusing him of having thrown the burning animal out of the window, the Italian admitted that he had. He was promptly arrested, and on being arraigned before Justices Smith, Hogan, and Divver, in Court of Special Sessions, he pleaded guilty to the charge of cruelty and was fined $5.

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AS Mrs. L——, a warm supporter of the Society and an earnest worker in the cause of animal protection, was coming up Broadway the other afternoon, she saw a horse so lame that it might almost have been said to be walking on three legs. The driver sat upon the seat of the heavy cart, totally regardless of the pain the poor creature was undergoing, and urging it to greater speed. "I looked about for a policeman," said Mrs. L——, "but could not find one. I determined to follow and relieve the suffering creature, if it took me all the afternoon. I followed the limping horse for several blocks, and at Eighteenth Street I found an officer whose attention I called to the case. He acted promptly, and ordered the man to unharness the animal." Officer Smart of the Society came up

just at the time and took charge of the case. The driver, John Spillane, was taken before Justice Hogan at the Second District Police Court, charged with cruelty to the horse, and held under $100 for trial. At his trial he was fined $5. The Society's ambulance conveyed the injured animal to the veterinary hospital for surgical treatment.

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IT was after midnight, the air cold, and to make things more unpleasant for the Society's night patrol, a drizzly rain was falling. In front of one of the many all-night dives that abound on the west side of the city, an emaciated and wretched looking horse was found hitched to a miserable looking cab. The poor creature had no covering on its shivering body to protect it from the chilly wind, and its woe-begone appearance indicated neglect and abuse. On examination by Superintendent Hankinson and Detective Evans, a large sore was found on the breast of the animal, into which the ragged edge of the collar was cutting, causing untold agony. The owner, who was also the driver, was found at the bar of the saloon with a bottle of whiskey before him, oblivious to the sufferings of his patient dumb servant out in the street. "Why don't you put a blanket on your horse?" was the query of the officer, by way of finding out who the real owner of the turnout was. "Because I don't choose to," was the reply, with an oath. It was plain he had never seen the Society's officers before, and thought them a pair of meddlesome intruders. He soon learned better, for before he had time to swallow his liquor, he was hurried into the street and made to unharness the horse and accompany the officer to a livery stable, where the half-starved animal was furnished with comfortable quarters, while Lynch, the human brute, was given accommodations in the Thirtieth Street Station House. He was subsequently fined $10 by the Court of Special Sessions for his cruelty to the horse.

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MOUNTED upon a little mustang, James Callen, alias Lariat Joe, gayly attired in buckskins, sombrero, long hair, and other picturesque adornments of the person, including long Mexican spurs, lariat, and whip, was showing to a lot of admiring street urchins how he could torture the animal and make it run with his weight of nearly one hundred and eighty pounds. The mustang was of light build and small of stature, but that made no difference to Joe; he was there for pleasure and display. After galloping the horse several times up and down the Boulevard at its utmost speed, he was called down by Officer Seymour of the Society, who happened to pass that way as the little creature stopped from sheer exhaustion. Now, out on the plains Lariat Joe had been used to do what he pleased, and he was quite indignant when told he would have to dismount and take the mustang home. An examination of the horse showed that its body was lacerated by the spurs, while its mouth was cut and bleeding from the cruel bit. Callen at first refused to dismount, but when told that he would be taken down and locked up, he hastened to comply with the officer's demand. On removing the heavy saddle from the horse's back a sore nearly two inches in diameter was found. The foregoing abuses were all bad enough, but when the cowboy vented his wrath on the poor, unoffending animal by giving it a kick in the stomach, Superintendent Hankinson instructed Officer Seymour to arrest him. To be so suddenly reduced from a dashing horseman to a prisoner was a reverse of fortune which Callen had not expected. He begged to be let go "this time," but after the horse had been put in a stable for treatment, the merciless rider was taken to the station house. He was subsequently fined $10 by the Court of Special Sessions; the mustang was sent to the country. Lariat Joe vowed that he would go back to Dakota, where he could ride as hard as he pleased.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

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MISCELLANY

MY WRENS

BY WILMOT TOWNSEND

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

I CALL them *my wrens* for the reason that having provided them a comfortable house, with a convenient perch just in front of the door, I take a sort of proprietary interest in them.

Last year they made a great fuss before they had things to rights, and what with rejected twigs, straw, horse-hair, and the like, the piazza floor beneath their little box was in a great litter. However, they finally calmed down, and when they left for the sunny South last autumn, six cunning wrenlings flew in company with them.

On their return this year the building of their nest was not so laborious a task, as the material with which the box was filled last season answered very well with a little rearranging. A spirit of decoration seemed to possess them, which was not manifested on their first visit. Jenny found one or two gossamer-like feathers, and these she tucked into the outside of her twig *boudoir;* one long one standing out from the nest in front, sways responsive to the faintest air that stirs, waving a tiny salute in answer to the flutter of her little wings each time she enters or leaves the box.

The fearlessness and self-confidence displayed by Mr. Wren and his mite of a wife is delightful to see. The children romp about the piazza at all hours, and friends sit with us in the shade of the vines, while directly overhead, within fifteen feet, these little restless busybodies fly in and out, feeding their young, and trilling snatches of love-songs, to the great delight of an always appreciative audience.

When the young are first hatched, they are supplied with dainty morsels in the shape of small worms and insects; but as they grow in size and appetite the fare is more varied, and larger joints figure at their repasts. Now it is a bluebottle fly; again, a half-grown cricket; until, like hungry savages, the little fellows will devour anything that offers. The baby voices, at first weak and peevish, have gained in power, and at times they are fairly boisterous as their parents approach with food.

Tidy little birds, these wrens! When the youngsters are about a week old, and the nest begins to be all of a litter with beetle-shells and moth-wings left at meals, Jenny will gather the scraps in her bill, and each time she leaves, after feeding her young, you will see her carry some of these remnants with her, to drop them as she flies away. She once dropped the wing of a moth upon *me* as I lay in the hammock below.

There is an old saying that "birds in their little nests agree," and a pretty idea it is; but observation covering many years and embracing a great variety of birds has shown me that such is not the case. I have usually found that there is one individual in almost every brood, who from the start assumes control of his brothers and sisters. He seems to be stronger, to grow faster, and to gain in selfishness with age. He literally "sits down" upon his weaker brothers, takes the most room, and makes himself entirely comfortable at their expense. I have even known such an one to thrust a nestling out of the nest in his endeavors to occupy more than his share of room. The nest overhead is no exception to the rule. There is one youngster whose voice, louder than that of the other fledglings who occupy the nest with him, is constantly raised in bullying his companions; and a while ago he made such a rumpus up there that Jenny flew hurriedly to see what was the matter. I heard her scold as she entered the box, and as soon as she appeared the loud voice of our ugly-tempered nestling was hushed, while the weaker peeps of the others were heard as though in explanation of the disturbance.

In a few days there will be great excitement in this little household, as it will then be time for the children to take their first lessons in the art of flying. You will notice that the parent birds do not now enter the nest with food as soon as they have secured it. They alight on the perch in full view of their young, and with head extended to show the dainty "tidbit" held so enticingly in the bill, they try to coax the youngsters from the nest by offering the morsel to the first who makes the attempt to secure it.

It is amusing to see how like a human being our

little "bird bully" will act. He crowds his way to the edge of the nest, and squats down right in the way of the others, opens his mouth and chirps lugubriously. He is like most "bullies," a coward at heart, for his courage is gone, and he sits there trembling and blinking on the verge, while one of his more quiet brothers ventures farther and is rewarded for his pluck. Reassured by the success of his first effort he scrambles again, until, almost before he is aware, he has secured a foothold on the perch in front. One by one his companions join him there, and sit awhile in big-eyed wonder over their new surroundings. Their parents are meantime bustling about in great excitement, encouraging them, now bestowing a treat in the way of a luscious caterpillar, now fluttering back and forth, with twittering notes of entreaty, showing them how to fly.

Now and again one youngster seems inclined to try, and raises his wings with a tremulous flutter. Suddenly, whether he has accidentally lost his balance, or whether the effort is premeditated, he spreads his baby wings, and chirping loudly in affright, sails down into the grass, where he lies panting, with wings outspread. Our first impulse is to go to him, but we resist it, and await the next move with impatience. The old birds are now all concern. They hop about and ply him with stimulants in the shape of insects, until presently he sits up, draws his wings in, and looks around. A few scrambles and he has reached the shelter of the hedge, where he proceeds to collect his bewildered thoughts.

In like fashion the others make their first flight; and the nest, so full of restless bird life a few hours ago, is now silent and deserted.

By degrees the young birds, under the tuition of their indefatigable parents, learn to fly, though still unable to feed themselves. Hopping up from twig to twig, they reach at last the top of some tall bush, from which elevation they sail down, gaining fresh courage and strength with every attempt. You see them about for a few days, each time looking less gawky and awkward, until their training is complete and they start life on their own account, when another sextet of sweet voices is added to Nature's choir.

For a few days after the successful starting of their family on its way in the world, the old birds seem quiet and thoughtful as they poke about the honeysuckle, now and then making a visit to the lonely nest, and chattering in a listless, melancholy way that appeals to one's sympathies. Soon, however, they grow light-hearted again, and skip about, as spry and as full of song as ever. Presently they will have a thorough house-cleaning, and start again the second time upon household work. Through all the drudgery of these little busybodies, their spirits never seem to lose elasticity. Whether in expostulation with the too inquisitive English sparrow, or amid the uproar and driving rain of summer storms, one will hear a fragment of song, that swells to a roundelay as the squall passes. Let us hope that other warm little lives will soon be throbbing up there in the old box.

A LITTLE CHAPTER OF REMINISCENCES PERSONAL AND OTHERWISE

By Isa Carrington Cabell

[For our animal friends]

ONE falls into the habit of talking about the dogs and cats and horses that we care about in this house because there are so many things to suggest them. There is a Landseer over the mantle, a big collie and a small white poodle looking confidingly into his face; and in the east window one of Beard's pen-and-ink sketches, a huge St. Bernard cowering and crouching in simulated terror before a diminutive person in a pelisse and long coat, who is making a great parade of her courage and authority by whipping the dog with a tiny thread of a switch. The animal's expression is very droll: he slinks away as if in terror, and turns his big brown eyes appealingly upon her. He knows, and we know, that this is all the veriest make-believe, just playing at being afraid, as Miss Gwendoline's papa does when she growls like a bear, and he hides behind the sofa. St. Bernard could pick up Miss Gwendoline and give her a shake that would cast every one of her little white milk teeth on the ground if he so willed; but he has both generosity and humor, so he lets the little lady have her own way, and, gentleman as he is, disdains to show his power. There are not many human beings who possess the gracious qualities which are set forth in this picture of the big dog and his small tyrant.

Then on the wall hangs a big water-color of the bronze horses of Leppius over St. Mark's, and a brown blot that means the big gelding "Star Bright," and a slim thing, with her head in the air, named "Maude S." On the mantlepiece is a bronze bust by Gerhardt of "Calvin," the loved and honored intimate of the author of "My Summer in a Garden," whose grave and stately shade still returns on winter nights and haunts the house which he watched so long and guarded with a fidelity that, for his sake, we have learned to call, not dog-like, but cat-like.

It was before the smouldering ashes of the parlor fire (we know "drawing-room" is the genteel thing, but we cling to the other) that Miss F. began her dog stories, and the readers of Our Animal Friends must remember that the only value of these tales is that they are true tales which we are perfectly ready to substantiate.

"Rolly," said Miss F., "was a setter, middle aged, and a respected member of the family. He had, however, one weakness: he obeyed his master rather than his mistress, which occasioned small rivalries and jealousies, and, sometimes, tests of his real preference. One night Mr. W. made an agreement with Mrs. W. to try Rolly. He said, 'I'll sit here in the front room, and you'll sit knitting by the fire in the back room. I'll tell Rolly to get your knitting and bring it to me, and you'll refuse, and then we'll see what he'll do.' Of course, both had full confidence that Rolly would do nothing rude or fierce to attain his end. So Mr. W. gave the order, and Mrs. W. refused to accede to it, and poor Rolly was put to it to obtain, by pleadings and caresses, and even low, man-like sighs of displeasure, the knitting his master desired. At last an idea suddenly struck him. He rushed in to the back room, seized a foot-rest in his mouth, and ran with it to the fire. The lady immediately jumped up to rescue the cushion, her knitting fell to the ground, and Rolly, snatching it up, carried it in triumph to his master."

If the brain of a dog is capable of forming a connected plot like that, and of carrying it out with an adroitness that would have done credit to a diplomatist, we do not see why he is denied the possession of an intelligence that, if not human, is very like an imprisoned soul working out its expiation in a lower form. The "ahs!" and "dear mes!" following this charming tale encouraged the narrator to tell another; and, again, this is the story of a setter—the true story of a setter.

He had been in the habit of putting his master to bed—that is, of attending on certain observances; and one night, as we all sometimes do, he conceived the idea that some callers had outstayed their time. He had, usually, very good manners; welcomed the guests of the house, and willingly exhibited his somewhat dignified accomplishments. But these visitors found him evidently *ennuied* and bored, and he showed by well-known signs that he was of the opinion that they had stayed long enough. At last, after yawning and moving about had failed, he bethought himself of a device. He rushed upstairs, went to the closet where his master's night-dress hung, and, taking it down, carried it into the parlor, and, first shaking it at the visitors, ran with it to his master and laid it at his feet. The mute appeal was recognized with the best of good humor, and the people went

away. If there could only be some such telepathy between ourselves and our dogs when tiresome visitors do not know when to go, and if our dogs could express it, as did this one, in a way which only provoked laughter! We are sure it would go a long way toward lifting social burdens.

By this fireside, as it happened, Mr. Thomas Nelson Page, of "Marse Chan" and "Meh Lady" memory, was present, and was good enough to let us have the benefit of a dog story told to him by a lady in Boston, a literary lady of renown. A gentleman sent her a small black dog three weeks old, which he said had the distinction of having for his mother the smallest female dog in the world. This confidence came in a letter, and the giver sailed away to a distant land. For a long time everybody that came to the house was greeted with the remark: "Let me show you my great curiosity. It is the child of ——, who took the prize at the autumn bench show, and is the smallest female dog in the world." And if the story gradually changed in the oft repetition till the dog itself, and not its mother, was the smallest dog in the world, it is not to be wondered at, for it passed from mouth to mouth and was much discussed. But a hard thing happened. The dog began to grow. His mistress took no notice of this, and continued to exhibit him with her story as pat for every new visitor and many old ones, till one day a person who had not had time to hear the history burst out with, "What a fine large pup you've got here! He will be throwing strangers over the staircase in another three months." The lady arose, in solemn dignity, to face the truth. "I want you to tell me," she said, very straight and solemn, "without any nonsense about it, have I got a large dog, or have I got a little dog? For I am bound to know." The man —he was a real hero—made answer: "You've got a fine, large dog," and then he went away. A few days later came a letter. "I am sorry," said the giver of the dog, "that the little legend I wrote you about that beast was not correct. The legend's all right, you know, but the dogs got mixed. I sent you a large species of hunter, and my friend W——, the sporting chap, got your King Charles."

Finally the writer recalled a story very well known one winter in Venice, when she and Don Carlos were both spending a few weeks on the Grand Canal. They found it large enough for both, as the philosopher said of the fly.

The municipality, in lieu of some other excitement, as it was a dull season, made a law that no unmuzzled dog should go in the street, and their order passing unnoticed, they decreed that the police should kill every unmuzzled dog on sight. The prince, debonair and tall, was one day taking a walk in one of those small streets just off the Piazza of the Fine Arts that begin in a square court and end at the Grand Canal. Suddenly he was frightened by the appearance of two dog-catchers, who made straight for his beloved and splendid mastiff, Pedro, a dog whose personality was as well known in Venice, perhaps, as that of his romantic and discrowned master. I am very sorry I cannot tell this tale as a witness, but I heard it afterwards from the well-known German-American artist Welsch, who was present. Quick as thought the prince rushed to the canal, and taking his stick, threw it with all his strength into the stream. The water was at high tide, and the stick went with a tremendous force down the canal. "There—Seek! Pedro!" he cried, and the beast, obedient to his master's lightest word, sprang into the water after the cane. It floated far down past the palaces and the churches and the golden dome of Santa Maria della Salute, and out to sea ere the mastiff gained it; but his quick obedience saved his life, for the dog-catchers were out of their beat when his master met him, panting, exhausted, half alive, on the shore far below on the Lido, with the cane in his mouth.

"Angelica," said H——, "I suppose Pedro always afterward thought that errand a caprice, a bit of—well, *humanity*, as he would call it, of his master; but then he couldn't know his mind or intention toward him."

"No more do we," said Angelica, in her quiet way, "understand why life is governed by a Providence which seems so capricious or cruel. I guess we've got a Master over us who is as truly good to us as Don Carlos was to Pedro, only not yet are we wise."

* * *

THE prices that Americans have paid for dogs have astonished the world. A few years since $1,500 for a St. Bernard was looked upon as the acme of extravagance. Now, however, it is a very ordinary sum to pay, when we find it reported that Sir Bedivere cost $6,500, Scottish Prince $5,500, Prince Regent $3,000, Lord Bute $4,000, Watch $4,000, and Princess Florence $4,000.

DEAD, OUR FAITHFUL DOG BRUNO

BY MRS. S. W. JEWETT

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

O FAITHFUL friend and brave!
No human help avails in this sad hour!
The wish, the will is ours but not the power,
Thy noble life to save.
Gaze not upon us with those pleading eyes—
Relentless law mocks human sympathies—
And thou, alas! must bear
The burthen of despair,
While we stand watching thy fast failing breath,
Knowing thy pangs can only end in death.

In death! Ay—even so—
Oh, vain conceit of wisdom! What can we
Give to each other more than unto thee?
Why boast of what we know?
Eternal silence blocks the path of prayer.
Of that bright realm which lies
Beyond time's boundaries
Naught can we know until we enter there.
Oh, could our mortal eyes but once behold
The curtain of that mystic world unrolled!
Thou look'st to us to solve this doom of pain—
We strive to look beyond—alas! in vain—
When death has solved for us life's mystery,
On that far shore, may we not look for thee?
Wilt thou not bound to meet us as we come,
Each one alone to our eternal home,
And make even heaven more bright
With thy supreme delight,
As erst on earth thy happiness found vent
In speechless signs, than words more eloquent?
Thou hearest us no more,
The struggle now is o'er.
Farewell! It cannot be that love and trust
And loyalty like thine shall end in dust.

BIRD ACTORS

A NOVEL entertainment has been given in London recently by Mlle. Emilie Van der Meersch, aided by a troupe of performing birds. The actors are cardinals, Java sparrows, and several species of finch. A rare degree of patience is necessary to teach the little performers their parts, but the rôle once learned the small actor never forgets it. Questions are asked by the audience, and the little songsters answer by means of cards, picking them out in the cleverest manner, while their gentle mistress waves a fairy wand above them. Mlle. Van der Meersch is a French girl, who has been very successful in training birds ever since she was a child, and as the birds live about twelve years, her task is not so arduous as might at first be supposed.

A PARISIAN HORSE-BATH.—The Seine, just above Notre Dame and near the Pont Marie, is used as a bathing-place for horses. All along the quays, at intervals, on both sides of the river, says a recent writer in *Harper's Magazine*, a space is marked out by means of great floating logs attached together and tied to the bank at the ends. Particularly in the late afternoon hours the draymen bring their horses and ride them into these baths until the water almost covers their backs. The horses from the cavalry barracks are also bathed in the same way, and what with the wonderful background of trees and monuments, the sunset effect, the long shadows, the glowing sky, and the glistening water, the scene is always one that delights the painter as well as the simple-minded idler, who submits unconsciously to the charm of the evening hour and to the joy of the moment.

A WRITER in *Nature Notes* tells of a remarkable collection of birds, some of which are allowed perfect liberty. One of them, a white jackdaw, often accompanies its master on long walks, flying from tree to tree by the roadside. Mr. W. Ingram, M.P., who is the owner of these birds, has a number of particularly fine albinos, among them three jackdaws, three blackbirds, a thrush, a starling, a hedge sparrow, and a herring gull.

CHALMERS tells us that man was given dominion over the lower animals, but was never accorded the right of treating them with cruelty.

RIDING TO HOUNDS

BY

WILLIAM HENRY SHELTON

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

ALTHOUGH I won my first race handsomely, my career on the track was brief; my ascendency as a favorite was ephemeral, and in the following year I was retired from the sporting class as a disastrous failure.

When I was four years old, Miss Eunice was fourteen, and the passage of time having been as impartial as elsewhere on the Kentucky farm, it may be incidentally remarked that Botherum was three and Christopher Columbus was aged seven. Colonel Claypole's age was an unknown quantity to the author of this history, but his goodness was the fountain head from which Miss Eunice drew that amiability and sweetness of temper that endeared her to me at that time as my most affectionate and considerate mistress. I was perfectly content to halve that young lady's heart, in so far as it was lavished on the animal kingdom, with Lion, a stately Newfoundland dog of a glossy blackness that contrasted brilliantly with my whiteness, and of an intelligence that was almost human. Miss Eunice was daily in the saddle; while I bore her proudly, the shaggy form of Lion gambolled before, and Butternut Jim, in the nearest approach to livery that the prejudices of Kentucky would tolerate, galloped behind, rivalling the devotion of her animal friends. We were a gay cavalcade, and on the roads and in all the neighboring towns we took gallant care of the Claypole honor and of the reputation of the Claypole establishment.

They were, indeed, gallant days when we clattered over the turnpike, the toll-gates swinging open at our approach, and the keeper wishing us good-morning, hat in hand, I shying at the posts to bring out the skill of my mistress's handling, and Jim putting on no end of airs and giving imperious orders to the gate-keeper in the interest and to the glory of his young lady. Then we wheeled into one of the soft cross roads, and Lion came scampering back to where the vines and the roses climbed over the walls, and the scent of the clover was hot on the breeze, and the bees were drunk with the sweets of the flowers, and the birds sang over the fragrant furrow and soared exultant into the glittering sky—what then? Why, the hum of the bees and the song of the birds was the voice of the land, and the loaded air bore the perfume of the young life that was ours to spend in play or waste in idleness.

My world was still a narrow world, but within the radius of our riding I had an intimate acquaintance with every rock and tree, every bridge and gate, along the familiar roads. I knew every neighbor family and every neighborhood horse: the plodding draught animals, the steady-going roadsters, my more gently bred fellows of the saddle service, and countless youngsters and nurslings of the paddock who looked over the rails at our cavalcade as we passed, and galloped in our company to the limits of their pasture. We entered into all the equestrian sports of the countryside, except the popular amusement of riding to hounds. On this subject the Colonel had decidedly humane opinions, which were not only respected, but shared by his daughter. The fox that crossed one of his fences in its distress was safe from pursuit, for the sport was sternly forbidden on his land under penalty of the law; and besides, his boundary rails were so high that the tallest hunter was brought to a stand.

The only occasion on which I ever set my will against that of my gentle mistress was long ago; under similar conditions of temptation, and during all the years of my checkered career, neither hunger nor adversity has ever stifled the poignancy of my regret for the evil fruit of my reckless behavior. When my mind goes back to that crisp November morning, the rank scent of the falling leaves and the bitter odor of the crushed walnuts is a reproach in my nostrils. The cry of a hound is an accusing voice in my ears. To my poor old eyes the depressing sentiment of the dying year is tinged with an additional shade of gloom which dates back to the hour of my fault.

The meet was at an old stone manor-house, and Jim had been despatched back to the farm on some trivial errand, so that Miss Eunice was without the

attendance of a groom. She had ridden over to see the start and enjoy the contagious enthusiasm of the occasion. Half the riders from the county were on hand, and thorough-bred hunters, and farmers' hacks without any breeding but with plenty of nerve and bone, were pacing to and fro over the turf and made restless groups about every tree and hitching post. Plenty of young gentlemen, and young ladies as well, were already in the saddle breathing the invigorating air and impatient to be off. The half-fed dogs, in an indiscriminate mass of writhing red and white, were held by a company of negroes about the roots of a great elm whose yellow leaves were thin on the boughs and thick on the green sod below. Christopher Columbus was dangling his bare black legs from the iron-rusted and grease-stained frame of a dilapidated grindstone, and in his confusion at being discovered as a truant sidled over to offer his services in lieu of Jim. Miss Eunice, however, had no occasion to dismount, preferring to keep her seat of vantage overlooking the brilliant company and commanding an enchanting view of the Indian summer effect on the fields and woods. The rayless sun hung above the trees like a blood-red moon, half quenched of his fierceness in the smoky atmosphere, and all the distance was shrouded in a haze of blue.

At last the horn summoned the hunters to mount. The hounds were taken down the road for half a mile and turned loose in a chincapin copse, and went away whining and wagging their tails in a course parallel to the turnpike. The mounted followers, except the whippers-in and a few of the leaders of the hunt, were strung out on the road, and Miss Eunice was riding in the rear, as much interested as the most zealous sportsman, to see the start.

The blood of a long line of racing ancestors surged in my veins at sight of so goodly an array of contestants anticipating the royal chase with flashing eyes, mobile ears, and nervous nostrils. The suppressed excitement of the restrained animals only fed the flame of desire to be up and away. The contagion of racing lurked in the crisp November air, and insinuated its infection into the blood of man and horse. The spirit of the crowd was a powder magazine into which the first cry of the hounds fell like a lighted match. Some of the hunters took promptly to the fields, but more dashed along the road with the prudent purpose of taking early advantage of whatever indication there might be of the direction in which the scent might lead. Miss Eunice did not restrain me from following the hunters along the road, and the heat of the run excited me to the old racing frenzy. The music of the pack bore away from the road, and at every opening or easy jump groups of riders left our company and disappeared, going merrily over a ridge, showing for an instant against the purple woods, and then passing out of sight.

When the last couple of horsemen took to the field, leaving us alone on the road, the temptation to follow surged in my brain like the madness of a wild animal. The cries of the chase, mellowing into the distance, only made me wild to recover the lost ground. I reared and plunged at restraint. Lion, inspired with the same rebellious desire, dashed through a gap in the hedge, and broke, barking, into the field. With a sudden turn I leaped over the cedar wall, and thrusting out my head as I caught the ground, I took the bit in my teeth and tore away over the hill, deaf to remonstrance and in defiance of control.

Through the hollows and across the streams we flew like the wind, spattering the mud of the sloughs and splintering the rails of the fences, gaining rapidly on the hunters, and out-running Lion, who followed bravely behind. My gentle mistress, finding restraint impossible, contented herself like a good horsewoman with guiding me as best she could, awaiting her opportunity for a final check. A higher fence than usual loomed in front of us. Through it I saw the last of the hunters galloping across the pleasant field. At it I went with head up and all my muscles set. I grazed my knees in going over. I felt the top rails crush under my heels as I regained the ground with a scramble. The weight left the saddle. I was as light as a swimmer relieved of his water-soaked bathing dress, but my heart was heavy with repentance.

After a few leaps forward under the empty saddle I trotted back to the side of my little mistress, who lay insensible upon the grass among the splinters of the broken fence, feebly moaning in half-conscious distress. Her eyes were closed, her hat was gone, and her flowing hair, broken from control, lay dishevelled about her white, expressionless face. One helpless ankle lay out on the turf, broken by the fall, and there was a crimson stain on the parted lips that touched my soul with remorse. I could have given my life to raise her up, so much I loved her.

And now brave Lion came panting through the fence, and snuffed for a moment at the pulseless hand of his little mistress. We looked at each other in shame. We understood each other in our mutual distress, and assumed our separate duties as promptly as if we had voice to define them. The intelligent dog seized the broken hat in his teeth, crept back through the fence, and loped away across the fields in the long run for the home farm.

In guilty solitude I stood over the wreck my passion had wrought. Perhaps my warm nose caressing the little hands helped to bring her back to consciousness. Her sweet eyes opened and she looked at me reproachfully. Touched by my devotion, and by the gleam of affection and remorse which must have spoken from my eyes, she only said, "Bad Selim," and closed them again as if in sleep.

Now and then the faint sounds of the chase hung in the mellow distance, the note of the bugle, or the music of the dogs as they broke into the open from behind intervening woods. It was a voice of reproach to my ears, as tender as the reproach of her words, and then fell as still as her lips. The sun shone warm on the sleeping form of my mistress, and the breath of the wind that shook down the seared leaves caressed her cheek as it passed. She slept long, and then awoke again to the consciousness of the pain in the broken ankle. The sun was high overhead. The stillness of the deserted fields was oppressive. My little mistress bore the pain bravely, and waited patiently for the relief that we knew must soon come. How I longed for a voice to utter the sympathy and sorrow which my dumb actions but feebly expressed!

Miss Eunice was sitting up and clearing the grass about her from the splinters of the broken rails when the welcome bark of the faithful Lion broke on our listening ears. Over the hill he came loping

and barking before the Colonel and Jim, who were galloping behind. Nothing in the way of dog pantomime could have exceeded the demonstrations of Lion as he darted backward and forward in front of the horsemen, leaping up at the bridles, and scampering about the rescuing party as if he had been herding sheep. Then the faithful fellow bore down on us at full speed, leaped over the fence, and barked and gambolled about in a delirium of excitement. He crept up and licked his little mistress's hand, then sprang up and barked a welcome to the horsemen, jumped to right and left wagging his shaggy tail, and finally sprang on the Colonel with his muddy feet. After all these demonstrations Lion stretched himself on the turf at a little distance, and lolled out his red tongue in panting approval of the further actions of his human superiors, to whom he resigned all further responsibility.

Miss Eunice was lifted tenderly into the saddle, and, culprit that I was, I was permitted to bear her back across the fields, attended and supported and encouraged by the Colonel. I was so docile and repentant that I could have been led by a ribbon, and Lion followed behind, the picture of soiled dejection, as if he were fully conscious of his share in the original offence.

At the turnpike my precious burden was transferred to a carriage, and all the fall and winter my little mistress was confined to the house, while I awaited her recovery in idleness and impatience. Quite contrary to my deserts, I remained her favorite, and on the first warm days of the spring I again bore her proudly at the head of the old cavalcade. When Miss Eunice alighted, however, it was always to walk with a perceptible limp, and so, until the day of our separation, this painful reminder of my offence was an ever-present reproach.

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"BEWARE of those hobbies which consist in games of chance, in betting on the exploits of men and horses, and such dangerous things. I have a horror, too, of those cruel hobbies that consist in catching and impaling insects for ornamental purposes, or in setting up poor innocent doves to be shot at. This last is simply barbarous. Poor dumb creatures! If they could only speak, what a tale they would tell! They doubtless look upon the remorseless wretches that torture and shoot them as we look upon the monsters that crucified Christ."—ROBERT WATERS.

CAUSES OF FAILURE.—What keeps persons down in the world besides lack of capacity is not a philosophical contempt of riches or honors, but thoughtlessness and improvidence, a love of sluggish torpor and of present gratification. It is not from preferring virtue to wealth—the goods of the mind to those of fortune—that they take no thought for the morrow; but from want of forethought and stern self-command. The restless ambitious man too often directs these qualities to an unworthy object; the contented man is generally deficient in the qualities themselves. The one is a stream that flows too often in a wrong channel and needs to have its course altered; the other is a stagnant pool.—*William Matthews.*

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"Most wonderful are the uses of insects. They fertilize the soil by scattering decomposing matters, and prevent them from vitiating the atmosphere. A plant grows luxuriantly and increases too rapidly; the caterpillars arrest its growth and propagation; the caterpillars after a while become too destructive, and the ichneumons kill them by myriads. The vegetarian insects which lead a luxurious and quiet life tend to increase greatly in number, and yet the carnivorous kinds are ever at hand to keep this prolific race within bounds. Century after century this curious equilibrium is maintained in nature, and although locusts increase to such an extent as to ruin great districts, still, as a rule, the interference of man produces the ravages of the flies that injure his crops, for he constantly disarranges the balance of insect power."

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DO not destroy the moles, if you find one burrowing in your lawn. The presence of a mole indicates also the presence of the white grub or something similar that sooner or later will destroy the grass by eating at the roots. The mole is a friend, not an enemy, and the little harm he does by raising ridges across the lawn can be remedied later. In a recent case the lawn had grown very shabby; large patches of grass were dying. Upon investigation the ground was discovered to be full of white earthworms feeding upon the grass roots. In the following spring a mole made its appearance, and, its life being spared, it rewarded the surprised humanitarian by shortly clearing his lawn of the troublesome visitors. Moles are almost entirely carnivorous, and do not feed upon vegetation unless it be in soft, plastic condition.

SPRING SONGS

BY WILMOT TOWNSEND

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

HERE in the old orchard where the blossoms are just beginning to show their blushing faces amid the quiver of delicate green leaflets, we find a gathering of nature's musicians. The air is ringing to the echo of their rollicking songs this balmy morning.

Loud and clear above the carol of the robins we hear the flute-like notes of the Baltimore oriole. "I am here! I am here!" he calls, "I like it!" "I like it!" "I'll stay!" and so he will, bless his little heart! Next month when the roses are in bloom, and the soft airs bear the perfume of the flowers abroad, we shall see his hanging nest, tied away out in the fork of some bending twig, and swaying responsive to the faintest sighing of the breeze.

Listen! "All—this—day—Mr. Peabody, Peabody, Peabody!" How sweetly it wells from the dainty bill of that 'cute little "white-throated sparrow." To me its opening notes "All—this—day!" suggest the first strains of the wedding march from *Lohengrin*, and dearly I love to hear the little querulous voice as it pipes away at irregular intervals. You will hear it very early in spring, regardless alike of storm and sunshine, as the little fellow industriously rummages about the shrubbery in the orchard hedgerow.

"Turra*lee!* Terra*loo!* Tu-tu! Tu-tu!" sing the robins as they swing among the blossom-covered twigs. Up and down, up and down, they ring the changes of their spring song, and sad the heart that fails to catch the spirit of gladness that pervades the song of this lusty fellow, with his neat red waistcoat, jaunty black head, and glistening orange bill.

There in the grass is a very small, though valued friend, the "chipping sparrow," or more familiarly "chippie." His modest suit of brown and drab looks very neat, and it is good to have him with us again. I often wonder if any of these tiny birds,—nature's music-boxes one might call them—ever think of their summer homes while spending the winter months in more genial climes? That they are glad to return I do not doubt, as the regularity of their arrival in spring-time, varying but a few days from year to year, and the delight which ripples through their songs, very plainly prove the fact.

There seems to be a congregation of soloists over in the hedge beyond, as now and again there rises a burst of melody from the hemlocks that betrays the presence of artists. Runs and trills, interspersed with dainty warblings, and emphasized with an occasional bell-like note, so liquid, so rich—but stay, come over there with me; I will introduce you.

Now look up among the branches of this hemlock. There is the fellow whose vocalizing so charmed us. "Why, it's a cat bird!" I hear you say, and you are right. Keep perfectly still, and he will presently delight you again with a specimen of his musical ability. Hark! Again that lovely, liquid note, so flute-like, so restful, telling of the silent hemlock shades, and fragrant with suggestions of wooded dells.

See! this way! Ah yes! a swamp-robin is standing there on the ground, clad in a lovely coat of rufous-colored feather cloth, white waistcoat, and pink hose. Dear little chap, he is certainly an aristocrat among our feathered friends, and his lovely voice will charm the summer twilights for months to come. He loves to sing at eventide; and after a passing shower, when the yellow beams of the setting sun are touching up the landscape, and the leaves and grass are glittering with the sparkle of trembling rain-drops, his bell-like voice floats out upon the damp air to the rich accompaniment of thunder as it mutters away to rest in the distance.

These are nature's "Spring Songs" heard in their perfection at this season. The picture is not overdrawn. You may hear them within a dozen miles of New York City, under the blue skies where billowy clouds are sailing, and among blossoms where the bees are at work.

They will continue for a short season only, for many of the performers have summer engagements farther north and must soon depart. Can *you* go out into the fields and orchards, dear children? If so, select some bright morning, and you will hear the birds, drink in the beauty of the tender green foliage of springtide, and perchance take a little of the sunshine into your own young lives.

SNOWBALL'S STORY

A Chapter Out of a Kitten's Life

BY S. A. R.

MY real name is Snowball, and I am the most beautiful kitten that ever was seen. I am just four months old to-day. I was born in a dark, miserable hole under the kitchen steps of my dear mistress's home. I have often wondered how my pretty mother could have stayed there with us three kittens, for to me it was a dismal place. When my eyes were opened, I could see the flies and toads and many other creeping things near me, and I was frightened almost to death. My mother did all she could to comfort us, though I could see that she was not at all happy.

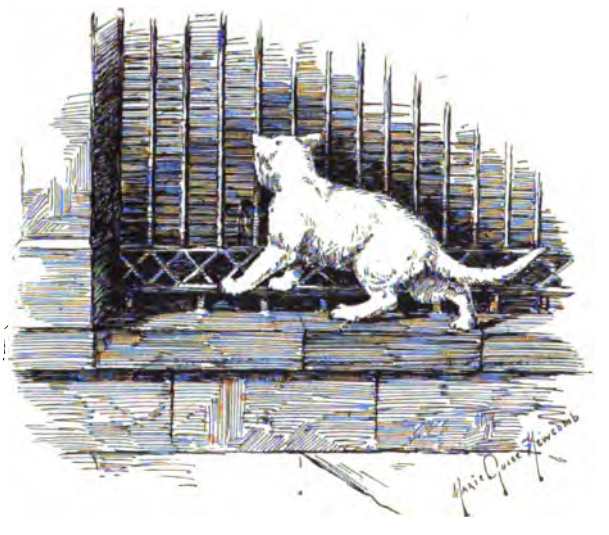
Night was the worst time for us poor little things, for then there came into our dark hole other big cats, and they would make frightful noises, and scratch and bite each other until we were nearly crazy with fear. My mother had a great many friends among the cats, and I think she rather liked their attentions; but I was afraid of them, and many a time I wished they would go away and let us have the dark hole to ourselves. They never could bear us, and often they would give us a sly kick or hiss when my dear mother was not with us.

One of them was a large black cat with fierce yellow eyes, whom I particularly disliked, and, indeed, I was dreadfully afraid of him. Then there was a poor, miserable, brownish cat which looked half starved. One large, beautiful gray cat was the only one we did not mind having near us, for he was always very nice and gentle. Sometimes I think, perhaps, he

was our father, but I am not quite sure. At any rate he never troubled mother as the others did, and he would lick us gently with his tongue, which made us feel quite comfortable.

Well, we had to bear this state of things for several weeks, when my mother made up her mind to go out of this dismal place and breathe the pure fresh air. She licked us all very nicely, and then she gave one of her pretty little mews and looked kindly at us poor trembling things as much as to say:

"Come, my children, now we'll have a good time playing on the beautiful green grass!" Oh, how happy we were for several hours, basking in the glorious sunshine, breathing the pure air, and smelling the sweet flowers which were all around us! If any of you dear little children had seen us that morning you would have been delighted with us, for we were all so pretty and our mother was so proud of us. She was a beautiful, large white cat, and, though I say it myself, I was the very image of her and the prettiest of all the kittens. The cook and the housemaid said so as they watched us playing on the grass; so, of course, it must be true. And now I am coming to a delightful part of my story.



About two o'clock that day my mistress came home from her walk, and upon going to the window she noticed my mother and her little family for the first time.

"Oh, Mary, my dear," said she to her daughter, "here is that beautiful white cat again, and she has three lovely kittens with her." My young mistress was as much pleased with us as her mother, and at once she exclaimed:

"O mother! do let us keep the beautiful white one for a pet. I think it is the sweetest of them all."

When I heard these words I pricked up my ears, I can assure you, and soon I heard my mistress say:

"Well, dear, I think we will; it is the most lovely kitten I ever saw." Then, the next moment, they came out on the grass to look at us more closely.

"Yes, dear," said my mistress, "we will keep the white one. It is even prettier than its mother; it has not the black spot on its nose, which rather spoils her beauty."

Oh, how proud I was when I heard those kind words! and indeed I thought just as she did; for although I loved my mother dearly, I never did like to see that black spot, and I am so glad there isn't one on me. I am pure white from my little head down to the tip of my tail, and every one who sees me calls me a "perfect beauty." Now please don't think me a vain little kitten, but when I am constantly hearing my mistress's friends calling me a beauty, I know it must be so, and I am very glad of it. My two little brothers are very sweet also, but I really do think that I am the prettiest of the whole lot.

As soon as we were old enough to leave our mother, my mistress got homes for my little brothers, and then I was brought into her dear house, where I have lived for four months, and where I hope to live till I die. I don't know what my kind friends would do without me now, for they like me to be with them all the time, and give me every comfort. There is only one thing they won't let me do, and sometimes I really get quite mad because they speak to me sharply and give me a little slap. I will tell you what I mean.

The sparrows often fly by the window of my dear mistress's room. A beautiful ivy grows up very high to the second story, and I think they have their nests there, for they often fly quite close to the glass, almost near enough for me to catch them. When I see them I get into a state of frenzy and shake and chatter violently. Then Miss Mary and her mother always begin to scold me very sharply, for they are determined that I shall not hurt the little birds, and they have often told me so. They are both so good to me that I don't like to do anything to trouble them, but sometimes I think I would give a great deal to have one of those sparrows in my mouth just to see how it tastes. They look so fat and juicy, and one of them would be quite enough for my supper.

My mistress was telling one of her friends about my great desire to catch the sparrows the other day, and I was so pleased to hear her answer. She said, as she stroked my beautiful white fur:

"Why, of course, Sarah, your kitten would like to get the birds; you know it is his *nature*, and you can't help that."

You may be sure I was listening to every word the lady said, for I saw she felt sorry for me, and I began to hope she would induce my mistress to give me my heart's desire; but the next words settled that question at once.

"No, indeed," she replied; "Snowball shall never catch the poor little sparrows, if I can help it; and every time he makes the attempt I shall punish him."

Alas! for poor little me! I felt that my doom was fixed, and that my mistress would never allow me the great pleasure of eating even one little sparrow.

My dear children, this has really been a trial to me, and it is pretty hard for me to bear. You would feel so sorry for me if you could see me lying on the sunny window sill, and then, when these creatures come flying around me, mocking me with their chatter, I commence to tremble all over, and sometimes I think I shall go off in a fit. If that should ever happen to me, I wonder if my dear mistress would relent? I am afraid not, for she is one of the good ladies who are interested in the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and she would never let any poor creature suffer pain if she could help it.

There is something else, though, that troubles me at times; I want to tell you about it and relieve my mind. My dear

ladies never take me out with them in their walks, and I do so often want to go with them. Now, if I were a dog, I really believe they would take me, for I often see big dogs and little ones too, not much larger than I am, running around with their friends and having such a good time.

The other day a young lady passed our house with a tiny bit of a dog at her side. He was an ugly little fellow, jet black, and as thin as he could be, but his mistress seemed to be very fond of him, and he looked so happy! Then I thought to myself, it was strange that I was never taken about in that way, for I knew that I was a great deal prettier than that little black fellow, and I couldn't understand it. I've made up my mind what to do now; and the first time I see my ladies getting ready to go out I shall watch them until they have gone, and then I shall run after them and go with them wherever they go. Surely they will not be cruel enough to send me home.

Another thing troubles me, and that is a great black dog who lives next door to us. He is often on his front porch, and when Miss Mary sends me out to get the fresh air, he is generally there before me. He is a fearful looking creature, and frightens me almost to death. As soon as he sees me, he slaps his great tail up and down on the porch, opens his big mouth, and looks as if he were ready to eat me up.

My mistress tells me he is a splendid dog, and will not hurt me; but I know I shall never like him, and the sight of him almost puts me into a fit. I suppose you will think me very foolish to mind such a thing when I have my dear ladies to care for me; but I am only four months old, and may be when I get to be a big cat like my mother I shall not mind black Rover any more than she does. I don't mean to say that she likes him at all, for she doesn't, and every time she sees him she hisses at him; but still she is not afraid of him. I hope I won't be afraid some of these days, don't you?

I write you this story about myself, dear children, because I want you all to know how much happier we poor, dumb creatures are when we are kindly taken care of as I am. I know there are some boys and girls who don't care much for pets; but if they would only try it, and love some dog, or cat, or bird, or any other animal, I am sure they would be a great deal happier, and we poor, helpless creatures would have many of our sorrows wiped away.

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MR. HENRY IRVING has a little black and white fox-terrier, which goes with its master every night to the theatre, sits quietly on a mat in his dressing-room until the play is over, and then hurries home again. The dog is appropriately named Fussie, as it wakes everybody in the house before it starts for a morning walk, which sometimes lasts three or four hours.

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SCHOOL TEACHER: "What little boy can tell me where is the home of the swallow?"

Bobby: "I kin, please."

Teacher: "Well, Bobby."

Bobby: "The home of the swallow is in the stommick."—*Golden Rule.*

KINDNESS TO ANIMALS

A TOUCHING story was told of Tamberlik, the tenor singer. Passing through Madrid one bright spring morning, he visited the bird market and bought every bird in it. He ordered the cages to be carried into the plaza and opened. The sunny air was filled with a fluttering host, and from hundreds of tiny throats burst songs of delight. Tamberlik looked after them with tears of pleasure in his eyes, crying, "Go and be free, my brothers!"

A similar story is told of a kindly old Virginian, who used to celebrate the Fourth of July by buying up all the caged squirrels, rabbits and birds in the neighborhood, and then setting them free, that they, too, might rejoice in the Day of Independence. The creatures to whom he gave happiness are long since dead, but the children who saw his kindly act have carried its influence through their lives.

It is one proof of the power of Christianity upon modern life, that animals receive more humane treatment at our hands than formerly.

Queen Elizabeth with her maids of honor delighted to see a bear torn to pieces by dogs, but if an American maltreats a horse or cat he can be heavily punished for it.

No moral precepts, no religious training, will give to children the spirit and mind of Jesus, in a family where the horse or dog is cruelly treated.

"How much of mind my spaniel hath I know not," says Von Ruppe; "how much of soul no man hath ever discerned. But this I know, that he is God's creature, one of His family—a far-off cousin of my own. Shall I be cruel to him?"

The horse or dog or bird which belongs to us is given to us, like every other fact in our lives, to test our natures, whether they are noble or mean. These creatures demand especial justice and tenderness from us, as do the absent or the dead, because they are dumb; they cannot protest against injustice or demand their rights.—*Youth's Companion.*

BABY NELL

BY M. C. MCNEILL

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

TWO summers ago, on a bright sunshiny morning, Mr. Peters leaned on the fence that separated his meadow from the road that led up to a neighbor's farm. His eyes wandered anxiously all over the fields and up the lane, as if he were looking for something; but all he could see was his neighbor driving along in an empty hay cart, and he gave a weary sigh of disappointment as the neighbor stopped and accosted him.

"Good morning, Mr. Peters; fine weather for haying this; but it seems to me you haven't got over the loss of that colt yet."

"No, nor ever will," replied Mr. Peters, dejectedly. "There ain't a day but I hang over this fence, just where I used to watch her when she was learnin' to nibble the grass for herself, an' when I'd call 'Hello! Baby Nell!' she'd prick up her ears, an' lift her head, an' look at me with those beautiful eyes of hers; an' when I'd call again an' hold up my arm, she'd come scamperin' acrost the lot, an' shove her nose under my arm an' into my face. She know'd everything I

said to her, an' was the cunningest thing you ever did see; an' I was that fond of her, now you wouldn't believe," and Mr. Peters' eyes blinked so hard in the sun that he had to put up his hand to shade them.

"Well," said his neighbor, "I have often thought it queer that we never heard no more of those two animals than if the ground had opened and swallowed them up—your little Nell and my Billy—the new horse that I had just paid a good round sum for, and I haven't yet been able to get another in his place. Why, it must be going on eighteen months since they disappeared; but I see by yesterday's paper that a man has been arrested up in Vermont for stealing horses. He has a regular farm of them. His wife stays home and takes care of them while he scours the country, thieving and selling. Now the farm has been seized, and any folks that can identify their stolen animals gets them back again; so I've a mind to go up there and see if my Billy is among the lot. I'd know him in a thousand, for he is peculiarly marked. Supposin' you come along too; maybe your Nell is there."

Mr. Peters looked very doubtful as he answered: "I'd go anywhere to find the little creature, for I wouldn't have parted with her to nobody; but eighteen months makes a big difference in the looks of a colt at her age, so I couldn't recognize her by the looks, I'm quite sure of that; but it might be she'd remember my voice if I called her, so I guess I'll go with you an' see."

The next day they journeyed to the horse thief's farm, which they found in the custody of the officers of the law. The two farmers made known their claim, and were accompanied by the officers to the gate of a large field which was enclosed by a high wire fence. There were a great many horses in the enclosure, and Billy was soon identified and turned over to his master. The animals were all busily engaged in clipping the fresh green grass, so that every nose was close to the ground.

"Do you recognize your horse, Mr. Peters?" inquired the chief officer.

"No," replied he, slowly, as his eyes examined the horses; "my colt has grown considerable in eighteen months, but if she's there she'll know my voice an' answer to my call."

"Let us see, then," said the men who had gathered round him. Mr. Peters leaned over the top bar of the gate.

"Baby Nell!" he cried.

The men watched the horses closely, but only one brown head stopped eating.

"Hello! Baby Nell!" called Mr. Peters again.

This time the brown head was turned towards the gate, and the ears were pricked up excitedly.

"Come, Baby Nell!" cried Mr. Peters once again.

The horse stared at the men and fairly quivered in every limb. Mr. Peters raised his arm and held it aloft. She threw up her head with a nervous whinny of delight, galloped over to the gate, and thrust her nose under Mr. Peters' arm and into his neck with every demonstration of grateful remembrance. Mr. Peters put his arms around his faithful pet, and the drops that fell on her silky head came not from the clouds.

"Take home your colt, Mr. Peters," said the officer. "She has identified herself."

And Baby Nell is Baby Nell still.

WHERE?

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

"WHY, where are you going, my dear?"
Asked the Seal of the white Polar Bear;
For he seemed just about on a trip to start out,
With baggage to last him a year.

He fastened his pack with a pin,
Then said, with a sorrowful grin,
"I'm sure I don't know, but somewhere I'll go
Where folks won't make rugs of my skin!"

"Good! I'll join you myself," said the Seal;
Her languor replaced by great zeal—
"Or the fur on my back may become a long sacque,
To which an objection I feel!"

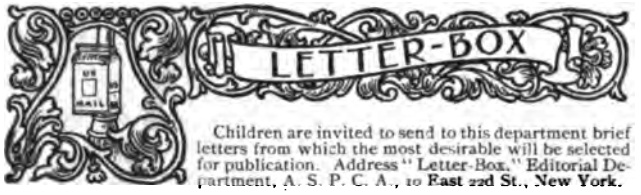
"I'll go with you, friends!" cried the Mink;
"I don't need a moment to think.
Let me go where mink's tails don't command such large sales—
A traffic from which I so shrink."

The Gray Squirrel tilted his head:
"The move is expedient," he said,
"For I learn from friend Wind, cloaks with squirrel are lined—
A fashion I certainly dread!"

"My breast and my wings, I have heard,
Are coming in style!" screamed a bird;
"So let me go too, I shall not hinder you,
A Gull's not a troublesome bird!"

"Very well, then, let's start," growled the Bear;
"For we haven't a moment to spare:
There is no knowing when those terrible men
With guns and harpoons will appear!"

So, led by the white Polar Bear,
The procession set forth. But oh, where
Will they find that new zone, where man is unknown?
Can any kind friend tell them—Where?


LETTER-BOX
Children are invited to send to this department brief letters from which the most desirable will be selected for publication. Address "Letter-Box," Editorial Department, A. S. P. C. A., 10 East 22d St., New York.

QUEENIE.

DEAR LETTER-BOX EDITOR:

WE gave him this inappropriate name when he was first brought to us—a little ball of yellow fur. He enjoyed his reign for a year, during which time he grew rapidly and became the pet of the household. Queenie was always fond of jumping, and gave us constant anxiety by getting in places beyond our reach, with no other way of coming down except by jumping. This we were always sure would injure him, but it never did, and we were always so glad to have him back in safety that we forgot to scold him. In summer he slept out-of-doors, and every morning at the same time he would come to the window of our room, where my sister and I slept, perch upon the window-sill, and wait for us to awaken and let him in. In winter when we came home from school we would always find him upon the gate-post; if we were together he would jump down and go in with us, but if only one of us came he would stay and wait for the other.

When Queenie was but a little more than a year old we went to California. We could not take him with us, but before we went we found a good home for him. He would not stay quietly at this new home, as he always had done with us, but wandered away back to our house. The new tenants were very kind to him, and would have gladly kept him, but he preferred to roam about the streets. After being gone five years, we returned, and one of the first inquiries we made was about Queenie, that we still thought of as the little kitten we had left. But everything about Queenie had changed, even his name, for he was now called Tom, and belonged to the town in general.

He had access to all the grocery stores, but particularly favored that belonging to an old Portuguese; here he ate and spent much of his time. Though deprived of his royal name, he is still powerful and not afraid of any of the dogs in town, though he seldom deigns to notice them. He is yet fond of jumping and climbing; sometimes he climbs up on the boxes in the post-office and watches the people who come for their mail. The other day I saw him jump from one grocery wagon to another at quite a distance apart and moving. Though "Tom," or "Queenie," as we always call him, is not wild, it would be impossible to make him stay at one house for any length of time, so we can never have our pet again. He is the largest and finest cat in town, and we are quite proud to say that he was once ours.

HENRIETTA BORCHERS.

2421 Penn. Ave., N. W., Washington, D. C.

DEAR LETTER-BOX:

If you had your choice between a gun and a Kodak, it is a pretty sure thing that you would take the Kodak, isn't it? I have been making up my mind for a month; now I am ready to agree with you.

The fellows I know seem to think that there is more fun in a gun. Bob Wesley called to see me yesterday afternoon. His father was going to give him a gun to take away for the summer, but, after I had talked with Bob about an hour, he grew wild for the Kodak. It is settled that our fathers will give each of us a Kodak. On my way to mail this letter, I intend to stop at the Curtis boys' and at Will Nesbit's. Perhaps Bob and I may be able to change their minds about wanting guns. I thought I would write to you, as OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS is the paper that made me want a Kodak. I expect to have a better time in the country than I ever had before.

I have a water spaniel named Don Carlos. My Kodak is to be christened by taking Don Carlos' photograph, and I should like very much to send you one.

Yours truly,

CHARLES D. WESTMAN.

NEW JERSEY.

[Well done, Master Charles! You are doing grand, good work, even before you have your Kodak. By the by, send us a picture of Don Carlos.—ED.]

DEAR LETTER-BOX:

I am writing to you, because all the family are out and I have nobody to talk to. If grandma were not ill, mamma would have stayed at home; but I suppose grandma is older than I am and wants mamma more. That is what mamma said. Grown-up people don't know how much their little girls want them.

Cousin Ada gave me a beautiful bound copy of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS for Christmas. It has all the numbers in it for a year, and its cover is splendid—red, like the flowers on cousin Ada's best hat. I wonder if she will give me another next Christmas! I would like to have two red books at once, instead of waiting a whole year.

I like the pictures in OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS just as much as the cover. I was looking at them a minute before mamma went out, so she said: "Write a letter to OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS and tell them how pleased you are, dear; then the time won't seem long until mamma comes back."

The time does seem long, and I wish she would hurry. My letter is ended. When I asked how I would know when I had written enough, mamma told me, "Stop when you come to the end. That is a safe rule for every kind of writing." I have no more paper to write on, so I guess that is what she meant.

From your little friend,

B. M. A.

NEW YORK.

THE VETERINARIAN

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians, answers to correspondents, and other items relating to that branch of science.

HINTS TO LAYMEN

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THE proper treatment of the maladies and mishaps to which our animal friends are liable is sadly hampered by the narrow limits within which their means of expressing (to us at least) their wants and discomforts are confined, and it becomes still more complex when we consider the number of species with which we have to do, each presenting a distinct anatomical and functional type, a separate range of habits and needs as to food and protection, and liability to different kinds of disease. A further complication grows out of the artificial restraint which domestication sometimes puts upon the operations of nature, and upon the animal's instinctive resort to natural remedies.

And when we consider that with reference to our own species, perfection of practice requires that the surgeon should occupy one field and the physician another, and that each class must further subdivide the labor according to different kinds of lesion, types of disease, or organs affected, we begin to see, albeit "through a glass darkly," what a vast range of learning superimposed upon native genius the accomplished veterinarian would need to have if there were no mitigations. Not one man in a thousand would be fit for the profession. In any case beyond the limits of exact knowledge the practitioner has to proceed upon general principles in the fog of conjecture.

But the difficulties are vastly diminished by the fact that most animals in the wild state are subject to comparatively few disorders, and for those to which they are *naturally* liable they instinctively resort to the true remedy. And as to *such* disorders, domesticated animals will do the same thing, if they are let alone and the remedy is within reach. If not, we need to recognize the symptoms with certainty, and to have the remedy at hand.

Fortunately, too, the majority of our valuable domestic animals are by nature almost completely exempt from disease. This category includes, with some differences in degree, all our gallinaceous and swimming fowls, swine, and ruminants. Of the latter the goat, camel, reindeer, and llama present the best examples of exemption; while the greater susceptibility of neat-cattle is due in part to their finer organization and great size, but mainly to the complex structure of their digestive apparatus. But the dog and the horse, the two most intelligent, finely organized, and best beloved of our dumb servants, however hardy they may be in the wild state, are, when domesticated, subject to more maladies and susceptible to external influences in more ways than all the rest put together. The reasons are obvious. The general law obtains, that what is most useful and valuable requires most care.

Most of the troubles which require treatment are artificially induced by false environment, and are generally preventable by maintaining the environment strictly as it is found in nature; and they are curable by simply restoring such natural conditions as have been interfered with. The removal of morbid growths, ulcers, and caries, the application of antiseptics, the exhibition of simple stimulants, purgatives, and tonics, aided sometimes by some mechanical contrivance, will do the rest. Bleeding is never necessary.

Cleanliness, good ventilation, pure water, plenty of room, pasturage embracing as many of the varied conditions of nature as possible, with simple arrangements so that the creatures may seek shelter at will from storms and changes of temperature, with a little salt, sulphur, wood ashes, charcoal, and tar left conveniently about, will absolutely prevent disease and ward off epidemics in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred.

Where disease exists and the natural remedies are unknown, or out of reach, resort must be had to such drugs as are applicable to similar symptoms in the human patient. Mineral poisons should be excluded. But what I have termed the *natural* remedies—such as the animal seeks for himself—are far more potent than anything which can be substituted on general principles. These natural remedies are true *specifica*—not so much for specific ailments as they are for specific differences in constitution. Search in the yet unexplored field of these is full of promise to the true veterinarian.

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IT is an easy matter to overload horses. The incentive to get through quickly, and make as few trips as possible, often prompts drivers to load too heavily. The danger in this is in ruining the constitutions of ambitious horses, or more yet, making them balky. Very few horses are naturally balky. They generally acquire this aggravating habit through the fault of those handling them. Light loads and more trips is a good motto, especially when you have young horses. Study your teams and your roads. One hard pull on a road is enough excuse for careful loading.—*The Horseman.*

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IT is cruel to feed dogs carelessly [says an English writer in a pamphlet entitled "The Life of a Dog" (Griffin Farren & Company, London)]. An exclusive diet of dog biscuit is heating and bad; their diet should consist of one-third vegetable, one third farinaceous (floury), and one third animal food; but with a few bones (not too many), the meat may be dispensed with, and a little fat or dripping used to give the whole a flavor. An excellent plan is to buy a pennyworth of bones from the butcher and boil them down with crusts, scraps, potato peeling, etc. A dog should be fed as carefully as a child, only, of course, on cheaper, coarser food. "*If you can't take care of a dog, don't keep one,*" is an excellent maxim, and one which would go far towards stamping out hydrophobia; besides stopping much suffering of dogs and many complaints from the neighbors when the neglected creatures howl at night.

FAMOUS PETS OF FAMOUS PEOPLE. By Eleanor Lewis. Illustrated. Boston : D. Lothrop & Company.

It is encouraging to humane persons to consider that the love of animals is a natural instinct of mankind. From the time when man began to domesticate other creatures for his own uses, he seems likewise to have taken pleasure in their companionship. Of course, the instinct has grown with long-continued habit, but it is well-nigh universal. People of every rank and station in life have pets of one sort or another, and even Sykes himself is attended by a four-footed friend who is much more noble than himself. The hundreds of thousands of copies of Dr. Brown's incomparable tale of Rab and his Friends, which have been issued to meet the eager demand of the public, are an evidence of the truth to nature with which the author had drawn his picture of a phase of ordinary human life. Nations which are known to be kindly and affectionate in their treatment of dumb beasts are themselves kindly thought of by other nations. Thus it might not perhaps be difficult to show that the general kindliness with which the Scottish people is regarded is in part due to this trait in the Scottish character. Sir Walter Scott himself, who did more than any other man to make his country famous, is regarded with as much kindness as admiration, not only because of many other noble traits of character, but because of the instinctive love of animals which appeared in his daily life much more than in his writings. It takes something from the offishness with which, in spite of his unquestioned genius, one regards sour old Thomas Carlyle, to know that his house in Chelsea was "a refuge for stray dogs and cats," and that the grim philosopher encouraged the unlimited hospitality with which Mrs. Carlyle entertained these strangers in misfortune. Nothing in Barnaby Rudge is more really effective than Barnaby's inseparable companion, the raven, and it somehow pleases one to know that Barnaby's raven was not a fictitious character, but really existed in a pet, called "Grip," of Dickens' own peculiar cherishing. These instances, and many others that might be named, show how natural the love of animals is to literary persons. In the abstraction of the mind when engaged in composition, a moment's relaxation spent in an interchange of kindnesses with a companion who always responds but never interrupts, is at once a relief and a recreation ; so it is not strange that the literary characters whose pets have been made famous by their pens, are very numerous. Persons of lofty station likewise seem to be peculiarly devoted to pets. The friends of the great are few ; their flatterers are many, and they are as selfish as they are numerous. Man must have something that he can trust as well as love ; and many sovereigns, from the Stuarts to the first king of United Italy, have been famous for their love of animals. Great statesmen are in much the same position of loneliness as sovereigns ; and Bismarck, for example, is endeared to the popular mind by his love of dogs, as well as glorified by his magnificent achievements. Art has always befriended dumb animals. A landscape without life may please a few ; the many love to see it brightened by the presence of living creatures. Not a few artists have won fame by their profound study and their exquisite delineation of animal forms and animal character. Landseer, for example, and Rosa Bonheur, have won both fame and fortune ; but they won more than that : they have won a kind regard for themselves, and they have done not a little to promote sentiments of humanity to the creatures they themselves loved. It is touching to observe that men who are estranged from family life seem to have a special fondness for dumb brutes. Sailors nearly always bring home pets for their friends from foreign shores ; and many a poor fellow in the forecastle takes his pet aboard with him when starting on a voyage. "A few years ago, the Albert medal was presented to a seaman who had rescued various lives from a sinking ship. The last one he saved was the ship's cat ; the brave sailor crying out, as he swung her into the boat, 'Life before property!'" Soldiers are fond of pets, and not a few military pets are famous in history. Any number of dogs are attached to French regiments. Deer, and even lambs, are attached to British regiments. The royal regiment of Welsh fusileers has the peculiar privilege of passing in review preceded by a goat with gilded horns and adorned with ringlets of flowers, Billy always marching at the head of his battalion, alongside of the drum-major. In the garrison at Chatham there used to be a raven known by the name of Ralph. He was a great rascal, and a tricky one. It was his special delight when he saw soldiers in the neighborhood, to scream out, "Attention, corporal!" "Turn out, guard!" and "Sentry, go!" often cheating listeners, and sending them on a run at the unexpected order. In the War of the Rebellion in this country, an eagle, affectionately called "Old Abe," was at first the pet of a company, rose to be the pet of a regiment, and was finally adopted by the nation, being supported at public expense from the closing of the war until his death. In the German army, dogs are now trained to act as a corps of rescue, searching for the wounded, and supplying them with necessary stimulants to support them until more efficient aid can be summoned by their dumb benefactors. In all England one dog is famous. He is a collie named Help, who has been trained to collect money as an accredited agent for the Society of Railway Servants. On his collar he bears an inscription as follows : "I am Help, the railway dog of England, and travelling agent for the orphans of railway men who are killed on duty. My office is at 306 City Road, London, where subscriptions will be thankfully received." In three years Help collected $2,500 for the orphans. His appeals are irresistible. He approaches one with a look of dignity and confidence, waits long enough for his credentials to be examined, and then he passes on in his quest.

One can easily see how the lines of thought which we have indicated in the foregoing paragraphs might be wrought out by a skilful author and illustrated with a thousand interesting anecdotes. To such a work the illustrations of a competent artist would be invaluable adjuncts. In the present volume, the accomplished author has done her work thoroughly well, and the assistance she has received from the illustrator

is all that she could desire. The publisher, too, has done his part lavishly. The result is, that "Famous Pets" is one of the handsomest and most delightful books on the subject that, we suppose, has ever been published.

EXTINCT MONSTERS: A Popular Account of Some of the Larger Forms of Ancient Animal Life. By the Rev. H. N. Hutchinson, B.A., F.G.S. With Illustrations by J. Smit and others. London: Chapman & Hall. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

"What a glorious privilege it would be," says Hugh Falconer, "could we live back, were it but for an instant, into those ancient times when these extinct animals peopled the earth, to see them all congregated together in one grand natural menagerie — these mastodons and elephants, so numerous in species, toiling their ponderous forms and trumpeting their march in countless herds through the swamps and reedy forests!"

Mr. Hutchinson has done all that human skill could do to enable his readers to enjoy that privilege, at least in imagination. He puts before them the strange population of the antique world, which he describes with great skill; and the admirably executed pictures in which those monsters are represented as they probably appeared to each other, if not to men, give to the reader's impressions a certain reality which almost lifts them out of the region of imagination.

A strange population, indeed, was that of the antique world, including creatures as grotesque as any that the superstitious fancy of our forefathers invented. The sea-scorpions, for example, creatures of the humbler rank of life, and unlike any other creatures now existing on our planet; the great fish-lizards (Ichthyosaurus), the sea-lizards (Plesiosaurus), and dragons (Dinosaurus), such as the Knights of the Round Table never saw, with thigh-bones longer than the height of a tall man, some of them herbivorous, some carnivorous, some covered with defensive armor. There were flying dragons, too (Pterodactyls), bat-like reptiles of enormous size, possessing the power of flight, some not larger than a sparrow, others much larger, and the largest having a spread of wing reaching to twenty-five feet! Even the sea-serpent, of which there are stories every year, did actually exist in those by-gone times, and frightful creatures they were. In America there was something greater than the rhinoceros, though not unlike it, and appropriately called *tinoceros ingens*, or the *huge* tinoceros. In other countries there were giant sloths and armadillos, as large as elephants, or larger; giant birds, twelve feet or more in height, to say nothing of those tremendous creatures, the mammoth and the mastodon.

These are some, and only some, of the strange monsters of the older world which Mr. Hutchinson describes. His work is strictly scientific in this sense, that it is scientifically accurate; but is most unscientifically interesting and delightful. It reads like a fairy book. Its wonders will allure the young to read and recollect many facts of value. Its charming style will commend it to the most fastidious literary taste.

There is much that is instructive as well as interesting in the April number of *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*. "Birds in Flocks," by Nellie H. Woodworth, deserves special mention. May not the illustration which shows migrating birds stunned by flying against the torch of the Statue of Liberty, have a double meaning for this land of ours? Another article, short and unsigned, is called "The Penguin Town," and is very good. At the end of the magazine, J. Carter Beard writes about "The Symbolism of Lines," and illustrates his views so that we cannot but see our kinship to our animal friends.

The Atlantic Monthly for April is particularly interesting. It contains an excellent paper by Gamaliel Bradford, Jr., on "The American Out of Doors;" a touching story by A. M. Ewell, called "Miss Tom and Peepsie;" and a delightful herald of spring in Edith M. Thomas's article, "Betwixt a Smile and Tear." Mr. Bradford thinks that we are not naturally a sporting people. "We prefer to live and let live, with beast and man. A simple walk is enough for us; the sight of birds and animals pleases us more than the destruction of them. How many of us," he says, "revel in that joyous cry of Emerson, 'Give me health and a day, and I will make the pomp of emperors ridiculous.'" To Mr. Bradford, Thoreau even is cold. "He patronizes nature," says this lover. Does he say it with a lover's pique?

"Feathered Dancers" by John Mortimer Murphy, in the April number of *Outing*, is both charmingly written and illustrated. The drawings are by J. Carter Beard and Herman Simon. The first full-page illustration is called "In Stately March;" the second, "The White Cranes' Minuet;" the third, "A Prairie Ballroom." Mr. Murphy guides his subject well. Not once does it dance away with him nor lag behind.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS is the widely known official organ of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which has done so large a work in America through legislation and enlightening public opinion for the past three decades. The magazine has been much improved lately. It is illustrated; contains outdoor papers, etc., as well as matter more immediately connected with the work of the Society. All in all, it presents a very satisfactory appearance.—*Review of Reviews.*

THE bound volume of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS for the year ending August, 1892, makes a very neat appearance, and is full of excellent reading. This little magazine, published by the American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, is doing a great work in arousing public sentiment, and particularly in educating children on the subject to which it is devoted.—*Boston Post.*

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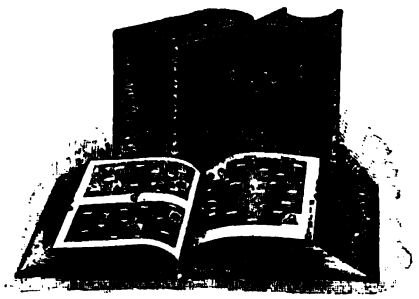

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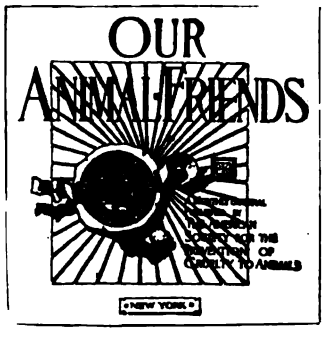

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THE BEHRING SEA CONTROVERSY

WE confess that the controversy between the United States and England on the destruction of seals in Behring Sea seems to us to have been at first of a sordid character. It has been merely a question of profit from the destruction of harmless and interesting animals; and that not for the supply of any necessary of human life, but solely for the adornment of the rich. About the year 1860 a method of preparing seal-skins was discovered by which the long, coarse hairs with which the animals are covered could be removed without injury to the soft and fine under-fur which protects them from cold in the icy waters of the Arctic region. Then the seals became a matter of commercial, and even of national, interest.

The acquisition of Alaska and its outlying islands by the United States under the treaty with Russia, to whom they formerly belonged, gave to citizens of the United States an exclusive right to take the seals on the islands to which they were accustomed to resort, and that right was granted by the Government to the Alaska Seal and Fur Company. But the seals are migratory animals, passing from the islands, to which they resort for breeding purposes, to some unknown region where they spend the rest of the year. In the transit through the open sea they are exposed to destruction by others than Americans. On various grounds this country claimed the right to prohibit the destruction of the seals *in transitu;* but the prohibition was prompted by no consideration for the seals, only to insure the exclusive right of capture to Americans. It is true that the reckless destruction of seals in the open sea must within a few years result in the extermination of the herds; but in the beginning of the controversy there was no question of humanity or inhumanity to the animals, simply a question of profit or the loss of profit to the Alaska Seal and

Fur Company. So regarded, we confess that this international question interested us very slightly.

A HIGHER AND NOBLER VIEW

In the arguments before the court of arbitration at Paris the whole subject has been lifted to a higher and far nobler plane by the American advocates, Mr. Carter and Mr. Coudert. These gentlemen have rightly insisted, first, that the law of nations can sanction nothing that is *contra bonos mores*, or, in plain English, nothing that is essentially immoral; and, second, that the wanton destruction of a whole race of useful and inoffensive animals is *contra bonos mores*, especially when it is aggravated by inexcusable cruelty.

Of the cruelty of the destruction of seals in the open sea there can be no question. Pregnant females, and females accompanied by their offspring, are cruelly wounded and killed in great numbers, though comparatively few are actually secured, and the helpless young are left to perish for lack of maternal care. Mr. Carter and Mr. Coudert justly maintain that the cruel extermination of a whole race of harmless animals is an immorality which the law of nations cannot justify, and which international law ought to prohibit.

The only objection made by Sir Charles Russell and the other British representatives to this humane argument was that seals, being animals *ferœ naturæ*, are nobody's property, and consequently may be anybody's victims. The court does not seem to have been greatly impressed by that argument; and although the judgment of the tribunal of arbitration may not be that international law has heretofore definitely prohibited the acts of which the United States complain, there is reason to hope that it will pronounce the wanton extermination of the seal herds to be so clearly *contra bonos mores* that it ought to be prohibited by international agreement.

If this shall be done, the decision will mark a distinct advance of morals and civilization. It will be a triumph of humanity if international law and treaty shall be made to include the prevention of cruelty to animals, even in the open sea. But if humanity thus becomes a matter of international law, is it not a pity that it should not have been a matter of *national* law in the United States twelve or fifteen years ago, when another beautiful and harmless animal, the American bison, was cruelly exterminated on the American plains? If the destruction of seals in the open sea is a cruelty which ought to be prohibited by international law, the cruel destruction of the bison in the national domain ought surely to have been prohibited by our national law.

In the international recognition of the immorality of cruelty to animals, which may shortly be expected, every humane person should find encouragement to insist upon a more and more vigorous enforcement of State laws which are directed to the same end; and societies which have for their object not only the prevention of cruelty, but also the inculcation of humanity, will have large reason of encouragement if their cause shall be adopted and sanctioned by the solemn judgment of an international tribunal.

HUMANITY A SOCIAL INSTINCT

IN advocating the cause of humanity to all the creatures of God, we have this great satisfaction, that the conscience of mankind is with us. As the eye is formed for light and the ear for sound, so is the moral nature of man adjusted to the social order of the world in which he holds the highest place. There is an inborn and instinctive sense of social obligation which guides those who obey it to right conduct towards their neighbors, and the progress of civilization is measured by the degree to which this social instinct is cultivated and developed. The highest civilization would be one in which the brutal maxim that "Might makes right" should be forgotten, and men should adopt the natural principle of justice and mercy enunciated by the Saviour of the world, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

But the whole world, and not merely the world of human beings, is a society. In the mind of God it constitutes a unity. Its members are all in some way related to each other; and while the duty of man to man must always be supreme, the divine principles of justice and mercy must include all sentient creatures. The just man is one who will do no wrong to any creature. The merciful man is one whose pity reaches out to all suffering. The noblest praise that we can give to God is to confess that He is just and merciful, and man defaces the image of God in himself when he is unjust or unmerciful to any creature of God. At the bottom of their hearts, and in the heart of their con-

sciences, men know and feel this. God has nowhere left Himself without witness to His own eternal laws of justice and mercy. Part of the misery of the unjust and the unmerciful is that their own hearts testify against them, so that they are self-condemned.

"NATURAL" RELIGION

We would not in the least depreciate the value or the authority of a Divine revelation. A single saying of Christ contains more wisdom than many volumes of philosophy. Thus, when He says: "Be ye merciful, as your Father which is in heaven is merciful," He puts the nature of God and the social nature of man into a divine unity, which commends itself alike to reason and to conscience. But while we do not undervalue revelation, either spoken or written, we are glad to recognize that universal revelation which men call the light of nature. It may be deplorably obscured, and so it has been. It may even be excluded, and then, as the Psalmist says: "The dark places of the earth are full of habitations of cruelty." But it is not mostly so, and all great teachers of mankind have been teachers of justice and mercy. There has never yet been a great religion which has not taught both of these. Zoroaster, Confucius, Sakya Muni, Mohammed, were all teachers of justice and mercy. To Zoroaster, the struggle of life is between the powers of light and the cruel powers of darkness. To Confucius, a right life is a life full of reason and respect for every right. Mohammed taught that justice stands only next to the devout worship of God. Sakya Muni, the Buddha, taught that love to all things, however low the order of their being, is the only way to perfectness. The teachings of those great men were widely received because they commend themselves to the conscience of mankind. They were accepted as revelations because they were true to the revelation which God gives to all men; or, to put it otherwise, the light which lighteneth every man that cometh into the world, sanctioned and approved the truth of God which these great prophets uttered.

SOME SAYINGS OF THE BUDDHA

It is interesting to know that the Buddhist religion, which has more adherents even now than any other, is emphatically a religion of mercy. Of Sakya Muni, it is well said that his first mission was to rebuke cruelty:

> "Unto the dumb lips of his flock he lent
> Sad, pleading words, showing how man, who prays
> For mercy to the Gods, is merciless."

His next mission was to teach humanity:

"My teaching is this, that the slightest act of charity, even in the lowest class of beings, such as saving the life of an insect out of pity, that this act . . . shall bring to the doer of it consequent benefit."

Here are some of his maxims:

"All beings desire happiness; therefore, to all extend your benevolence."

"Hurt not others with that which pains yourself."

"The practice of religion involves, as a first principle, a loving, compassionate heart for all creatures."

"He who is tender to all that lives is protected by Heaven and loved by men."

Sakya Muni did not argue in support of his merciful doctrines; he simply taught them; conscience did the rest. So it always will. The best service to the cause of humanity will always be to love mercy, and practise and teach it with simplicity; and such service will never be in vain.

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AN instance of the ignoble purpose a dog's intelligence may sometimes be made to serve was recently brought to light in a London Police Court. The plaintiff, a young lady, said that as she was walking along the Kensington Park Road, with an umbrella in her hand, late the previous afternoon, she noticed a dog running behind a trap which was coming towards her. The dog ran up to her, seized the umbrella in his mouth, and shook it so that she loosened her grasp. He then made off with his spoil in the direction of the trap. Several witnesses corroborated this testimony, and the constable who arrested the driver of the trap found, on searching the vehicle, seven umbrellas, including the one identified by the plaintiff. Several other cases of dogs being trained for similar purposes were brought to the attention of the magistrate.

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TAKE care that no young person at any time sees or hears you say or do anything base.—*Plato.*

AT HEADQUARTERS

SUPERINTENDENT HANKINSON, with Inspector Clark, Veterinary Surgeons McLean and Shaw, Officers Evans, Lambert, Glover, and Seymour, raided the swill-feed stock-farm of John Redfern, in Flatlands, L. I., on Wednesday, the 3d of May. On arriving at the place, the party had to wade ankle deep through filth to the swill-boiling room before they reached the cattle-pens. The stench was overpowering. Six men were engaged in dumping carts loaded with an unknown substance into large iron vats, under which fires were burning. Passing out from this vile-smelling place, the officers found themselves in a low, shed-like structure in which were eighty-eight bulls, steers, and cows, chained by the neck in stalls two feet six inches wide. The atmosphere in this animal prison was intolerable, compelling the officers to seek the fresh air or succumb. The poor creatures had been confined for weeks, and were obliged to eat a mixture of boiled garbage, consisting of pieces of meat, ham, lobster, chicken bones, scraps of lemons, oranges, etc. This vile stuff was carried from the boiling-room to troughs in front of the animals, the troughs being never cleaned out, but refilled with new material on top of the old. Many of the poor beasts were too weak to stand, and from the bodies of several of them the hair had actually fallen off, as a result of the unwholesome food they were forced to eat or starve. To continue the description of the place and its cruelties would only shock the reader's sensibilities To relieve the suffering creatures was the first thought of the officers, and it was no light undertaking, for the reason that neither hay nor corn, nor any such food as nature provides for herbivorous animals, could be found on the premises. Joseph Remer and Joseph Rudinsky, who appeared to be in charge of the place, were arrested, and Justice Matthews, of Canarsie, held them for trial on the charge of feeding animals on unwholesome food. John Redfern, the proprietor, could not be found at the time, but warrants for his arrest on four separate charges were issued by the magistrate. He was subsequently arraigned and put under bail for trial. President Haines has addressed a communication to the State Board of Health, calling attention to this establishment for systematic poisoning of animals, as a preliminary step to a wholesale poisoning of human beings with diseased meat.

* * *

"I'LL beat the beast as much as I please," said John Sullivan to a little girl, who told him he "should not beat the poor horse so." It appears that while Sullivan was driving through East Twenty-second Street, with a load of scrap iron, one of the wheels of the cart fell into a rut. The sudden stopping of the load caused the horse to stagger and fall to the ground, thereby breaking a part of the harness. The accident occurred through the stupidity of the driver and through no fault of the horse, but Sullivan did not or would not take that view of the case, and after roundly cursing the unoffending animal, he added injury to insult by beating it on the head and body, while still prostrate, with a heavy whip. It was at this moment the little girl made her gentle protest. There were others, however, who witnessed the cruelty, but who are less gentle in their methods of dealing with offenders of the Sullivan type than the little humanitarian, and before he could administer another kick to the horse, he was in the custody of Superintendent Hankinson and Detective Evans of the Society. Sullivan was first given a practical lesson in driving and in getting a fallen horse up, and then he was landed in the station house, pending the opening of the Police Court, upon a charge of cruelty to the horse. He was held for trial by Judge Meade under $100 bail.

* * *

"STAND up or I'll break your legs," was the exclamation that attracted the attention of Officer Schneider of the Seventh Police Precinct the other day, while patrolling his post in the vicinity of Madison and Rutgers Streets. The creature threatened was a little black-and-tan dog, which a fellow named James Mallon was trying to make stand upon its hind legs. The little creature kept running around Mallon and barking at him in a playful manner, and when caught and placed in position would jump away. This so angered its tormentor, that, seizing the dog by the hind legs, he dashed its body against the stone pavement, breaking its limbs. The cruel, cowardly act was done before the policeman could prevent it. When remon-

strated with for his cruelty, Mallon began to abuse the officer, and was put under arrest. He proved to be a "tough" of the toughest kind, and not until he was subdued with the club did he realize that dogs are under the protection of the laws of the State. The unoffending animal, after examination by the Society's veterinarian, was found to be injured beyond recovery, and its sufferings were humanely ended. A charge of cruelty was preferred against Mallon, and Justice Koch, after expressing his horror at the crime, held the offender under $1,000 bail for trial. He was eventually sent to the penitentiary for three months by Judges Smith, Hogan, and Ryan.

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"THE bearer of this is poor but honest," was the tenor of a message received by President Haines the other morning from a blacksmith, who, in addition to shoeing horses, undertook to doctor them. The bearer of the letter, it seems, had a lame horse which one of the officers of the Society had a short time ago suspended from labor on account of its decrepit condition, with warning to the driver that if he should be found working the animal again, he would be arrested. The owner of the horse knew this was no idle threat, and betook himself to his friend the blacksmith for the assistance of his influence. The reply to the letter somewhat staggered the writer of it, as he was informed that if he continued to practise veterinary surgery, contrary to law, he would be prosecuted, and the "poor but honest" man was cautioned not to allow his disabled horse to be worked, or he as well as the driver would be arrested. The animal was painfully lame, and any man, whether a blacksmith or a veterinary surgeon, who would even suggest that it should be tortured, simply because its owner was "poor but honest," is unworthy of patronage.

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THOMAS, *alias* "PLUG," CARROLL, while strolling along the Bowery the other day, looking around for something to steal, discovered a wagon loaded with cases of wine, in front of a liquor store. The driver had gone into the store, leaving a little fox-terrier dog in charge of the wagon. A case of liquor placed conveniently on the tail-board of the vehicle attracted Plug's attention, and he attempted to carry it off. As he grabbed for the package the little canine defender jumped up from the blanket on which it had been lying and leaped upon the case. Plug was so surprised that he actually cried out in fright; he soon recovered, however, and determined either to have the property or to take the life of the dog. Not far away was a cheap liquor saloon, into which Carroll went and got a drink; but before leaving he took from the lunch counter a sharp knife about a foot long, and on going back to the truck he found the little terrier still on guard, as if determined to die at his post if necessary. The two-legged coward in a sneaking way approached the unsuspecting dog, which recognized the thief and commenced to bark at him. Carroll succeeded in grasping the animal by the body, and with the knife cut the faithful little creature in the neck and head in a frightful manner. Detective O'Brien of the Central Office, who was passing at the time, arrested the brutal offender, took him before Justice Koch at the Essex Market Police Court, and made a charge of cruelty against him, which was substantiated by several witnesses. The magistrate expressed his horror at the cowardly atrocity, and committed the offender to prison in default of $1,000 bail. Four days later, when Carroll was arraigned for trial at the Court of Special Sessions before Judges Smith, Martin, and Hogan, he was found guilty and sentenced to imprisonment in the penitentiary for three months.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

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MISCELLANY

SUMMER SYLPHS

BY EDITH M. THOMAS

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THERE is a happy hollow, well situated under the eye of the sun, and inclined a little toward the south, where two powerful enchanters of the court of Flora practise their magic spells summer after summer. The botanist names them sumach and milkweed. In this happy hollow I found myself not long ago, in a world full of wonder, where the common air seemed to be giving practical illustration of the undulatory theory of light, being alive with moths and butterflies of all descriptions, flitting, wavering up and down, coquetting with each other, resting or poising, momentarily, upon the alluring wand of the enchanter. Some, alas! were transfixed thereon, for the horns of that innocent looking blossom of the milkweed have their own very effective traps and pitfalls for tippling insects who would feign be drunk with summer's wine.

But I, too, was under the spell of a midsummer day's dream, in which I had to rub my eyes to convince myself that I was not sleeping, and that I had not been borne away into the elfin realm of Oberon and Titania. As the gay company fluttered here and there in airy kaleidoscopic figures and combinations, bearing upon their wings all manner of heraldic devices minutely plumed and sprinkled with precious dust of diamond and of gold, it seemed to me incredible that with such myriad motions of instinctive life there should be such deep, unbroken silence! From that day's exhibition I dated a favorite simile, which I have since frequently used: "as still as a butterfly." The companion who was with me remarked: "I am afraid of butterflies; they strike me as being supernatural creatures."

Although Cupid may have been heard to murmur "sweet nothings," no last sigh has ever been heard from Psyche. One may hear the clashing of dry grass blades if an attentive ear is lent; it might even be possible to detect a sound from the jostling of flowers in the wind; but no one has ever heard the slightest susurrus from the meeting fans of these detached and floating flowers which we grotesquely term butterflies.

It was in the evening of this same day spent among the sylphs, that another flower and butterfly analogy was revealed. A lusty evening primrose, self-sown and uncherished save by dear Mother Nature, stood at the border of my garden. Its flowers were as yellow as that which grows "by the river's brim," and dreams pensively beautiful and immortal in the English poet's verse: but our wild favorite has a touch of the mysterious which, perhaps, is not vouchsafed to the other; for the evening primrose begins her true day with the falling of night, and the quality of color noted in the moonlight on smooth water is shed over her face. It was, indeed, just as the moon, already well up in the heavens, began to take hope and to shine in the fading of the daylight, that I noticed the unfolding of the flowers upon the tall stalk of my primrose. Literally the flowers unfolded beneath my eyes, one petal after another slowly unclasping, slowly spreading, as though acting at the tranquil behest of the parent plant, or from some thought of its own. Yes, one after another the blossoms unfolded, and, in doing so, they seemed to group themselves, like so many yellow butterflies, around the stem which had produced them. Drawing nearer, I then observed what might have been considered the presiding genius, or the little *deus ex machina*, of this lovely process: a yellow butterfly of the self-same shade as the blossom itself, dreamily poised upon the topmost flower-bud.

At the close of this day, whose record in every particular sense might have been called ephemeris, I remembered how, for several days previous, I had everywhere seen the caterpillar in varying degrees of hirsuteness and of various stripe, slowly pursuing its journey—a journey which had to be interrupted by a mysterious sojourn at the half-way house called chrysalis—thence to be resumed until concluded in an aerial and sunny apotheosis, such as I had witnessed in the heaven of butterflies but a few hours before. I may add that although I had, at various times, intercepted this journey, and had kept the caterpillar as a hostage, and although I had seen the caterpillar, like the fabled Arachne, hang itself by a rope of its own spinning, I had never been diligent enough to mark the exact moment of transformation when the live tissue be-

came chrysalis wall inscribed with indecipherable hieroglyphics older than the Egyptians! But I had beheld the first emerging of the new winged existence, when, weak and crimpled as a leaf just unfolded, the butterfly came forth from duress, resting, incapable of motion, until the sun had dried its moist wings, and the volant impulse bore it away through the realms of air.

From an entry in my journal (with reference to this subject very fitly termed *ephemeris!*), I gather the following data, which may be of additional interest:

"This green and black striped caterpillar (ordinarily found on fennel), when I brought it into the house, had already fastened itself to the stem of a leaf by a thick web of its own weaving. It now hung with its head downward; or rather it held its head downward in a curving position, and went through certain uneasy, writhing motions. Several times I disturbed the branch upon which the caterpillar was suspended; and it was not until after twenty-four hours had passed that the metamorphose was complete, though this must finally have been effected in a very brief time, for in the course of an hour, the dull striping of the caterpillar had disappeared, and a shiny, satin-like green case covered the whole now dormant life. Wonderful! Though this satin case was but a temporary bed-room, and though meanwhile the occupant could not possibly have any part in the pride and affairs of the world, this case was not without various little touches of ornament, chiefly a row of golden spots resembling eyes. . . .

"The chrysalis of the black and green caterpillar remained *in statu quo* for eighteen days. For some days, however, before the butterfly's emergence, the shape and color of the wings could be discerned as through a pellicle of isinglass or thin paper. On Sunday morning, along the edge of the folded wings, the chrysalis covering began to crack open; and slowly, almost painfully it would seem, the insect slipped out of its packing-case. It was indeed as though the creature had just got out of a trunk, after a Ginevra slumber—and out of a not very capacious trunk, where close folding had been necessary. The wings at first appeared to be shorter than the gross, worm-like body, and were not only closely folded but their substance appeared contracted, and it still conformed to the bulge and depression observed in the chrysalis. By sensible degrees the wings lengthened and expanded, while the body correspondingly grew thinner and less suggestive of larva life. A most curious thing I noticed in this, as in the other butterfly whose advent I watched; occasional drops of moisture were shed off its wings, which had the limp appearance of paper damp from the printing-press. The first concern of the insect on emerging from its packing-case was to get its long bill or proboscis curled up satisfactorily. This at first was loosely spiral, reminding one of a watch-spring; but by repeated effort and experiment it was brought at last into neat, close compass, then appearing like a little knob or prominence on the insect's peculiar physiognomy."

INTELLIGENT MICE

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

TO illustrate the mouse's intelligence and tender care of its young, a physician, Dr. E. R. Maxson, sends us the following anecdotes.

I used to wonder where the barn mice found water to drink. But one bright summer morning, many years ago, the mystery was solved. I was standing at the open barn door, having just returned from an early call. While admiring the crystal-like dewdrops that had collected near the points of the spears of oats and grass growing near me, I saw a mouse come out from under the barn,

reach both paws far above its head, grasp and pull down the leaves, and lap the dewdrops,

"Till thirst was amply fed."

Some years later, as I was moving a cask in the same barn, I unwittingly uncovered a nest from which the mother mouse ran hurriedly away, leaving in view five or six of her children not old enough to flee. As the mother had disappeared under the barn, I thought of moving the nest and young family to some place where she might find and care for them. Pondering over what to do with the little mice, I went about other work in the barn. Perhaps half an hour later, returning to the place, I was surprised to see the mother come and carry them away one at a time to a place of safety which she had evidently been preparing for them under the floor. Though she had to carry them several feet it was quickly done. In her haste and excitement, however, she had apparently forgotten to count, for after the last one had been taken to the chosen spot, she came back and looked carefully around the nest. Before leaving, she sat down and cast a look of satisfactory defiance at me which I shall never forget. She had proved equal to an emergency to which I was apparently unequal, and she appeared to appreciate the fact.

BILLY THE OWL

By B. V. B.

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

HOW long and on how little sustenance can an owl live? Without attempting to answer the question, we submit the following sketch to the consideration of our readers.

Some years ago that most genial of philosophers and lover of animals, Josh Billings, spent a summer with his sister, and became much interested in the odd, old-mannish ways of a small horned owl which a young son of the host had brought from his school in Pennsylvania. The comical manner in which Billy would jerk his head about and stare, with his yellow eyes, in exactly the opposite direction from his toes, undisturbed by cat or dog, the solemn wisdom of his funny face enhanced by his total silence, and the gravity of every movement—all these were very amusing to look upon.

Some time in early September, Billy was not. No vestige of small gray feathers told of a tussle with cat or dog; and as the family virtually lived out of doors, it could not be supposed that a boy had borrowed him. Billy was mourned, and many were the conjectures about his fate. Genial "Josh" would often poke his cane under the leaves among the grass and vines, hoping to find the lost pet.

The season over, Josh Billings and his family went back to the city. Oakwood was closed, and the little gray owl was forgotten. In February, during a snowstorm, it became necessary to send a man to look after some household matter, and when he made his report, he asked, "How *that little chicken* could have got into the house?" Somebody suggested that snow-blindness might have swelled an imprisoned sparrow to the dimensions of a chicken; but next day, when Charles spoke of "a queer little bird like an owl, that had moved into another room," Billy was remembered, and Charles was sent back again to capture the little fellow. Right glad were we to see the little gray bird which had lived alone for more than four months, without food, unless it might be an occasional mouse, and certainly without drinking. Billy seemed happy with us until the Easter holidays; but then he disappeared again as mysteriously as before, and he was never found.

* * *

THAT superior animal, man, is not apt to imagine there can be a resemblance between him and a jelly-fish. He would take it as a personal insult to have such a suggestion made. But some truths for his consideration appear in the following paragraph written by Mrs. Agassiz about one of our larger jelly-fishes, the Zygodactyla Grönlandica:

"The motion of these jelly-fishes is very slow and sluggish. Like all of their kind, they move by the alternate dilation and contraction of the disk, but in the Zygodactyla these undulations have a graceful indolence, unlike the more rapid movements of the medusæ. It often remains quite motionless for a long time, and then, if you try to excite it by disturbing the water in the tank or by touching it, it heaves a slow, lazy sigh, with the whole body rising as it does so, and then relapses into its former inactivity. One cannot help being reminded when watching the variety in the motions of the different kinds of jelly-fishes, of the difference in temperament in human beings. There are the active ones, ever on the alert, ready to seize the opportunity when it comes, but missing it from too great impatience; and the slow people, with regular movements, not so quick, perhaps, but as successful in the long run; and the dreamy, indolent characters, of which the Zygodactyla is one, always floating languidly about, and rarely surprised into any sudden or abrupt expression."

THE SAILORS' PETS

By Tappan Adney

(For our animal friends)

THE warships of ten nations stretched for miles in double column on the Hudson River at New York a short while ago. The fortunate visitors who went on board the ships caught occasional glimpses of animal life, but did not suspect its extent, for every one of the nearly forty men-of-war had a pet animal of some sort, while on many there were three or four. They had been gathered by the sailors from every quarter of the globe, and they were numerous enough to stock a zoölogical garden.

It seems as if the sailor on the long sea voyage needs the companionship of some creature of the land that differs from himself to cheer the weary hours and provide amusement in the narrow limits of his ship. It may be a mischievous monkey, a noisy parrot, or a rollicking dog—it matters little what the creature is. He believes it brings good luck. He regards it as the mascot of the ship. Harm to it is of evil omen. It belongs in a sort of common ownership to the whole ship's company, unless it be the particular pet of the captain, and even then it has a warm place in the heart of every Jackie. If its life is in peril, not a man of the roughest crew would hesitate to risk his life to save it.

"JEAN BART."

Animals aboard ship have a free run of the vessel, but they usually live with the men in the forecastle. For reasons easily understood nearly every one of them prefers the neighborhood of the galley, and likes the cook best of any man in the crew.

On board the United States dynamite cruiser "Vesuvius," an unusually interesting family may be found near the galley aft of the long pneumatic guns (figures 1 and 2)—a fat hen, a cock, and—strange to say—a cat which is almost entirely black. If the monitor has changed the mode of naval warfare, the men who fight in iron ships have discarded some old superstitions with their wooden ships; for a sailor of the olden time would never have gone willingly to sea with a cat aboard. Yet a cat is believed to foretell the weather, and ought to be the sailor's best friend. The fowls of this family were picked up during the ship's trial cruises in southern waters, and are thoroughly at home on the little vessel. There is only an open iron railing around the gunwale, and the deck rounds up high in the middle, so that "when the stormy winds do blow," they must seek the protection of the smoke-stack or the officers' cabin. When it pipes a gale, and the little boat is tossed about, they stow themselves away in the hold. Some fine day this summer there will be a tremendous commotion aboard. The little speckled hen will cackle, and the cook will find in some dark corner—perhaps in a dish—a nice fresh egg for the officers' mess.

The simple-hearted men on the Russian ships are well provided with pets. On one of them there are kids and parrots, and on the flagship "Dimitrie Donckoe," is a big soft-fleeced ram that came from Algiers when quite young, like nearly all sailors' pets. Most modern men-of-war are provided with "rams," but of a more destructive sort! On the flagship there is also a small brown kid from the island of St. Thomas, and in a strong cage just forward of the foremast is a pair of monkeys. One of the latter is an olive-colored Asiatic species, while the other is smaller and of a brown color. They are very good friends, except when quarrelling, as all monkeys love to do, even when very fond of each other. They sit folded in each other's arms, and with blinking eyes watch the sailors hard at work in their white caps with the name of the ship inscribed thereon in curious Russian characters. The monkeys are occasionally allowed their liberty, and then make free use of the rigging. A monkey has great advantages as a sailor, and takes to a tarred rope as naturally as if it were a swinging vine in his native forest.

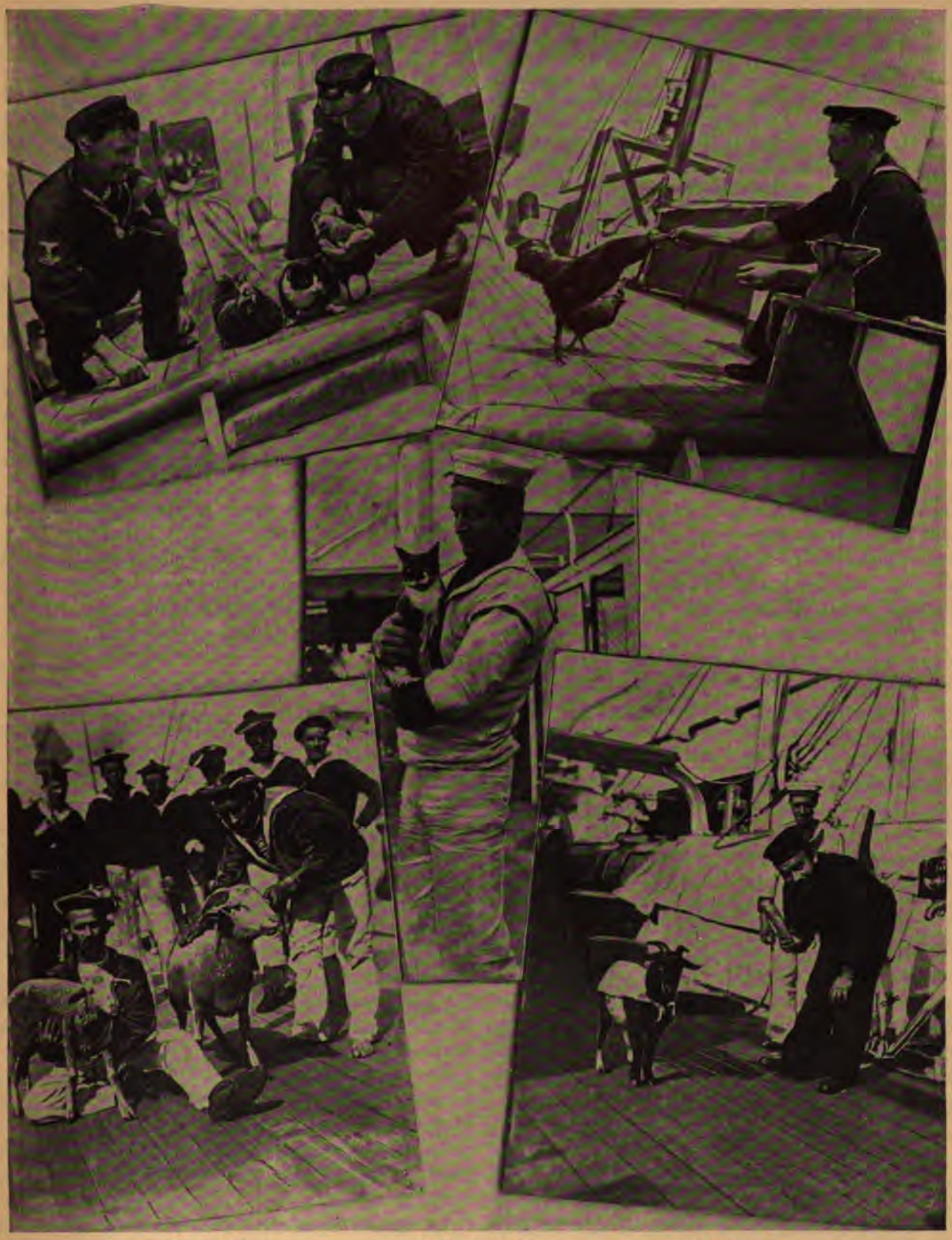
The Frenchmen are very fond and very proud of their pets. On the "Jean Bart" there is a ram, not unlike the Russian, with hard curving horns, but very gentle. There is a pretty lamb, too, about four months old, with the softest of eyes and the silkiest of fleeces. Both these "moutons" came from Toulon in France. They live in a tiny straw-lined room far forward, near the biggest gun on the ship. But the strangest pet of all on that ship is in the officers' cabin; it is a partridge of the same species which is found everywhere in France, though this one came from Smyrna. It is about as big as one's two fists, and has a red bill and red legs. It runs clucking about the deck quite like a little hen. It does not mind being handled, but when strangers appear, it takes refuge in a little room in the stern, from which torpedoes are launched.

H. M. S. "MAGICIENNE."

Of dogs there is a great number and a great variety in the fleet. The Italian "Giovanni Bausan" has a big black dog named "Blake." He was given to the ship some time ago, when cruising in the English Channel, by the sailors of H. M. S. "Blake," and was christened in honor of the donors. "Blake" is a regular sea dog, and has never set foot on land since he was born. He will go with the sailors in the cutter as far as the shore, but nothing can induce him to leave the boat.

The men on the "Nine of July," the beautiful cruiser from the Argentine Republic, have two bright little dogs that they brought from home. An interesting dog is "Dash" of H. M. S. "Magicienne." He is the captain's special property, but is friendly with all hands. He is a brown and white spaniel from England. When lying in a quiet harbor "Dash" often takes a swim about the ship and enjoys it very much. The "Magicienne" is one of the smallest of the four British cruisers in line, yet she is the most fortunate as to her pets. There is big, handsome, black-and-white "Cooter," a cat that came from Malta in the Mediterranean. She is strictly Maltese, but evidently not of the gray variety. She was a different looking creature a year ago. The ship's beautiful tabby cat had just been lost, and a successor had to be provided. It happened to be the most wretched, sorrowful-looking kitten one ever beheld. No one expected it to live; but it was well cared for, and its daily toilet was not neglected. Every morning its little pinched face was washed, that duty falling to an able seaman by the name of "Cooter," and to this day the cat is known by the name of her big sailor valet. She is very clever; jumps through one's arms, and fetches things that are thrown along the deck. She catches meat thrown from a distance of several yards, and is an expert in catching balls of paper tossed into the air. "Cooter's" own quarters are in the storeroom, down the ladder; but when it is cold, she is always to be found with the cook in the galley, where she can smell the frizzling beefsteak and see the nice fish hanging just out of reach. She takes a regular bath and has learned to really enjoy it. On the "Magicienne" there were formerly other animals, such as a young zebra, a "water buck," and doves—all from Africa.

To the British navy belongs an animal that any ship or any nation might be proud to own. That is "Bill" the goat. From the day when "Bill" paraded down Fifth Avenue in full regimentals, and the gamins shouted, "Hey! Ketch onter de Billy!" to the hour when the British vessels shipped their anchors, no living creature, not even an admiral, was so overwhelmed with the praises and caresses of an admiring public. In that famous parade Bill marched at the head of his column in the scarlet coat of a British marine. He was not unknown before; but now he rose to the summit of popularity. Every one was enthusiastic over the little black and white goat. Contributions poured in from every quarter. A beautiful collar of solid silver, engraved with the name of "Billy," the date, "April 28th, 1893," was put about his tough little neck in memory of the event, and from the silver collar hangs a silver bell. When Bill goes to England (where he has never yet been)



"JEAN BART."

"VESUVIUS."

H. M. S. "MAGICIENNE."

"VESUVIUS."

H. M. S. "MAGICIENNE."

he may well be proud of his adornment; and the sailors are already more than proud of their dear little black "Billy."

About two years ago, when England had some trouble with the Portuguese on the east coast of Africa, the "Magicienne" was despatched to the scene and remained for a while at Port Beira. It was there that a sailor one day brought to the ship a tiny bit of a kid. Just how he came by it must remain a secret. It could not feed itself; indeed, it was so young that it could hardly stand. The sailor passed a short rubber tube through a cork, put the cork into a bottle filled with milk, and so "Bill" was provided with a nursing bottle which he used for many weeks. He throve on condensed milk, grew rapidly fat and sleek and tough, but he never became a large goat. He may be small of stature, but for pluck and independence he has not an equal on the ship. "Bill" and "Cooter" are good friends and are much together. If "Dash" appears, "Bill and Cooter" set upon him and drive him off. But during the middle watch (between twelve and four in the morning) it is cold, and then all three may be found huddled together in the warmest corner of the galley.

"Bill" is good company. He loves to be rolled about on the deck. If the fellows tease him a little, that is just what he likes. He butts in play, but never takes an unfair advantage. He shakes hands with his right forefoot, and jumps through one's arms. He has two suits of clothes. One is a working suit of white canvas, which he wears every day like other sailors. It is simply a blanket tied on with strings. But the other is a gorgeous affair. It is a blanket of scarlet silk with a long white fringe around it. On each corner is a white rosette, and across the back is the name "Magicienne" in gold letters. The oddest feature of his uniform is a tiny round cap with a narrow white border; it is not over three inches across, lies perfectly flat, and is worn exactly in the middle of Bill's little black pate. We hope that flattery may not make Bill conceited, and that he may always be the good-natured sober Billy that his shipmates love so well.

IT is good to be attracted out of ourselves, to be forced to take a near view of the sufferings, the privations, the efforts, the difficulties of others.—*Charlotte Brontë.*

"SALADIN"

BY HELEN M. GRAHAM

(FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS)

WITH her arms full of fresh, sweet clover leaves, Faith Annesley left the house and turned in the direction of the stables.

It was a glorious July morning in the year 1861, and as she looked across the hills at the beautiful country she had known all her life a feeling of oppression overwhelmed her.

She saw the white tents, glittering arms, and fluttering banners of the Army of the Potomac; for it was a time of war, and the great struggle between the North and South had begun.

She pushed open the stable door; a low whinny of recognition greeted her, and she sprang forward.

"Saladin, Saladin, see what I have brought you. Poor fellow, it is cruel to keep you locked up this way!"

So saying, she let down a bar and took a large bunch of clover in her hand. Saladin, a large chestnut horse with small limbs and beautiful pleading eyes, stood in a box stall slowly eating the clover from his mistress's hand.

At this juncture a man appeared in the doorway.

"Well, Faith," he said as he entered, "how is Saladin to-day?"

"O papa, do come here," she exclaimed. "Poor Saladin is *so* tired of the stable. Do you think it would be safe for me to take a little canter at dusk?"

"No, my child; it is out of the question. The troops are all about us, and most of them are rough men."

"But surely they would not harm us. We are neutral, you know."

"They might take Saladin; army horses are scarce just now."

"Take Saladin! Never, while I am by. Do you hear that, my pet? You don't want to be an army horse, do you?"

She stood talking to him all the while; and he, seeming to understand, turned to look at her, and then laid his big brown head down on her shoulder.

"You dear old fellow, you would never go willingly.—Papa, do you think there will be a battle soon?"

"Very soon," answered Mr. Annesley; "to-morrow or next day at the furthest."

"How terrible!" she exclaimed fervently, as she left the stable; and when she had gained the path leading to the house, and looked around her on the lovely scene, she murmured again, "How terrible!"

"May I draw a glass of water from your well?" asked a voice close beside her; and turning in alarm she saw an officer in the road. Both he and his horse looked tired, worn, and bedraggled.

"Certainly," answered Faith, with the ready hospitality of the South. "Won't you come into this summer-house? I will get you some bread and cold meat in a minute."

The soldier turned wearily into the little summer-house and sank down on the seat.

In a very short time Faith had spread a dainty repast for him, and watched him quietly as he partook of it.

Suddenly he paused.

"Why do you do all this for me?" he asked—"you a Southern girl, too? I thought my very uniform would have predisposed you against me; we blue coats are so cordially hated throughout this country. Why are you an exception?"

"Would not any girl do what I have done? North or South, I care not. If a man is hungry, he is hungry whether he wears a blue coat or a gray one."

"You are a brave girl, but I must not tarry here any longer. Good-by, and may you be truly blessed for what you have done to-day."

With these words he mounted his horse and rode on.

Late that same evening a small company of Union soldiers passed the Annesley farm. One of them tried the stable door, it yielded; it took but a moment to unfasten Saladin, throw the halter over his neck, and creep out again into the darkness.

As Mr. Annesley and Faith sat reading together, Jim, the stable boy, rushed into the house, his eyes distended, his whole frame trembling with excitement.

"O Masser, O Missis, the boys has gone and stole Saladin! He's clean gone right out of the stable."

"Out of the stable!" exclaimed Faith. "Impossible!" And springing up, she rushed out, followed by the others.

Mr. Annesley took the precaution to carry a lantern, and they searched until late, but all in vain. Saladin was gone.

"It was your fault, Faith," began Mr. Annesley; "you should not have brought that officer here. He appropriated him, of course."

"I don't believe it," said Faith, excitedly; "that man would not have done it; besides, if he knows anything about it, you may be sure he will bring Saladin back."

Mr. Annesley shook his head, and they returned disconsolate to the house.

It was the morning of the great battle of Bull Run, and the troops were forming.

Captain Martin, who stood on a slight eminence, saw a small group of soldiers coming toward him leading Saladin.

"You have a fine horse there?" he said.

One of the men smiled.

"You think so? We had good luck. He came from one of the stables down yonder."

"And who is to ride him?"

"You, if you will do me the honor of accepting him," answered the trooper.

"It is an honor to accept such an animal, and I thank you most heartily."

"You and I should be great friends," said Martin, patting Saladin; "you will do the best for me always, won't you, old fellow?"

For answer Saladin curved his neck and pawed the ground impatiently.

Martin mounted and rode into the thickest of the fight.

What a fight it was! Bullets hissed and whizzed around him, cannons roared, and the din, the noise, the confusion, sounded like a thousand thunderbolts carrying destruction in their path.

As the sun began to sink the General called Martin to him.

"Captain Martin," he said, "I am going to send you with an order that demands all your courage and all your skill. Have you a good horse?"

"None better, General."

"Then take this despatch to General Sykes at Stonebridge. Tell him we are hard pressed. Go, there is no time to be lost. But beware of sharpshooters."

Martin, eager to fulfil his commission, flew like an arrow from the bow in the direction of the turnpike.

He had left the field, and was proceeding along the road when some stray shots sounded in the distance; but he did not heed them. Presently he was hit; struggling with a sudden faintness, he

rose in his stirrups, giving the horse his head; Saladin, now on his mettle, bounded forward. A third volley was fired, and Martin felt that he was wounded again. He reeled in his saddle. A sudden silence seemed to be about him. Unconscious of all but the beating of his horse's hoofs, and the singing in his ears of countless undistinguishable murmurs, sick and faint from loss of blood, powerless in everything save in his instinctive clinging to the horse, he knew not whither he was going.

But Saladin knew! The moment his head was turned from the battle-field, a wild desire and longing to be once more at home took possession of him. With every muscle strained, his head held high, his eyes flashing fire, he was running a race against time and circumstances.

Every mile passed made the road more familiar to him, and when at last the Annesley farm rose in sight, new life seemed to animate him.

Faith and Mr. Annesley were seated in the library when the sound of a galloping horse reached their ears. They rose in alarm and sprang to the door. To their amazement Saladin rushed through the gate and stopped before their astonished eyes.

"Saladin!" exclaimed Faith; "can it be possible?"

She threw her arms around his neck and wept bitterly.

"Saladin surely, but what have we here?" said Mr. Annesley, pointing to Martin. "Jim, for Heaven's sake, bring lights."

The lights were brought, Martin was lifted tenderly from the saddle, and the despatch in his hand was read.

"Why, papa," exclaimed Faith, "it is the same man that was here yesterday."

"Mis Faith, chile," said Jim, "we hab the return o' two friends at the once."

"How kind he was! You were mistaken, papa. Captain Martin came back and brought Saladin."

"Yes, my child," said her father; "but it is my opinion that this time it was just the other way, and Saladin brought him back, after all."

* * *

WE know, therefore, by ourselves and by our own imperfection, that there is an infinite wisdom, which is never deceived, which fears nothing, which is ignorant of nothing, because it has a full comprehension of truth, or rather because it is truth itself. —*Bossuet.*

TAN AND TALLY

By L. P. B.

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

ONE sunny day last April (1892) little Mabel, the daughter of a physician living at Lowander Park, San Gabriel Valley, in Southern California, was playing in the grounds near her father's house. Two fox terriers, Tan and Tally, shared with her the delights of freedom and exercise in the open air. These dogs had been the playmates of Mabel since her babyhood, and during the five years that made the sum of her life had been her almost constant companions.

As they frolicked together through the paths of the garden a peculiar sound in a bush near by arrested the attention of the child, and she peered into the branches to see what caused it. Instantly the horrid head of a snake reared itself before her, and the ominous sound of its rattles told the frightful danger that menaced her. Mabel stood perfectly still as if fascinated. The gardener, at work a little distance away, screamed to her to run, and hastened to her rescue; but hurry as he might, he would have been too late, had not the fox terriers, with quick knowledge of the danger that threatened the child they loved, thrown themselves before her, and worried the snake until the man could kill it with the spade that he had been using in his work.

The dogs knew their own peril. They had often shown great terror at the sight of a rattlesnake or the sound of his rattle when camping out with their master. All was forgotten. Natural fear was conquered in the desire to save what they loved better than life—the child whose baby sleep they had watched, whose first unsteady steps they had followed, whose childish play they had shared. When the mother came in answer to the shouts of the gardener, she found her child unhurt; but at her feet, still faithful and loving, lay Tan and Tally in the agonies of death.

Only two dogs dying! But to the mother holding in her arms the child they had died to save, their death meant the death of heroes. Never will the lesson be forgotten. It was not one of ordinary faithfulness. The sacrifice of life itself to save another from harm, Christ Himself has declared to be the utmost that *man* can do to prove his love.

SUMMER is young. There is no doubt of that in the month of June, so that no month belongs more especially to children. Later the foliage will grow dark and heavy, the bushes by the roadside will turn gray with dust, and summer will be old; then autumn will come, and summer will die, but now—life is everywhere. It is the proper time to be a child. The more of a child you are the dearer you will be to Nature, the closer she will take you to her heart, for summer is young.

Did you ever stop to think what it is to be alive? Why it is that you feel like running and shouting? Why, when school is closed and the summer holiday is begun, you are glad? Everything is not learned from books. God means that life out of doors should teach you as much as life at your desk. He means, in fact, that you should be alive wherever you are. Then you will find it worth while to be young. If you begin your summer this year by being alive, a great stride will be taken. Let us tell you what we mean.

You have never heard a lively person called lazy, have you? And you cannot be lively without being alive, can you? A lazy boy or girl is only half alive. We really think that if a lazy child knew how much fun he loses, he would be cured in a moment. There is so much that is new to be seen, so much that is delightful to be done! It is all we can do to sit still when we think of it.

In the first place, this world of ours is at its best when summer is young. Look at June sunshine upon June roses. That combination alone would make the month beautiful. Some of you may love pictures, but you do not have to go into the country, nor leave the house, to find them. A single flower is a picture. The sky that you see from your window, the ocean, river, lake, or mountain near which you are living, are pictures. Is it not good to be alive?

Now, if you can feel all this, you must understand that everything which is alive has as much right to live as you have, and is gladdened as you are by the youth of summer. Children who rob birds' nests do not think of the birds; children who chase butterflies do not think of the butterflies. We cannot believe that children are deliberately cruel; but there is something that we ought to confess before we write another word: *we* love children!

Those of you who have been in the habit of robbing birds' nests might try a new plan this summer. The eggs do not amount to much after you have collected them. They are pretty. They interest you for the moment. Strung together they make a frail and graceful ornament for your room, but they are always the same in appearance, and are very easily broken. The plan we would suggest is that you watch the birds instead of robbing them. You will learn a great deal more.

Into the life of a bird family comes a day when the young are taught to fly. Have you ever seen the first lessons? Such twittering, chirping, fluttering, would excite anybody. Each little creature, from the tip of its well-developed beak to the longest feather of its undeveloped tail, is quiveringly alive. With any heart at all, you must rejoice that that birds' nest was not robbed.

But what of butterflies?

There is only one thing to say on the subject, one appeal, which we shall make in the form of question and answer. How long do you suppose a butterfly has to live? One day.

Children, you and summer are young. When summer will be old, you will still be young. When summer dies, and comes again next year and dies, and comes again to die again, you will be young. As for being alive, the longer you live the more alive you ought to be, should you live nobly.

Give the butterflies their day. It means to you a few bright hours; to them, a lifetime.

CAPERS OF THE GRAY SQUIRREL

By Leander S. Keyser

[For our animal friends]

ALMOST all animals have in them the spirit of fun and frolic, but none seem to possess it in a larger degree than the American gray squirrel. Some of his antics seem to me so curious that I have gathered a few facts about him from several obliging friends who live in the suburbs of the city, where there are plenty of trees for the squirrels to frisk about in, and where the little animals are rigidly protected by law.

One of my informants, Mr. W., is a thoroughly reliable gentleman and an ardent lover of the familiar little rodents that have chosen his premises for their homestead.

During the spring, he told me, one of these squirrels built her nest in a closed attic above the kitchen, creeping through a crevice beneath the eaves' trough. She would often climb up the perpendicular spouting at the corner of the house almost as readily as if it were a wooden post. How she could cling to the tin spout was an enigma, but as with my own eyes I saw her accomplish the feat, there can be no doubt about it. She would spring lightly up the vertical part until she reached the bend beneath the projecting eaves, when she would swing herself around to the upper side of the oblique section and climb almost to the top; then she would swing around to the other side again and deftly stretch up her paw to the edge of the trough and draw herself up to the roof. In descending she would reverse this process. In both ascending and descending her safety depended largely on the rapidity of her movements.

Mr. W.'s children told me that the squirrels would pull off strips of bark from the grape-vines, bandy them from side to side with their paws until they could catch the ends securely in their mouths, and then scamper up to the nest they were building in the attic. Usually they would take as many of these strips on a trip as they could hold in their mouths.

By and by two young squirrels ventured out of their hiding-place in the attic, and began to frisk about on the roof. One of them must have met with an accident, for, as my informant phrased it, he had a "kink" in his tail, so that he

could not lay it flat on his back as is the habit of his kind, but it would stick out at an angle that gave its owner a grotesque appearance.

This little fellow was quite comical, probably the clown of the family. One day, when Mrs. W. went up to the bedroom below the attic, what was her surprise, on coming to the door, to find that youngster with the "kink" in his tail, frolicking about on the bed, tumbling over the pillows and counterpane, scrambling up the posts, and making himself at home generally!

How had he got into the room? The windows were all closed, and only the door was open, so that he must first have gone from the attic to the ground, stolen around into the kitchen and up the stairway, and then into the room—quite a roundabout route for a juvenile squirrel to take.

Mr. W. says he has frequently seen a mother squirrel carrying her young in her mouth, and running about with them in the tall trees.

The mother of the youngsters of which I have spoken has become quite tame and familiar. My friend will sometimes crack some nuts and hold them in his closed hand, giving her to understand, in some way, that he has a tidbit for her. She will come up to him and actually seize one of his fingers with her teeth and pull it back until she can thrust her nose into the opening to draw out a nut. Then she will turn her back to him, sit up on her haunches squirrel fashion, hold the morsel in her forepaws, and daintily nibble it, going back for a new supply when the first supply has been devoured. The curious thing about this performance is that she has never bitten him but once, and he is generous enough to suppose that then it was purely an accident.

Mr. W.'s daughter—a bright, blue-eyed little girl—told me that this same docile pet had one day held herself with her hind claws to the bar of a grape arbor, and placing her forepaws fearlessly upon the child's open hand, had eaten kernels from her palm, remaining in that position until the meal was finished. The squirrel has also climbed into the little girl's lap to eat kernels. On my visit to the house I saw this animal run down from the roof and take a cracker from Mrs. W.'s hand, showing very little nervousness on account of the presence of a stranger. She is quite fond of crackers, and relishes graham and ginger bread as rare delicacies, especially if they are well buttered.

Sometimes Mr. W., to test his pet's ingenuity, will put both whole and cracked nuts in his hand; but when she finds a whole nut she cunningly scampers out into the yard and buries it in the grass, and then returns for a cracked nut, which she eats immediately. Once, however, he really outwitted her. After she had buried one nut, and while she was engaged in finding a hiding-place for another, he found nut number one, and slyly drew it from its dainty tomb, and gave it to her for re-burial when she returned. In this way he kept her burying the same three nuts for quite a while, and she—poor innocent!—never detected the trick. Yet she is very acute in some respects. Peanuts she rejects with disdain, and no one can palm off a faulty acorn or nut of any kind upon her. She seems to discover at once, probably by the lighter weight, that it is defective; and if a kernel is rotten or otherwise spoiled, she very quickly flings it aside.

Their habit of burying nuts in the ground, where they will keep moist and succulent, is very cunning. They first make a little hollow in the ground with their paws, then thrust the nut into it with their mouths, and then use their paws again to cover it up; they smooth and pat the ground in so dainty a way, that one would never suspect the place to be a rodent's larder.

But they seem to have little difficulty in finding their hidden treasures, often digging down through the deep snow directly to the spot, guided perhaps by scent rather than by memory. Yet they do not find all the nuts they stow away, as is evident from the large number of sprouts that spring up in the yard and garden when spring arrives.

The gray squirrels seem to have very little conscience on the subject of theft. One autumn Mr. W.'s children gathered a quantity of acorns expressly for their pets, and placed them on a high shelf in the coal-bin; but the squirrels soon found them, and before their game was discovered, had carried nearly all of them away. Mr. W. once took a sack of hickory nuts and put them on the same shelf for safe-keeping; but, the door being accidentally left ajar, the little rascals pilfered the greater part of them before their trick was found out. Mr. W. then placed a large tin bucket over the remainder, but in some way the squirrels contrived to lift the bucket without moving it out of its place, and continued their peculations.

These squirrels have also a soft tooth for pears, or, rather, for pear seeds, which they will secure by eating a hole into the pulp to the core. Another friend told me that they seem to know which are the sweet pears, as well as those that will ripen earliest, though they are disposed to help themselves to the fruit while it is yet green.

One day while Mrs. W. was sprinkling the front yard, a squirrel ran down to the ground in front of her and frisked about on the sod, dashing near the water streaming from the hose with the obvious purpose of bathing in the spray, the weather being very hot and dry. Presently she turned the hose upon a beautiful tree in the front yard, when Mr. Squirrel sprang up into the tree, and selected a perch on a limb where the water would fall in refreshing drops upon his hairy coat. He was having a spray bath, and enjoyed it for a long time.

Sometimes the female of which I have spoken will linger about the kitchen, refusing to take any food; but when water is offered her she will drink heartily, and then skip away with a frisk of her bushy tail. She frequently ventures into the kitchen and sniffs about the bread-box, which she has found to contain certain edibles to her taste.

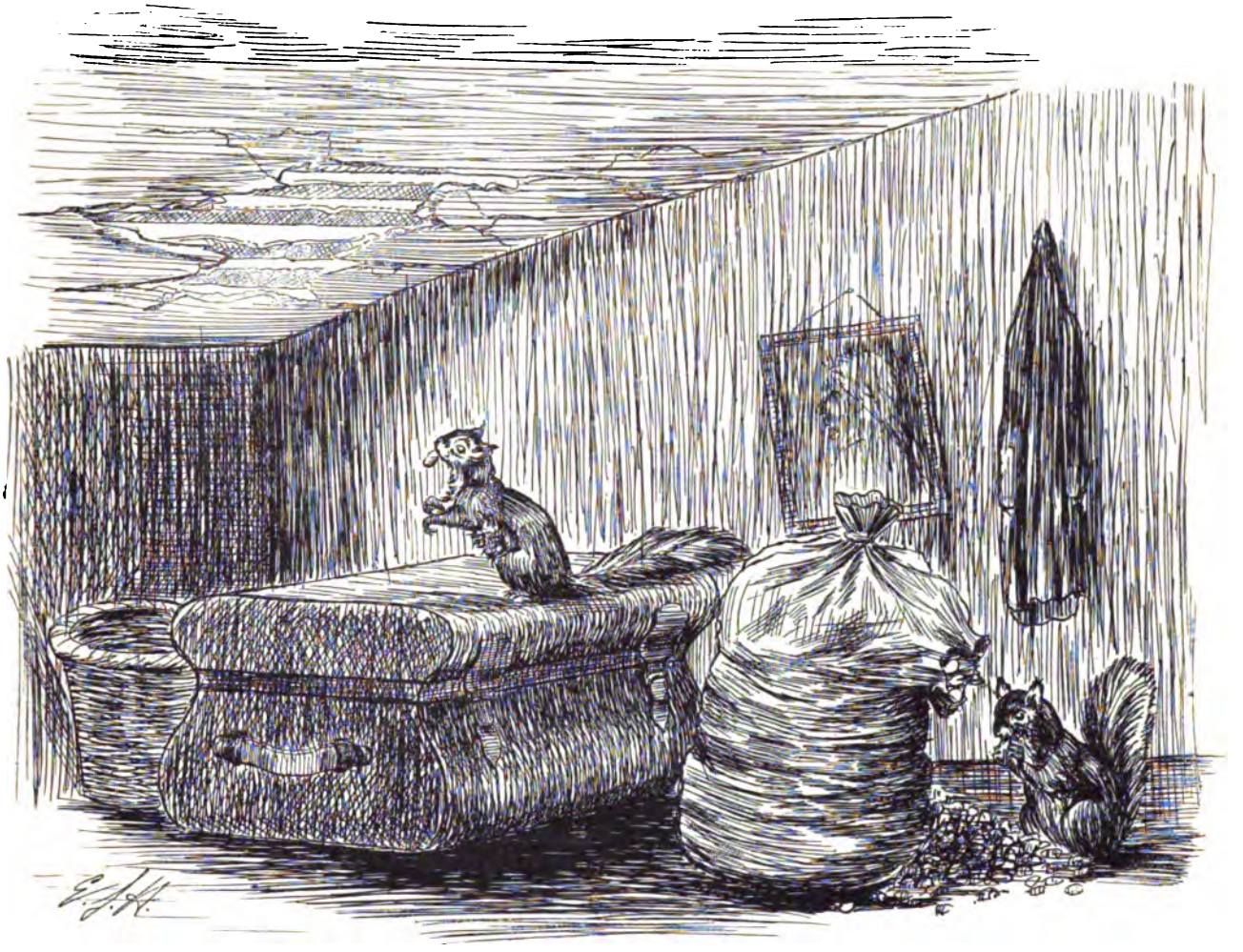
A few interesting incidents have also been told me by another courteous friend whom I have visited at his pleasant home, and whom, by permission, I shall call Professor, for he occupies the chair of Greek in the college near at hand. He is not so much absorbed in his study of dead languages, however, as to feel no interest in a pair of gray squirrels that have taken possession of the premises. He himself conducted me up to the garret, which his friends in fur use for a play-house, having gnawed a hole through the roof at each end, for a place of ingress and egress. They concluded, too, that the cornice would make a good nesting-place, as it was better protected from the elements than the trees out in the yard.

This garret has been the scene of many a frolic and cun-

ning caper. At one corner of it there is a small plastered room with a low slant ceiling. The plastering is all intact except at one place in the ceiling, where it is broken off, leaving the laths exposed. Some years ago the Professor received a quantity of pecans, and stowed them away in this small room, thinking they would be safe there. For two years prior the squirrels had never tried to get into this apartment, but not long after the nuts had been placed there, the Professor noticed with surprise that his pets were running down the trees at the side of the house, and that they were carrying pecans in their mouths. Hastening to the garret, he found that the little foragers had gnawed their way through the laths in the ceiling where the plastering had been broken off, and were helping themselves to the luscious nuts without so much as saying, "By your leave." They had to leap about three feet from the ceiling, in an oblique direction, to a small trunk, and to get out they were compelled to spring up the same distance, catching with their claws at the laths. It was certainly quite a feat.

To save his pecans the Professor put them into a barrel, the lid of which was lined with sheet iron and held down with weights. Some of the weights the squirrels threw off upon the floor with a crash, but finding that they could not get into the barrel through the sheet iron, they gnawed off one of the elm hoops near the top, and then cut through the hard oak staves, and thus again gained access to the coveted nuts within. Then the Professor bought walnuts for the squirrels, thinking they would relish them just as much; but no! the sly little epicures buried the walnuts for future use, and continued to feast on the precious pecans.

The observant Professor once saw a pair of squirrels building a nest in a tree in the front yard. He first noticed them at about eight o'clock in the morning. They would gather dead twigs, strip the bark from a linden-tree, snip off small branches with the leaves upon them, and all this material they would carry up to the crotch they had selected for their arboreal cottage. All day they labored with scarcely a moment's cessation, and by evening their house was built.



It has been a somewhat mooted question whether the squirrels ever sleep in these out-door tents during the winter, but my friend assures me that he has seen them creep into their nest in the evening, and remain there until night had fully come. They had evidently gone to bed for good, sleeping

comfortably, no doubt, in their cosey couch of leaves and twigs.

One day a student at the college suspended an apple by a string at one of the upper limbs of a tree, so that it hung near the trunk. A squirrel tried to secure the apple, but whenever he stretched out his paw and touched it his prize would swing away and then fly back and rap him on the nose. He tried several times in this way to get it, but failed. At length he paused a moment, as if to deliberate. Ah, yes! he had thought of a plan. That refractory apple should balk him no longer. Creeping up the bole of the tree a little farther, he reached over and caught the string with his paws, and bit it off, letting the apple drop to the ground. In a twinkle he scampered down and secured his dessert, carrying it up into the tree with a merry chuckle, as much as to say: "Wasn't that a clever trick? Beat it if you can!"

WE wonder if our young readers know that their suffering dogs, cats, or pets of any kind may be brought to this Society and humanely destroyed? We end the sufferings of the hopelessly injured, and we try to provide homes for the forsaken. Bring all or any. If, on the other hand, you want a pet, we shall be able to supply you. Persons who close their town houses for the summer, often forget that a cat rarely leaves home. We have known cases where a cat has nearly died of starvation in an empty house. The cruelty of this is the cruelty of thoughtlessness. But would you not be happier *if* you thought? If, for instance, you thought you had not neglected a helpless animal. However you may try to spare yourself pain by dismissing the thought of others, you will never succeed. You must at some time have pain of some kind. Only by thoughtfulness, by sympathy for all of God's creatures, can you earn the right to be happy.

THE subject of conversation at an evening entertainment was the intelligence of animals, particularly dogs. "There are dogs that have more sense than their masters," said Robinson. "Just so," responded Jones. "I've got that kind of a dog myself."—*Exchange.*

THE greatest man is he who chooses right with the most invincible resolution.—*Morals of Seneca.*

GYP, THE MISCHIEF MAKER

BY SUSIE M. BEST

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

GYP is a fine mocking-bird which belongs to a friend of mine. He is very old, and very wise indeed for a bird. He can mock anything you choose to whistle. He is very smart, and is full of odd tricks; in fact, he is something of a tease.

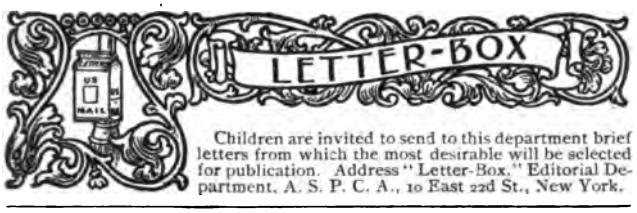
During the bright days of the summer, his mistress hung his cage on the porch among the vines that crept so prettily over it. While Gyp was in this location he had many opportunities for observing life, and he doubtless improved them.

It was while he occupied these premises that he played one of his best tricks. Mr. Burton, the husband of Gyp's mistress, was in the habit of riding to town every morning to attend to business. The street cars passed the door, and he often would hurry from the gate just as a car was passing. He would give a sharp whistle to attract the attention of the driver. This he always succeeded in doing, and the car was accordingly stopped for him till he boarded it. Gyp evidently took this all in from his elevated perch among the vines, for he was soon trying to work the whistle himself.

One morning after Mr. Burton's car had disappeared and another came in sight, Mr. Gyp let loose the same sharp whistle his master had used. Immediately the driver turned on the brake and stopped the car. The conductor, who had also heard the whistle, looked around for his expectant passenger; but, of course, failed to see any one, as Mr. Gyp was safely hidden in his cage among the vines. Thinking that some small boy had played him a trick, the conductor pulled the bell sharply and the car moved on again.

Mr. Gyp was so well pleased with his experiment that he tried it repeatedly on the cars that followed, and each time his efforts were crowned with success, for at each signal the drivers obediently stopped their cars. Mr. Gyp kept this up for some days, but the conductors finally took to comparing notes, and began to investigate matters, hoping to discover who was guilty.

When they found that the culprit was only a mocking-bird, they good-naturedly laughed about the affair, and wisely concluded not to attempt to punish him for his tricks. Mr. Gyp, finding his succeeding efforts at stopping cars to be a failure, turned his attention, like the wise bird he was, to newer and more profitable tricks.


LETTER-BOX
Children are invited to send to this department brief letters from which the most desirable will be selected for publication. Address "Letter-Box," Editorial Department, A. S. P. C. A., 10 East 22d St., New York.

DEAR LETTER-BOX:

While looking over a recent number of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, I have become interested in your department. The children's letters carry me back to my boyish days. Memories crowd upon me, so that if you will permit an old man to revel in his second childhood by recalling his first, I, too, shall write a letter in the hope that it may find a place in your columns.

When I was eight years of age my one desire in life was to own a dog. For a long time my family opposed me, but my dear old grandmother took me aside one day with many mysterious nods and winks, gave me fifty cents, and told me to go off and buy a fine dog—the best and biggest to be had.

Not far from my home lived an eccentric character known as Old Charles Mackay. As I write his name I feel, even now, a glow of childish hatred of him. Old Charles spent the greater part of his time on his front porch, smoking a pipe. As I came down the street leading my dog by a string, he called out to me:

"Hello, youngster! That is a fine animal you have there. Where did you get him?"

Never did a boy swell with pride as I did at that moment.

"Yes, he is a fine dog," I answered, as modestly as possible. "I am taking him home. I have just bought him."

Old Charles Mackay laid down his pipe to stare at me. "I tell you, young man, you don't appreciate that dog. He is the greatest dog I have ever seen. I advise you to take care that he is not stolen. I don't believe there is a dog like him in the world. Can he swim?"

"I don't know," I answered, blushing and happy. "I haven't had a chance to try him yet."

"Oh! Well, he'll swim. I can see it at a glance. That dog has spaniel blood. He can run, too. Throw a stick. There, what did I tell you? That is the greyhound in him. Try him on rats when you go home. He must be a splendid ratter. He'll clear out your barn in no time. There is terrier blood in that dog."

Speechless with pleasure, I rested my hand on the muzzle of my four-footed friend, who rubbed against me lovingly.

"See him!" chuckled Mackay. "He is an affectionate creature, and, likely enough, he is a hunter. Look at those eyes, and that head! There is where the Irish setter tells. Run home, little boy. You ought to show that dog to your family. Be sure to keep a tight hold of his string."

I went home. After I had boasted of my dog, and my father had convinced me that all of Charles Mackay's praise was mockery, my heart was sore for weeks. The dog, however, I loved dearly, and he, in his turn, proved as faithful a friend as if he had had the extraordinary pedigree I had once believed.

Yours very truly,

NEW YORK. J. GUYTON REED, M.D.

DEAR LETTER-BOX:

I fell from an apple-tree last summer and hurt my back. I have had to be quiet for almost a year, but I have not been at all good about it. I have been cross and have cried a great deal. Papa and mamma were very unhappy until one day my Aunt Mary came to talk with me.

Aunt Mary never lectures. She is the kind of an aunt you would not mind having talk to you about anything. That day, all she did was to unhook my bird-cage from where it was swinging in the window, and to set it on the table by my sofa.

"Daisy," she said, "I want you to look at that little bird. Tell me how long you have had him."

"Why, auntie, don't you remember you gave him to me yourself, Christmas before last?"

"Well, darling," said Aunt Mary, "that was before you were ill, was it not? This little bird has been shut up ever since. He is strong and active. He has probably spent his life hopping from perch to perch; singing and trilling for you, when you have not so much as noticed him. Do you know what would happen if you opened his cage door?"

"He would fly out," I said quickly.

"No; he would not. Watch him."

Aunt Mary opened the cage door, and we waited. The bird paid no attention. After a little he cocked his head on one side, came out on the rim of the cage, spread his wings and fluttered in a frightened way, almost falling at my feet.

"He does not know how to fly, Aunt Mary," I said, astonished. But Aunt Mary had stopped talking to me and was talking to the bird.

"Poor little fellow," she whispered. "You have been patient and cheerful while you have been perfectly well, and you have not known what freedom is. Daisy will teach you. She intends to let you out every morning. You shall learn to use your wings. She has been lying on the sofa so many months that she knows how it feels to be a prisoner. Before summer is over, she will be well again, but she will never keep you a prisoner. It would be cruel to let you fly far from home. The best plan will be to give you a happy time each day around the room; then you will feel that your cage is a home where you will find food and drink, and where you can sleep after your exercise. It will not be a prison any more."

Aunt Mary was right. I am well now, and my bird is perched on the top of my desk watching me write this letter. We both understand how lovely it is to be free. I wish every girl and boy had an Aunt Mary; don't you?

DAISY D——.

CLEVELAND, OHIO.

THE VETERINARIAN

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians, answers to correspondents, and other items relating to that branch of science.

FEEDING FARM-HORSES

FARM-HORSES almost invariably eat too much hay, says a writer in the *American Agriculturist.*

"Many farmers have no regular ration for their horses, but throw down a forkful of hay almost every time they enter the barn. As a result, many of these horses are eating from morning till night, to the manifest disadvantage of the hay-mow, and the manifest disadvantage, also, of the horses, whose bodies become distended, skins dry, and coats rough, while the digestive organs are thrown out of gear, so that the animal's whole system becomes impaired.

* * * * * *

"A small ration of hay fed with regularity three times a day, and a suitable grain ration carefully incorporated with it, with water twice a day, and a thorough grooming, will make a spiritless, rough-coated horse with distended body, in four cases out of five, a much more alert, a handsomer and vastly more efficient animal. The grain ration should be of ground or cracked corn, and ground oats or bran, the grain being mixed with the hay, so that the hay and grain will have to be eaten together, as it has been found that in this way the grain is much more fully digested. As to the amount of grain that shall help make up a ration, that must depend on circumstances and the ability of the owner to provide the grain, or, perhaps better, his inclination to provide the grain, and also the work which the horse is called upon to do. The thing of chief importance is to get farmers to discard a part of the hay ration, and substitute for this discarded hay at least its value in the more condensed nutrition of corn, oats, or bran ; the rest will naturally follow. Corn has too much oil to be fed alone."

THE *Western Agriculturist* pertinently says : "Now that farmers are getting over the cheap service craze, and are preparing to improve their horses in a practical way, veterinary inspection should command the attention of breeders." The superior economy of thorough breeding under guarantees against transmitting unsoundness to the progeny is pointed out, and the suggestion made that if the owners of well bred and sound stallions will inaugurate the good work by having their animals inspected by competent veterinarians, the necessary legislation can soon be obtained to make the practice compulsory. The French law on the subject is described, which is simple and stringent, and from the operation of which there is no appeal. The suggestion is worth considering as to the breeding of all domestic animals.

IN a paper read before the U. S. V. M. A., Dr. Williams, Chairman of the Committee on Diseases, says (*American Veterinary Review*, December, 1892) :

During the whole period of human history, probably no other vital science has been allowed to drop so far behind its associates, nor suffer so seriously from a long and baneful dormancy, as the inspection and control of the flesh and milk of animals intended for human food, until at last the urgent necessity of the situation has forced itself upon the civilized world. . . . We now have abundant promise that meat and milk inspection will soon occupy a highly honorable place in the front rank of the sciences holding a vital relation to human life, health, and happiness.

Dismissing with brief mention this almost axiomatic phase of the subject, the paper treats fully of its international aspect, the difference between ancient and modern theoretical requirements, the vast interests involved, defects in present American methods, the urgency of better classification, the importance of methods which shall be alike just to producer and consumer, the necessity of the most rigorous and minute inspection after slaughtering as well as before, absolute destruction of all condemned meat, and prevention of enormous waste by preserving all parts which are wholesome, or can be rendered so by cooking, etc.

It goes without saying that all these requirements are eminently reasonable, and that the administration should be intrusted to none but veterinarians of unquestionable skill.

CHICKENS should have plenty of milk or water always at hand, for if their food is dry and they are deprived of liquids for any length of time, they will be likely to injure themselves by drinking too much. Put the water or milk for them into some receptacle that will not cause them to wet their feathers, especially in winter. *The Farming World* recommends a saucer containing an inverted flower-pot as a simple arrangement, if drinking fountains which admit only the bills are not used.

THE *Fancier's Journal* gives a list of foods suitable for the newly hatched chicken. Milk, rolled or pinched oatmeal, cracker crumbs, stale bread, hominy, cracked wheat, rice or corn, millet, wheat bran and cornmeal. All the grain foods are best fed dry. Sloppy food should always be avoided, especially in very cold or very warm weather. A well-tried method of feeding chickens is to mix one-third cornmeal, one-third ground oats, and one-third wheat bran by measure. Make this into a dough and bake it. Grind the bread into small granular lumps and feed dry. The best drink for young chickens is to dilute fresh milk with one-half its bulk of boiling water. It should be placed in a self-feeding fountain. Where chickens run at large nothing more need be added, but where they are confined to short runs, fresh cut beef bones should be fed two or three times a week.

THE *Cultivator and Country Gentleman* tells us that our British cousins are not rid of pleuro-pneumonia after all. A fresh outbreak is reported, April 7th, in Alyth, Forfarshire, Scotland.

THE INTERPRETATION OF NATURE. By Nathaniel Southgate Shaler, Professor of Geology in Harvard University. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

We commend this most thoughtful series of essays to the studious consideration of all intelligent persons to whom the scientific discoveries of the age have seemed to cast doubts upon the fundamental verities of religion. In early youth Professor Shaler's studies of natural science disturbed his faith in Christianity. "Of late years," he says, "a further insight into the truths of nature has gradually forced me once again toward the ground from which I had departed." Some of the considerations by which this reconstructive change has been brought about are stated with great felicity in these lectures. They are in no sense theological; they are genuinely scientific; in form they are chastely and exquisitely literary. In his "Interpretation of Nature" Professor Shaler has given an unconscious revelation of himself. The limitations of our space forbid our entering into an analysis of these thoughtful and suggestive lectures. We may say, however, that one of the passages which have most impressed us (pp. 186–190) refers to the far more than generic difference between man and all other creatures. Professor Shaler shows that the supremacy of man is not wholly due to his organic physical structure, since in that respect he nearly resembles his kindred, the anthropoids; but there is an almost infinite difference of psychic development. Other animals seem to be "limited by the purely physical progress of the several forms. When, however, we come to man, we appear to find the old bondage of the mind to the body swept away, and the intellectual parts developed with extraordinary rapidity, while the frame remains essentially unchanged." Biologists have naturally dwelt upon the close physical relation between man and the lower animals, and the evidences of psychic identity which have been accumulated seemed, at first sight, to affirm the relation. But, says Professor Shaler, "it appears to me that this classification is overthrown when we consider the curious emancipation from the dominance of the body which man exhibits. . . . The law of generational advance has in man undergone a sudden, indeed we may say a paroxysmal, alteration; in truth, the most startling change which the history of organic life exhibits." Every word of this is literally true. The chasm which separates intellectual man from the highest of his physical relatives is, perhaps, as great as that which separates the vegetable from the animal. Nay, it may be as great as that which separates the organic from the unorganic world. The inference is obvious: man, however nearly allied to other animals, is more than a mere animal.

For charm of style, for lucid arrangement of facts, for scientific accuracy, and for judicial calmness of thought, these essays of the accomplished Professor of Geology in Harvard University leave nothing to be desired.

RECENT RAMBLES; OR, IN TOUCH WITH NATURE. By Charles C. Abbott, M.D., Author of *A Naturalist's Rambles about Home*. Illustrated. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

It is Dr. Abbott's habit, whenever opportunity occurs, to take an outing. Sometimes he goes far afield; oftener he stays near home; but wherever he may be, it is the object of all his rambles to put himself into nearer and nearer touch with nature. There are many who would like to do the same, if they only knew how, and the present volume, like its predecessors from the pen of the same author, will be very serviceable in telling them how to do it.

The first thing they will learn from Dr. Abbott will be the great advantage of keeping their eyes open; but they will also learn that unless they keep their intelligence likewise on the alert, they will fail to see a thousand things that the doctor would be sure to see if he were in their place.

To be "in touch with nature" means to be in touch with life; and it is life in all its forms that occupies the thoughts of Dr. Abbott in his outings. He can spend hours, and even days, studying "A Winter Cat-Bird;" he is fairly delighted when he stumbles, on a murky March day, into a moving mass of sleepy garter snakes on their way to sun themselves upon the rocks; he has his own views—and he has reasons for them—of the fabulous element in the stories of animals acting as if they were animated barometers. Yet inanimate nature—if there be any such thing—has charms for Dr. Abbott. He can sun himself with exquisite delight through every hour of "A May-Day out of Town," or he can spend the hours as pleasantly in "An Up-River Ramble" in his canoe, or he can drink in endless satisfactions when it is his rare privilege to pass "A Day in New Mexico."

And then, when he comes to write, Dr. Abbott knows how to wield the pen as deftly as the paddle. He is a disciple of Thoreau in his style as well as in his love of nature. In fact, it would be difficult for a student of the Concord Dreamer to distinguish a page of Dr. Abbott from a page of Thoreau, unless, perhaps, he should discover that the doctor's style is more correct in minor matters than poor Thoreau's.

This is not a book for the hammock. On a day when one feels ready to go out and see the world in some true sense, and feel the life that thrills through plant and animal, and perhaps through other things as well, it would be too late to read these deeply interesting sketches; so, we suppose, the moral is, that the sooner any one who loves nature, or would like to love her, reads the book, the readier he will be to use its hints when the appropriate day shall come.

THE THREE GRANDMOTHERS; OR, RAINY DAY STORIES. By Sara E. Heald. Philadelphia: Sunshine Publishing Company.

Children are considered fortunate who have two grandmothers to tell them stories, but when they have three they certainly are to be envied; especially if the grandmothers have, like these, fine perception of what delights the childish mind, and can give to their young listeners such charming glimpses into the worlds of history and of nature, and can teach so gently the lessons of kindness to animals. Grandmothers and mothers who have not the knack of story-telling should get this pretty volume and read aloud these tales,

which, in their simple, natural style, resemble the celebrated Night-Cap Stories of "Aunt Fanny," and the later Bed-Time Stories of Louise Chandler Moulton. The book is attractively gotten up, and has a number of excellent illustrations.

"THE OLD CONCESSION ROAD" is the title of sketches by Thomas Laidlaw illustrative of pioneer life in Canada. The chapter on oxen pays a grateful tribute to those patient creatures. "A more useful beast than the ox in the early days never existed," declares Mr. Laidlaw. "We do not forget that at times he would lay down fences and enter grain fields —there are spots on the sun! See him in the logging field straining at the great logs till the bow creaks in the yoke and the chain snaps like a dry withe. Or see him under the starlight on a winter morning, the trees cracking from the intense frost, taking the road with a grist to the distant mill, and coming home in the darkness with icicles hanging from his great jaws and with a strange working in his throat from the weariness of the day. Moses-like, he meekly led us through the wilderness; but it was not for him to participate in the higher cultivation which should follow."

"GOD'S HAND IN THE BOOK OF NATURE, SPIDERS, WEBS, AND SILK-SPINNING," by the Rev. B. G. Johns, M. A., and illustrated by Fairfax Muckley, appears in *The Quiver* for May. "We talk—and quite rightly—of the busy toil of the industrious bee," says Mr. Johns, "and of the wise ant who lays up in summer a store for wintry days to come; but the spider we think of as a cruel and ferocious creature, living upon other insects far more harmless than herself." Mr. Johns defends the spider. "Her life," he says, "is at times a hard, sharp trial, not only in contriving and building her web, but in finding enough food to support herself and to keep her young brood in safety." An illustration shows the spider carrying the silken bag containing her eggs. The anchorage of the web and the foot of the spider are also shown magnified.

THE April number of *Good Roads* has an article by General Charles W. Darling on "Roads Good and Bad," another by Edgar R. Dawson, M. E., on "Road Law in Switzerland," still another by Isaac B. Potter on "Macadam and Telford Roads," and one by Gorham Dana, S. B., on "Paving Bricks and How to Test Them." Each article deserves what we have not space to give—a special review. We must say, however, that *Good Roads* removes every possible excuse for bad ones, and that in the interest of beasts of burden, we feel the greatest sympathy with the cause.

A BIOGRAPHICAL sketch of a man who writes with authority on the Yosemite Valley, the Alpine regions of the Sierra Nevada, and the glaciers of Alaska, is not to be passed over lightly. The May *Century* has an article upon John Muir, and it is no compliment to Mr. Swett's style to say that he tells us a great deal of John Muir in a few words. John Muir did a great deal in a few years, and those are the years which Mr. Swett has chosen to describe. "Muir began to invent and make mill-wheels, wooden clocks, and other mechanical appliances at the age of fifteen. At the same time he read every book within reach, and studied grammar, algebra, and geometry. At twenty-two he entered the University of Wisconsin. He taught school one winter. He worked for a year on the Canada shore in a mill for making hand-rakes, lathes, boring machines, and agricultural implements. He botanized. He herded sheep to earn a living while studying flora in the Yosemite Valley. Throughout an entire day he could sit motionless, studying the habits of squirrel or bird or grasshopper; and every plant and animal was his friend." There are people in this world who do nothing. Let them turn from serial novels and stories to read the sketch of John Muir in the *Century*.

"MUCH has been written, and well written, of the architecture of the World's Fair buildings," writes Mrs. Candace Wheeler in *Harper's Monthly* for May. It is for the readers of "A Dream City," however, to judge whether or not anything has been more delightfully written than Mrs. Wheeler's own article. In speaking of Mr. Martiny's Group of Agriculture, she tells us that "it is so composed to hold the eye at even poise like a balance. . . . In the Fisheries Building, balustrades of fish forms, with heads braced against the crossing rails and tails twisted together in the middle, might be an orderly nightmare of a fisherman, but they are nevertheless wonderfully decorative in effect; while the columns which stand between the panels of balustrade, covered with marching masses of crabs and turtles, or lizards and eels, look as if covered with Arabic ornament, until a closer view resolves them into images of living forms. The sinuous procession of sea-horses winding around one pillar is offset by a geometrical spacing of starfish touching star points on another. A little hand-in-hand dance of frogs over a doorway is not quite as satisfying, considered as appropriately constructed ornament; but," adds Mrs. Wheeler, "it is irresistible in fact."

BOOKS RECEIVED

HALF HOURS WITH A NATURALIST. RAMBLERS NEAR THE SHORE. The Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. With illustrations. New York: Thomas Whittaker, Bible House.

ABROAD AND AT HOME. Practical hints for tourists. Morris Phillips. New York: Brentano.

THE VACATION CLUB. Adah J. Todd. New York: Thomas Whittaker, Bible House.

MY BACK-YARD ZOO. A course of natural history. The Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A. With illustrations. New York: Thomas Whittaker, Bible House.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

THE bright little monthly is noing a great deal of good in planting the seeds of humanity and mercy in man toward his friend the animal, and it is pleasing to note the improvement in interest and value that marks its entry upon its twentieth year.—*Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly*, New York.

IT is truly a gem, and we wish that every family in the land could have it and be governed by its teachings.—*Rockwell Phonograph*, Rockwell, Iowa.

NO publication that has come to us this year gives us more pleasure to read than OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS. It is replete with facts concerning animals and with entertaining stories both for old and young, teaching the grand moral: Be kind. He who reads it will have more love for the animal kingdom. —*The Gazette*, Indianapolis, Indiana.

THE January number of this excellent journal contains, among other valuable and interesting articles, a plain talk, under the head of "The Veterinarian," on the evils of "The Check Rein," well worth careful reading by all who use or handle horses.—*Hays City Sentinel*, Hays City, Kansas.

SUCH a publication cannot fail to have a good influence over the young and thoughtless, as well as over the matured. —*The Farmer's Advocate and Home Magazine*, London, Ont., and Winnipeg, Man.

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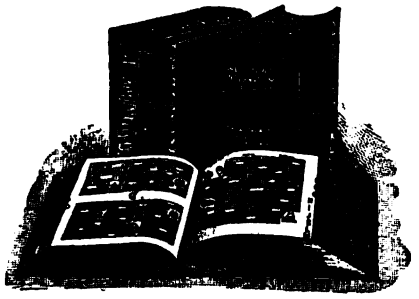

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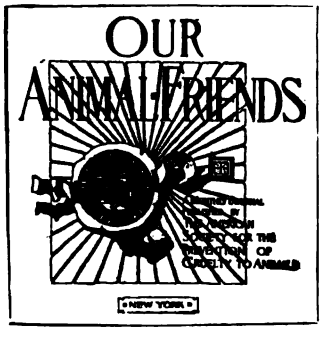

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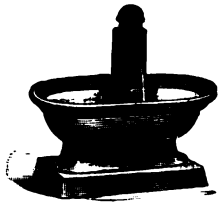

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ORIGIN OF THE AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

WE have been requested to give in our present number a summary view of the history and operations of The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, which may be of service to visitors to the great Exposition in Chicago. It is impossible within the space at our disposal to comply with this request in a manner satisfactory to ourselves. We shall attempt, nevertheless, so to unite a few brief statements concerning the origin and progress of the Society, and the work which is now being prosecuted under its auspices, as to give the reader some idea of the advance which has been made since the Society was founded by Mr. Henry Bergh in 1866.

The early history of the Society would be a life of Henry Bergh, to whom it owes its origin, and by whose resolute self-devotion it was fostered into strength. In 1862 Mr. Bergh was appointed Secretary of Legation at St. Petersburgh. While in Russia he found himself on several occasions constrained to interfere in cases of atrocious cruelty, and but for his official position he would have been exposed to personal violence. His attention was thus directed to the subject of humanity to the brute creation, and while in London on his way home in 1865, he made the acquaintance of the Earl of Harrowby, then President of The Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who gave him much valuable information concerning the operations of that Society in England. On Mr. Bergh's arrival at home, he found that no similar society existed in this country, and he immediately devoted himself to the establishment of a humane society for the United States. At the outset the proposition met with little encouragement, and, without the assistance of the press, it might probably have failed. On February

8, 1866, Mr. Bergh delivered a lecture in Clinton Hall, in which he pleaded his cause with such force of argument and such warmth of eloquent conviction, that expressions of sympathy and offers of assistance were freely made by persons in attendance. The press then lent its powerful aid; the lecture was published in whole or in part in all the great cities of the country; public sentiment in favor of Mr. Bergh's movement was quickly aroused, and on April 10, 1866, "The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" was incorporated by the Legislature of the State of New York. Among the original charter members of the Society were many of the most eminent citizens of the City and State of New York.

On the 19th of April, in the same year, Mr. Bergh secured the passage by the Legislature of New York of the first law ever enacted in this country for the protection of animals. It provided that "every person who shall, by his act or neglect, maliciously kill, maim, wound, injure, torture, or cruelly beat any horse, mule, cow, cattle, sheep, or other animal, belonging to himself or another, shall, upon conviction, be adjudged guilty of a misdemeanor."

On the 22d of April a meeting was held in Clinton Hall for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization, and at that meeting the first society for the protection of animals in this country came into active existence. The purpose of the association, as set forth in its constitution, was "to provide effective means for the prevention of cruelty to animals throughout the United States, to enforce all laws which then were or might thereafter be enacted for the protection of animals, and to secure, by lawful means, the arrest and conviction of all persons found violating such laws." As a matter of fact, the only law of that kind then to be found on the statute books of the States of the Union was that which had been passed by the Legislature of New York three days before the organization of the Society. Within twelve months, however, another "act for the more effectual prevention of cruelty to animals" was passed by the Legislature of the same State; and from time to time additions have been made to it, so that there is now hardly a phase of cruelty which the Society has not the legal power to prevent within the boundaries of the State of New York. The legal definition of the word "animal" now includes every living creature except members of the human race, and the words "torture" and "cruelty" include every act, omission, or neglect whereby injustifiable physical pain, suffering, or death is caused or permitted.

Organization of Other Societies—Progress of the Work

The organization and influence of The American Society soon led to the establishment of local societies in all parts of the Union and in other countries on the American Continent and elsewhere. The number of local societies in the United States is now 158, and in other American nations 21 societies have been established since 1866, making a total of 179.

The prevention of cruelty to animals has been the beginning of many other humane organizations. Thus, in 1874, the Society appeared as prosecutor in a case of cruelty to children, and it then appeared to be advisable to organize a separate Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. This was done in 1875, under the Presidency of Mr. John D. Wright; President Bergh and Mr. Gerry, then counsel of our Society, becoming Vice-Presidents of the new society, the first of its kind in the world, which has done so much and such effectively good work in the last eighteen years.

The establishment of these and other organizations has represented an increased interest in humane work which has found a practical expression in the legislation of nearly every State in the Union. At this date there is hardly a single State in which cruelty of any kind is not forbidden by the law, under stringent penalties for disobedience. Some defects continue to exist, of course; but, speaking broadly, it may be said that the laws on this subject are good. What is now required is that the great mass of the people shall be educated into sympathy with the humanity of the law. That is now the greatest work of the Society, and it has constant reason to be grateful for the assistance and encouragement which it receives from the press, the pulpit, and the judges of the courts.

Meanwhile, the practical work is not neglected. The officers of the Society are clothed with ample police powers. They wear a distinctive uniform and patrol the streets by day and by night. They have full power to arrest and prosecute offenders against the laws relating to animals. In addition to the uniformed police, the Society has over three hundred special agents in different parts of the State, clothed with the same authority and engaged

in enforcing the laws for the prevention of cruelty. In the city of New York the Society has ambulances for the removal of injured, sick, and disabled animals; appliances for the rescue of drowning animals, and animals which have fallen into excavations; and a patrol wagon which carries with it the necessary apparatus and medicines for rendering aid to injured animals in the streets.

The official organ of the Society is OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, a monthly magazine which is devoted to the cause of humanity to all living creatures, and which has an extensive and growing circulation.

The headquarters of the Society are at 10 East 22d Street, New York.

PRACTICAL EDUCATION

We cannot better illustrate the necessity of continued energy in the prosecution of our work than by referring to some of the benevolent enterprises in which the Society is engaged at this moment. As we have said, the work is now a work of education; but the educative work is immensely assisted by the humane laws which have been adopted by the Legislatures. Every enforcement of these is an object lesson which compels thought on the part of many interested observers. Thus, at the present time, the prosecution of men who have been engaged in feeding cattle with "swill" gathered from hotels and restaurants calls the attention of the public both to the injury to human beings which must follow from the sale of swill-fed cattle for human food, and also to the inhumanity of feeding herbivorous animals with food which to them is simply poisonous. Again, the present campaign against dishorning—a campaign which we may as well say has thus far been only well begun—compels the attention of intelligent farmers to the fact that the operation is essentially cruel, that it entails an injury, and sometimes a permanent injury, to the mutilated beast, and that the agitators in its favor are moved, not by the interest of the farmer, but by the convenience of certain transportation corporations and cattle dealers. In all these and many other cases of unquestionable cruelty, the punishment of the offender is useful in deterring others from the commission of the same offence; but, after all, its chief utility lies in the education of the public mind to an intelligent approval of the purpose of the law.

That such education is necessary is only too frequently proved. Thus, within a very short time the Society has been obliged to intervene to prevent a bull-fight in the city of New York itself, in which the projectors proposed to conciliate public sentiment by engaging that the bull should only be tortured, but should not be killed! Quite as remarkable, perhaps, has been the projected long-distance race of eight hundred miles to be made by cow-boys on ponies from Shadron, Nebraska, to Chicago, each cow-boy to be allowed two mounts, with prizes of $1,500, $500, and $250 to the winners. For this race there are said to have been between two and three hundred entries.

THE COW-BOY RACE

Of course, the cow-boy race is intended to be an imitation of the atrocious barbarity enacted in Germany about a year ago. In that race between Berlin and Vienna, a distance of three hundred and fifty miles, the riders were German officers. Prizes were offered by the Emperors of Germany and Austria, and in addition to rewards of a material kind, it was intimated that the winners would be decorated. The spectacle was disgusting. Nineteen horses died on the way, literally spurred, lashed, and run through agony to death. During the race rain fell copiously, the roads were muddy, and still the wretched animals were ridden without mercy, sometimes stopping at eleven o'clock at night, and starting on through the darkness at four o'clock next morning, with attendants carrying lanterns. Spectators declared the sight to be "horrible and heartless." The first horse reached its destination in seventy-four hours, and was followed by its hapless fellow sufferers "with their sides fallen in, their hoofs split, their spines awry," to die—and many of them did die—within a few hours of the conclusion of their torture. Of this disgusting exhibition Ouida truly said, "that each and every person who took part in the ride deserves degradation and imprisonment; that it is wholly useless to preach the doctrine of mercy to the multitude while scions of royalty and so-called noblemen spur animals to death and drag them into the goal, dripping with blood and sweat and screaming with agony, their spines twisted, and their shapeless hoofs dropping off. It is useless to frame laws against cruelty to animals unless such cruelties as these are to be punished."

It is this horrible piece of organized cruelty that the promoters of the cow-boy race have proposed to repeat on American soil.

It was impossible that The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals should allow so atrocious an exhibition of inhumanity to take place without a vigorous effort to prevent it. On April 10 President Haines addressed a letter to President Shortall of The Illinois Society, calling his attention to the matter and invoking his intervention. Meanwhile the cow-boy race was extensively advertised, and it seemed to be assumed that no effective measures to prevent it would be taken. Accordingly, after a careful investigation of the statute laws of Nebraska, Iowa, and Illinois, which proved that such a race would be unlawful in each and every one of those States, President Haines, on May 31st, distributed to sheriffs, postmasters, railway agents and others, a printed offer of $500 reward for the arrest and conviction of participants in the race. Posters to the same effect were distributed far and wide, and advertisements were inserted in the principal newspapers. Simultaneously, that is on May 31st, President Shortall of The Illinois Society addressed to the managers of the proposed race a letter of expostulation, entreating them to abstain from the projected piece of wholesale inhumanity. The consequence of those publications has been that public sentiment has been aroused; and in this, as in other cases, the intervention of the press has been prompt, and, we trust, effectual. As representing the enlightened sentiment of the public press we may use the brief language of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean*, which plainly warns the cow-boys and their backers that they have badly misunderstood the temper of the people of Illinois, and significantly adds: "The race will never be permitted to end in Chicago, nor is it likely that the foremost of the gang will be permitted to get twenty miles within the State of Illinois." This is satisfactory; but the fact that so horrible a piece of organized cruelty has been projected, and that two hundred and fifty men and one woman have been ready to enter it and torture five hundred inoffensive creatures whose only fault is their strength and docility, shows that the people of this country are not yet as humane as the laws by which they are governed, and that the educative work of Societies for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals is still required.

VIVISECTION: A SIGNIFICANT ADMISSION

In other quarters, and among others than cow-boys, education in humanity is needed, and the process of education is proceeding. On the subject of vivisection, for example, this magazine has never taken the extreme ground that vivisection is always and in all cases immoral. We have said again and again that, for our own part, we neither do nor can justify it in any case; but we have said as plainly and as emphatically, that, on such a subject, we must defer to the general testimony of scientific experts that vivisection is in some cases necessary. We have insisted, however, and we still insist, on two propositions: first, that vivisection is morally indefensible unless on the ground of utility; and, second, that if its necessity be admitted, the practice of it should be so guarded as to prevent the wanton practice of cruelty under a false pretence of scientific investigation. We do not see how any man of conscience can object to these propositions, and we are glad to have assurances from members of the medical faculty that not a few of them agree with our views and approve our efforts. Unfortunately there are medical men of a different stamp, scientific bravos like Professor Horsley, whose staple argument is brutal insolence, and whose weapons are malignant vituperation and odious personal abuse. By such men, as we have reason to know, not a few members of the medical profession are so intimidated as to be silent when they would fain speak.

But public opinion grows in spite of Horsleyism; and the protest made not long ago in these columns against the failure and refusal of vivisectionists to justify vivisection by some satisfactory evidence of its utility has not been unavailing. The public mind will not be quieted by the assurances of an obscure preacher in Brooklyn that, in *his* opinion, vivisection is a very excellent and useful thing. What the public wants, and what the public will have, is evidence on this subject; not the evidence of Brooklyn preachers, but the evidence of men who know what they are talking about. So strong has this feeling grown, and so certain are its future effects, that in *Harper's Monthly Magazine* for the month of June a distinguished member of the medical profession has published a profoundly interesting article on the anatomy of the brain and the experiments on living animals which have been made in the investigation of that obscure subject. Dr. Keen is a man of science. He is precisely one of those men to whom we have said we must submit our judgment in this matter. Moreover, he writes with the knowledge of an expert, in the

manner of a gentleman, and with the style of a scholar. We do not here propose to criticise his article. We admit it to be both interesting and instructive; and, although we cannot say that we find it to be as perfectly convincing as he might expect, we regard it as a wise compliance with our own demand and that of the public that, if vivisection is to be practised, its necessity must be proved. Far more important to us than any of the interesting facts which Dr. Keen states is the tacit admission which is implied in the publication of such an article, by such a man, and in such a magazine, that the moral lawfulness of vivisection is not a thing to be assumed, but a thing which must be proved by a demonstration of its necessity. For that admission, as indeed for his whole article, we are deeply grateful to Dr. Keen. It is to men of learning like him that we must continue to make our appeal to aid us in securing, not a prohibition of vivisection, which we have never urged, but the enactment of such regulations as shall efficiently prevent the needless torture of dumb creatures in the name of scientific research.

A CORDIAL WELCOME

THE present number of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS will be the first to reach the subscribers to LIGHT, a humane journal which has been published at Natchez, Mississippi, by Richard F. Reed, Esq. Mr. Reed has conducted LIGHT at his own expense and by his own unaided efforts. The increase of his professional business has compelled him to retire, and his subscription list has been transferred to OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS. We give a cordial greeting to our new friends at the South, and welcome them to the broader sphere of The American Society, which is also the parent society for the protection of animals in this country. Mr. Reed is assured, and he has reason to be assured, that his humane publications have been productive of good results. We trust that he and his friends will find that in joining our ranks their power for good has been increased and not diminished.

PROTECT THE GAME

COMPARED with the indiscriminate cruelty committed by loafers who wander about in the proud consciousness that the possession of a gun gives them the power to "kill something," and who do kill anything and everything they can, in season and out of season, the shooting of real sportsmen is comparatively insignificant. We are not now advocating "sport;" but we do not hesitate to say that if sportsmen would see to it that the game laws of the different States shall be respected, they would be among our most valued allies. That birds should be shot in the breeding season is twice a cruelty and thrice a folly. Yet, by this very insanity of cruelty, game birds have been almost exterminated from the older portions of the country. Let the "close season" be respected; and, in order that it may be so, let the Game Protection Society see to it that the game laws of every state shall be rigidly enforced.

Is it too late to make an effort to save the fish in the brooks and rivers of the Eastern States? Where the waters are polluted by manufactories there is nothing to be done, of course; but are there not hundreds, and even thousands of streams, once the homes of countless members of the finny tribes, to which the lost races of their former denizens might be restored? In many cases all that would be necessary would be to see that neither hook nor net should be used in them for a few years, and that the net should be disused forever. In other cases the Fish Commission would be ready and willing to coöperate with any intelligent and determined effort to repopulate the deserted streams. Thus, with small expense and little trouble, the food supply of the country might be largely increased, and that alone would be a large addition to the national wealth. From an economic standpoint the wholesale destruction of any animal seems to us an extravagance; from a humane—what shall we call it? We need not be understood to advocate angling as a sport if we admit that anglers might do immense good by seeing to it, from whatever motive, that fish life shall not be permanently banished from our waters. For our own part, while we rejoice in the thought that God in his goodness "hath given the earth to the children of men," we cannot help thinking that he meant the children of men to allow some room to other living creatures, even on land, besides those that they can eat! And at any rate, it was surely no part of the Creator's plan that the waters should begin to be barren of life when man begins to dwell beside them. If the Game Protection Society would act likewise as a Fish Protection and Restoration Society, it might do a world of good.

AT HEADQUARTERS

ON the night of Friday, the 26th of May, Superintendent Hankinson and several of the Society's detectives were diligently searching for a place where it was reported a dog-fight was to come off. The neighborhood of Fifty-seventh Street and Tenth Avenue is very lonely after dark, and strangers are looked upon with suspicion by the residents of that locality. Officers Lambert and Gay were sent scouting down the street in the hope that they would be recognized and followed, while the other officers were secreted in dark corners to watch. Superintendent Hankinson and Detective Evans stationed themselves behind an old wagon to await developments. Suddenly out of the darkness the silence was broken by a voice exclaiming in a low tone: "They are Haines' men; they have got on to us; you keep on and I will go around and meet you on Tenth Avenue and throw them off." The watchers behind the old wagon could hear the breathing of the speakers, who little suspected they were falling into the trap laid for them. They were recognized as Jim Carroll and William Jackson, two notorious dog-fighters. Carroll, according to arrangement, continued down Fifty-seventh Street, while Jackson went in the opposite direction, with Lambert and Gay following each his man a short distance, then seemingly losing sight of them. The officers, after looking around, as if intently seeking to discover the lost trail, apparently gave up the chase and boarded a car going down-town. In the meantime, the other officers had remained quietly at their several posts of observation. Carroll and Jackson, elated over their success in "throwing off," as they supposed, the two "Haines' men," returned to the place from where they first started, viz.: a stable in the rear of a long alley in front of which Superintendent Hankinson and Officer Evans were on the watch. For over two hours nothing occurred to disturb the quiet of the night; then about fifty men in twos and threes passed up the alley. No dogs, however, were seen. Fifteen minutes later the Superintendent had his men together and the place surrounded. Silently a squad of officers approached the building into which the roughs had entered, and quietly forced an entrance through a rear door leading into a room back of the one in which the supposed dog-fight was going on. The place was pitch dark, but with the aid of a revolving lantern the officers succeeded in reaching the partition dividing the rooms, behind which persons could be heard conversing in low tones, as if arranging preliminaries. Finally everything seemed settled and the fight began. Bracing themselves against the partition, the officers crushed it down and sprang into the room, to the consternation of the assembled roughs. The scene was indescribable, and so frightened was the gang that every one of them could have been captured without a struggle. "But we had no right to interfere," reported the Superintendent to President Haines. "It was simply a boxing match between two young men." The incident only illustrates the need of constant vigilance on the part of the Society to keep down the brutal so-called sport of dog-fighting. The knowledge that its officers are ubiquitous keeps those inclined to indulge in such cruelty in a constant state of alarm, for, as one of the spectators to a man-fight once said: "Haines' men may drop down on us through the roof, thinking we are fighting dogs."

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"I DEMAND trial by jury," exclaimed John Redfern, when arraigned before Justice Matthews at Canarsie Village, L. I., upon the charge of feeding unwholesome food to his animals. It will be remembered that on May 3d Superintendent Hankinson with a force of Society officers raided Redfern's cattle sheds, and in his report to President Haines described the place as the worst he had ever seen. Between eighty and one hundred head of cattle and other animals were found in sheds of the most filthy kind. No bedding was furnished for the poor creatures; they were obliged to lie on the wet boards of their narrow stalls. "Boss" Redfern could not be found; hence the arrest of Joseph Remer and Joseph Rudinshy, who were found on the premises feeding the vile stuff to the animals. Remer was subsequently convicted and fined $10. Four separate complaints were made against Redfern; he was arrested on warrants issued by Justice Matthews, and on being brought before that magistrate defiantly declared as above. He was tried May 19th, and to the surprise of all was defended by the counsel of the Brooklyn Board of Health. Sam-

ples of the swill, taken from the feeding trough, were offered as evidence by the Society's counsel; eminent experts on bovine pathology testified as to the vile character of the so-called food and its unwholesomeness; the condition of the place and the imprisoned animals was vividly described by the Society's officers, but all in vain. Redfern's "jury of his peers" rendered a verdict of "not guilty," and he was acquitted. President Haines intends to press all the complaints, regardless of the verdict in the first case, for he cannot believe it possible that all the people of Canarsie agree with the decision.

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IN the affairs of every-day life, the busy man is content with results, and for that reason seldom takes time to inquire into details. The reverse is the case in all matters pertaining to work at the Society's headquarters.

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THE following letter has been received by President Haines:

"CARACAS, VENEZUELA, *May* 31, 1893.

"MY DEAR SIR:

"The use of the 'check-rein' has been prohibited in this city under a penalty of eight dollars or three days' imprisonment. It is, as I believe, the first time that the use of the horrible instrument has been prohibited by law.

"I remain, dear sir,

"Most truly yours,

"H. I. C. MIDDLETON,

"*Former Minister of Her Britannic Majesty to the United States of Venezuela.*"

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NOTICE has been received of the sad loss to the Geneva Society for the Protection of Animals, by the death of their president, Henri Murisier. Monsieur Murisier died at San Remo, Italy, on the 21st of last April.

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WE have received the sad intelligence of the death of the Rev. Russell A. Olin, D.D., at Watertown, N. Y., June 2, 1893. In addition to the duties connected with his large parish, Dr. Olin was president of the Jefferson County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, and his generous sympathy and personal influence will be greatly missed by his co-workers in the cause of animal protection.

TO THE SUBSCRIBERS TO LIGHT.

The publishing of LIGHT has been an individual effort, by me, with the purpose in view of helping the advancement of the cause of justice, kindness, and mercy to every living creature. I believe that the circulation of the sixteen numbers issued has been the means of extending humane work. By reason of my increased duties in the practice of my profession, I find it absolutely necessary to give up this publication. I do so reluctantly, but my readers will receive from this time a better monthly, as the subscription list of LIGHT has been turned over to OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS. I know that the readers of my journal will gladly be numbered among the readers of the official organ of The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. I am truly grateful for their friendly support, and it gratifies me to feel assured that they will appreciate and enjoy the varied contents of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.

Yours sincerely,

RICHARD F. REED.

NATCHEZ, MISS., *June* 15, 1893.

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CHALMERS tell us that man was given dominion over the lower animals, but was never accorded the right of treating them with cruelty.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

PUBLISHED ON THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH BY

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All communications should be addressed to

JOHN P. HAINES, President,

10 East 22d St., New York.

MISCELLANY

RABBITS AND HARES

BY J. A. ALLEN

(FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS)

THE familiar "Bunny" of the story-books and of boys is a native of Southern Europe, whence it has spread by man's agency throughout nearly the whole of the civilized world. In this country it is distinguished from our native species of the same family under the name "English rabbit," implying its introduction here from England, although England is only one of its many adopted homes. Even as late as the beginning of the present century it had not gained a foothold in Scotland, and it was wholly unknown in Ireland till a much later date, though now as common in those countries as in England. It has also spread in comparatively recent times over Western Europe. In this country it is fortunately known mainly as a domestic animal, kept as a pet; but in some other countries into which it has been introduced, it has assumed the habits of a wild animal, and in Australia and New Zealand it has multiplied to such an extent as to become a pest of the most burdensome character. Although introduced only in small numbers in the early colonial days of those countries, the rabbits have increased to such an extent as seriously to interfere with the successful prosecution of agriculture. Their destruction of crops has become so great, that in 1887 the government of the colony of New South Wales offered a reward of $125,000 for any method to effect their extermination. As yet, however, no adequate remedy has been discovered, and in the meantime large areas of formerly profitable farming lands have been rendered worthless. In some of the Bahama Islands, in Jamaica, the Falklands, and other islands of the southern hemisphere, rabbits have established themselves in a wild state and formed populous colonies.

The rabbit has been domesticated by man from time immemorial, and, like most domesticated animals, it has developed into many varieties under the process of artificial selection. The original wild stock of the countries bordering the Mediterranean is a small animal rarely weighing more than two and a half to three pounds. In some of the domestic breeds the original weight has been quadrupled, the color and texture of the fur have become greatly changed, the structure of the skull and skeleton have been notably altered, and the relative size of the brain has been considerably decreased. The original brown color has become changed to pure white or uniform black, or to curious pied patterns of black and white, or to silver-gray, silver-cream, and silver-brown; each of these different color varieties breeding true if kept from contact with the wild stock or from mixing with other strains. The lop-eared breed is one of the oldest English varieties, remarkable for the great length and pendant character of the ears. The Angora rabbit is noted for its long soft fur, which often attains the length of five to seven inches. These are only a few of the many fancy breeds known to rabbit fanciers.

All of these numerous varieties are descended from the true rabbit, or *Lepus cuniculus* of naturalists, known in England in early times as the coney, and in other European countries by analogous words, as *conjo* in Spain, *coniglio* in Italy, *coelho* in Portugal, *kanning* in Denmark and Sweden, and *cwningen* in Wales. These names are all derived, philologists tell us, from the Latin word *cuniculus*, while the word rabbit comes from the Dutch word *robbeken*. In accordance with the old English custom of calling the rabbit coney, we find in the early accounts of the settlement of Virginia and New England, references to the great abundance of conies, coneys, and sometimes cunnies found here, which are various forms of the word coney. The coney of the Bible, however, is an entirely different animal—the *daman*, or Syrian *hyrax*.

In this country the term rabbit is indiscriminately and erroneously employed to designate any species of the hare family (*Leposidæ* of naturalists, from the Latin word *Lepus*, a hare). There is, however, but one rabbit, native, as has been said, of Southern Europe. But the rabbit is only a par-

ticular kind of hare, just as in this country the word robin is employed to designate one particular kind of thrush, a species of the numerous family of thrushes.

The rabbit differs very little in structure from other hares, but quite widely from most of them in habits; it is a burrowing animal, while the hare constructs what is termed a *form*—which is little more than a bed of dry leaves in a slight depression on the surface of the ground—and does not excavate burrows, though sometimes resorting for protection from enemies or severe cold to those dug by other animals. Rabbits habitually live in burrows; and as they are more or less gregarious, many burrows are formed in close proximity, constituting what are known as rabbit warrens. Their young are brought forth in these burrows, and are born blind, helpless, and naked. Hares are less social, do not live in communities, and their young are born well clothed with fur, and are soon able to take care of themselves.

The rabbit is said to breed from four to eight times a year, bringing forth from three to eight young at each litter. Hence, their fertility has become a proverb, and as they live to the age of seven or eight years it is little wonder that in the absence of some adequate check to their increase they soon become a burdensome scourge. In some European countries rabbits are reared for food, and are quite a commercial product. It is said that two hundred tons per month are imported into London alone during the colder portion of the year. They also furnish a poor quality of fur, which is much used as trimming for clothing, while the Angora rabbit is regularly clipped by the peasants of some parts of the Continent for its fleece. The rabbit is thus in certain countries an important domestic animal. It is also the only member of

its family which is found to be capable of domestication, even the long-known European hare (*Lepus timidus*), though often kept in confinement, failing to breed in captivity.

The hares, collectively speaking, form a large and widely dispersed family, numbering not less than fifty species and occurring abundantly over the whole northern hemisphere. They likewise range over the greater part of Africa, and a single species, almost the smallest of the family, is found over a large part of South America. None, however, are native to the West Indies, Australia, or New Zealand, or any of the oceanic islands.

The hares constitute a very peculiar family of the order of *Rodentia*, or gnawers, having no very near relatives. Compared with the rats and mice, the marmots and squirrels, they present many differences. They are thick-bodied, with a short turned-up tail, very large ears, big eyes placed well down on the sides of the head, short fore-legs, and long hind-legs. They are heavily clothed with long soft fur, always of some neutral tint tending to concealment, those inhabiting deserts being gray or sand-colored, those living in forests being brown like the fallen leaves which cover the surface of the ground, while the northern species all turn white in winter, so that they become almost invisible in their snowy surroundings. They are mainly nocturnal in habits, weak, timid, and inoffensive, depending upon their remarkable fleetness for safety. Their large eyes serve them for crepuscular or nocturnal vision, and their large ears and acute sense of hearing warn them of approaching enemies. They advance by leaps, and as they place the whole length of the long hind-foot on the ground, instead of only the toes as most other animals do, their tracks in the snow are striking and easily recognized. They are exclusively vegetarians, and, so far as our native species are concerned, entirely harmless and inoffensive. Their flesh being generally delicate and palatable, they are extensively hunted for market, and also for sport, hare-coursing being one of the noted pastimes of the English aristocracy.

Although hares are so numerous and so widely dispersed, those of different regions differ greatly in form and habits. They may be roughly divided into four groups, namely: (1), the hares of the colder latitudes; (2), the hares of the plains and deserts; (3), the hares of the temperate and tropical woodlands; and (4), those of the marshes. The first group consists of a few species of medium or large size known as varying hares from the fact that they turn white in winter. Their ears are not lengthened as in the desert hares. They embrace the Arctic and varying hares of Northern North America, and the corresponding parts of the Old World. At the southward, and especially in mild winters, the varying hares become only partially white in winter, and some of them retain their yellowish-brown coat throughout the year.

The hares of the plains and deserts have especially long hind-legs and remarkably developed ears. They embrace the so-called "jack-rabbits" or "jackass hares" of our Western plains and deserts, so named from the enormous development of their ears, which in some of the species attain a length of seven inches. They are exceedingly fleet, and as they bound over the plains might almost be mistaken for young antelopes. Similar species occur in some of the desert regions of Africa and southwestern Asia.

The third group consists of our little wood hares, "wood rabbits," or "cotton-tails," which range from about the southern border of Canada to southern Mexico. They are inhabitants of woodlands and thickets, of numerous varieties or closely allied species, all very much like our little wild cotton-tail of the eastern United States. They are below medium size, reddish-brown in color, finely lined with black, and derive their familiar name of cotton-tail from the pure white color of the under surface of the up-turned tail, which looks like a little ball of cotton. To this group belong also certain very small but otherwise similar hares of Central and South America, the only hare in South America being a small member of this group.

The fourth group consists of two species of swamp hares found in the lowlands of the Carolinas and the Gulf States. They resemble the wood hares in form and color, but are rather larger, and have the hind feet less heavily furred. One species occurs in the swamps of the Carolinas and Florida, the other in the swamps of the Lower Mississippi Valley, from about the mouth of the Ohio River to the Gulf Coast. They delight in the half-submerged wooded marshes, take to the water readily, and swim with great facility. They differ from other hares not only in habits, but also in certain structural features of the skull, by which they may always be recognized.

North America is very rich in hares. Probably

three-fourths of all the known species are found within its limits, and the family is represented by some of its members from the Arctic Coast to the Isthmus of Panama. In most of the Eastern States only one species is represented; in southern New England and portions of New York, two; but from the eastern border of the plains to the Pacific Coast as many as four may be found, and at some points even more. Not less than seven are known to exist in the State of California, but several of them are limited to the immediate vicinity of the coast, and others to the desert regions of its western and southwestern border.

A DISCUSSION OF VIVISECTION

By Albert Leffingwell, M.D.

[For our animal friends]

Scene: A physician's library. *Time:* Evening, about nine o'clock. *Personæ:* Two old friends.

Fairman.—"Do you know, Doctor, what I think is one of the world's greatest needs? It is the exact truth about anything whatever. We seem to dwell in an atmosphere of assertions and contradictions, of doubt and prevarication."

Doctor.—"Yes; the want is as old as humanity, I fancy. Remember Pilate's question."

F.—"But how is it to be answered? Take a case where absolutely contradictory statements are made by two parties, in both of whom one has entire confidence, so far as their honesty is concerned. How, for instance, is an ordinary man to decide for himself that burning question which is so strenuously agitated regarding your own profession?"

Dr.—"What one, pray?"

F.—"The question of vivisection. Here is Dr. Keen's article in the June *Harper*—a record of most wonderful surgical operations, all due, he says, to vivisection. He tells us how certain animals have been experimented upon 'under an anæsthetic, and as carefully and tenderly cared for as any human being could be, the operations being attended with but little pain'; and then he describes the triumphs of surgery made possible by such humane experiments as these. But here is Canon Wilberforce speaking of certain physiologists as '*inhuman devils*,' and the Bishop of Manchester stigmatizing them as men 'who use God's dumb creatures as the subject of tortures which can only be called *diabolical*, and who gain their knowledge by the degradation of their moral character.' I must admit that experiments I have read about, such as those performed by Schiff and Mantegazza and Majendie, seem fully to justify the denunciations of the English clergymen. Such cruelties as they appear to have done in the name of science I should imagine impossible except by '*inhuman devils*.' And yet I am told that physicians generally do approve of vivisection. Many of them, I know, are conscientious men, exceedingly kind-hearted and gentle in all their relations with the sick. Now, how can they for a moment defend such atrocities?"

Dr.—"And this is your puzzle?"

F.—"Yes; that and *the real truth* of the whole matter. For Dr. Keen and Canon Wilberforce cannot both state the truth."

Dr.—"Why not? Each may see a part of it—his own side of the shield. But leaving this question for a moment, may I ask if you have read Dr. Keen's article carefully?"

F.—"Yes; and I must say I had no idea of the wonderful operations surgeons are now performing. Why, Dr. Keen brings forward no less than eleven different cases of disease of the most terrible character, cured through surgical operations on the brain, which he says vivisection alone has made it possible to perform. Of course you have read the article?"

Dr.—"Yes, I have glanced at it. By the way, what is the sixth case he mentions?"

F.—"The sixth? Ah, here it is. [Reads:]. 'CASE VI. *Mental disorders.*—I shall now add a case . . . CASE VII.' Why, he seems to have left out his sixth case altogether!"

Dr.—"Well, suppose you give me the eighth case mentioned by Dr. Keen." (A pause.)

F.—"But, Doctor, he has written nothing of his eighth case, either! Isn't it strange he should have wholly omitted all description of two out of his eleven cases?"

Dr.—"Yes; I think it is a rather peculiar oversight."

F.—"Well, the other nine cases mentioned by Dr. Keen were certainly marvellous cures. But you smile?"

Dr.—"I am afraid you have not read the article very accurately. Take the ninth case, the story of the young lady upon whose brain an operation was performed as a cure for epilepsy. It might be called, certainly, an interesting vivisection; but Dr.

Keen distinctly says that 'unfortunately, the lady has not been cured'; and that, while there has been improvement, she has about three epileptic fits every day."

F. "Well, certainly that doesn't look like a cure; I overlooked that point."

Dr. "You will find the tenth and eleventh cases mentioned by Dr. Keen quite like it. The tenth is the case of a feeble-minded epileptic child, whose attacks have been decreased by an operation, but they still continue. His last case is even more significant as an illustration of surgical cure for epilepsy. At first there was improvement, but in a note to his article Dr. Keen admits that recently 'her attacks have become more frequent'; the case is evidently far from being a cure."

F. "But here, on page 135, Dr. Keen says there have been probably one hundred and fifty operations for epilepsy, of which 'in a small proportion recovery has taken place from the disease itself.' Why did he report only failures, and not one of these complete cures?"

Dr. "Well, complete cures of epilepsy are so exceedingly rare that perhaps Dr. Keen could not find one without more search than his leisure permitted. The fact is a surgical operation upon the brain for the cure of epilepsy is still simply a kind of experiment. One of the ablest surgeons that America has ever known (he was, by the way, who performed the first operation of this country for [illegible] whether the case is hopeless or [illegible] operation [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

them, Watson dropped them from a height—there was no 'cutting operation'; yet you would include these experiments under your term 'vivisection'?"

F.—"Of course I should."

Dr.—"But if a man drowns his dog, is that a 'vivisection'?"

F.—"I should hardly call it one."

Dr.—"Yet if a physiologist happen to pass and, pulling the unconscious animal from the water, tries to bring it to life again, would such an experiment be called a 'vivisection'?"

F.—"If he tried it without regard to the welfare of the animal, but simply to learn how to restore life, I think it would be a 'vivisection.'"

Dr.—"That is to say, if your servant drowns a litter of new-born kittens, it is an act pertaining to domestic economy; but if a physiologist does precisely the same thing, and carefully studies the period which must elapse before life is extinct, it is a vivisection?"

F.—"Certainly; precisely the same action, I see, may be differently designated: in one case it is killing; in another it is an observation pertaining to physiology, and therefore becomes vivisection."

Dr.—"Then suppose we define vivisection as '*any experiment or operation upon a living creature, made for scientific purposes.*' Does that fill out the idea which is in your mind?"

F.—"That is nearly it. To tell the truth, I always think of vivisection as cruel and involving extreme and prolonged pain; though really, I suppose, an experiment which does *not* inflict pain should be called a vivisection, if it is done for a scientific object."

Dr.—"Certainly; and here you touch one of the great difficulties in pronouncing upon the practice. *Vivisection is a term which includes some kinds of operations upon animals involving excruciating and prolonged torture, and some other kinds of operations which merely destroy life with the discomfort pertaining to disease, and yet other experiments which cause no pain whatever.* When an opponent of vivisection uses the word, he often means by it a synonym of the most fiendish and horrible cruelty one can imagine; where Dr. Keen uses it he is thinking, we may hope, not of what Schiff or Mantegazza have done, but of a multitude of operations that cause but little pain. The same word, you see, does duty for widely different concepts. 'When we have stated our terms and defined the meaning of our words, all argument is often superfluous,' said a great English writer. And quite as necessary as definition is agreement upon a few common principles. You admit, I suppose, man's right to take the life of animals if he needs their fur to clothe him, their skins for leather, or their flesh as food?"

F.—"Certainly. But it does not seem a beautiful thing to take life merely for scientific instruction in any way."

Dr.—"Well, suppose we put that view in the form of a plain, straight-forward statement, and see how it looks. [Writes:]

"*To kill animals for food is right; to kill them for their fur is justifiable; to exterminate them as vermin or because injurious to farmers is allowable; but to kill them for scientific instruction is morally wrong.*"

F.—"I don't like that way of putting it at all."

Dr.—"Neither do I. A vegetarian may possibly take that ground with consistency; but I do not see how it is possible for a lady who wears kid gloves and a seal-skin jacket, and eats beef, mutton, or pork twice or three times a day."

F.—"If it were as necessary to take the life of animals for some special scientific purpose as it is to kill them for food, I think I would not object to it. But nothing seems more evident than the absolute uselessness of the worst kinds of experiment."

Dr.—"I agree with you. Indeed, I think there is no doubt that in *purely physiological experimentation, nineteen out of twenty animals killed are simply sacrificed without the slightest benefit to humanity in any way whatever.* No one has gone further than myself in denouncing this class of experiments. Very many of them, when they lead to anything, lead only to results *which have not the slightest conceivable relation to the cure of disease or the remedy of human ailments.* The Bishop of Manchester, whom you have quoted, does not go too far when he declares that *such* experiments and investigations cannot be carried on without a certain obtunding of moral feeling and degradation of character. That is the reason why I believe that in the interests of humanity no less than that of animals there should be such restrictions and supervision as should render such cruelties legally impossible, and should ensure their punishment as crimes."

F.—"Yet you do not advocate the suppression of all experimentation?"

. *Dr.*—"Because it is not all like this—cruel, useless, and brutalizing. Once you admit the right to deprive an animal of life for use as food and dress, you justify its sacrifice for higher purposes than the satisfaction of appetite or pride. Let me give you an instance. In 1880, a crowd of people, while attending an auction sale on the estate of the late Duke of Portland, partook of refreshments. Very soon afterwards many of these guests were taken violently ill and four persons died. What was the cause? No one knew. Suspicion finally attached itself to a certain article of food. Portions of it were fed to rats and mice; several of these animals died, and an examination of their bodies after death revealed the cause of the mysterious illness. Now, I see no more objection to this 'experiment' than to killing the animals in any other way, merely because you do not like their society. Do you?

"Take another case. In 1881 there prevailed about Middleborough, England, a strange epidemic of pneumonia, which resulted in no less than four hundred and ninety deaths. Though evidently infectious, no cause could be detected, until finally some physician suggested that it might be caused by an article of food which the poorer classes were accustomed to eat! In the course of the investigation twenty samples of bacon *were fed to rats and mice*, and fourteen of these samples proved poisonous to them on account of *bacilli* which were then discovered for the first time. Remember, *there had been no previous suspicion that food may be a cause of pneumonia.* Until the bacon was proved by actual experiment to be poisonous, the poor people went on eating it and giving it to their little children to eat. You may think my moral perceptions blunted, but I confess to you I cannot see the slightest shadow of wickedness in thus testing upon rats and mice the qualities of foods which these poor women and children had been eating every day. The experiment saved human life. And when you demand that such investigations and tests shall henceforth be made a crime, because of the reckless cruelties of physiological research, I think you ask too much."

F.—"Perhaps you are right. Your distinctions seem just, but they will not be popular. How much easier it is to draw no distinctions, but simply to praise 'vivisection' or else to condemn it indiscriminately as 'atrocious cruelty and useless torture.' No matter what you say, nine out of ten persons will take this easier course. . . . But I really must be going. Let me have another talk with you some evening."

Dr.—"Any day you like at this hour. Good night."

TO MY HORSE

BY A. L. DONALDSON

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

SEE where she stands beneath the noonday glare,
Embossed with veins which stamp her thoroughbred,
While from her coat an ebon sheen is shed,
Which makes a mirror of her silken hair.
Mark how her back is gently curved to where
The archèd neck outlines the swan-like head,
And how the nose is tipped with nostrils red,
As tho', somehow, two poppies had grown there.
Oh! ye who marvel at the works of men,
And wonder at the cunning of their hands,
Whose skill can make the very stone discourse,
Pause for a space before this beast, and then
Give it the bow of reverence it commands:
God's masterwork of form, a perfect horse!

MIMICRY IN MOTHS

ROUND about my house is a tangled shrubbery of stunted brushwood, with here and there a silver birch, young beech, and Scotch fir, and in one corner stands an old outhouse, where a pipe is good at all seasons," says a writer in the *Nineteenth Century*. "It is half in ruins, and while there one day I noticed that the dingy old brown and gray wall was spotted with oddly shaped blotches of a darker tint, that looked like damp. That same evening, however, I found that the blotches had all disappeared, though more rain had fallen and the roof was full of holes. The next day they had all come back. When this had happened a second time, I looked more closely at the strange marks, and, to my surprise, I found them to be living creatures, small moths, in fact, with folded or outspread wings, clinging fast on to the crumbling wall. From dusk until dawn they had been out on the wing in the fields and woods —their chief enemies, the birds, being asleep—but at daybreak came back to their old place of safety. The shrubbery was dangerous, because the ground was thickly covered with green ivy, and still greener periwinkle and moss, where sparrows, finches, and tits were always hunting for food, and they would have been soon snapped up. On the old weather-stained wall they were safe."

FLITTERS' ADVENTURE

By Alice May Elliot

[For our animal friends]

FLITTERS is a large gray cat, who holds his head very high and seems to be very proud of the little bell which is hung around his neck with a blue ribbon. He belongs to the janitor's little girl, and all the men in the offices have a kind word for Flitters as they go in and out. He condescends to purr sometimes when one of his favorites passes; and, sometimes, he even goes upstairs in the elevator and pays a few friendly visits.

In one of the offices, seats are fitted into the windows, and Flitters sometimes sits looking down on Chambers Street for an hour or two. He likes to watch the cars and people passing far below, but the thing which pleased him most, until the sad day I am going to tell you about, was a telegraph pole just in front of the house. The window is just on a level with the cross-pieces, and it made Flitters' mouth water to see how many sparrows rested there. They would sit on the pole, just under his nose, and chirp and quarrel and make up again without paying the slightest attention to him, until he was so provoked that he would strike out involuntarily with his paw. The little tap on the glass would startle the sparrows and they would fly off saucily, making fun of him, Flitters felt sure.

One winter's day when he had seen an unusually large number of sparrows resting on the cross-pieces, Flitters made up his mind that something must be done. Being a sensible cat, he saw that it would be foolish to risk his nine lives by jumping from the window to the pole on the chance of landing on the cross-pieces, and then a brilliant idea came to him. He watched his chance, made his way down into the street and began to climb the pole. Slowly and carefully he went, digging his sharp claws into the slippery wood; but he forgot to take a pinch of salt with him, and that must have been the reason that when he came to the top all the sparrows had flown away!

It was not very comfortable on the cross-bars, and there was a very unpleasant quantity of ice and snow on top of the pole. Flitters crouched there for some time, hoping that the sparrows would fly into his mouth—but not a sparrow came. It began to rain, and the rain turned to sleet, and made the pole as slippery as glass. It was time to go down, Flitters thought, but what was his horror, to find, on stretching out his paw, that he could not get a firm footing. His paw slipped on the ice, and even his strong claws could not help him. Again and again he tried and failed. At last his pride gave way and he mewed for help like a kitten!

"Are yer on to de cat?" said a little vulgar boy to his friends. "Are yer sendin' yer own telegrams, Pussy?"

Flitters forgave this heartless pleasantry, and forgot his scorn of vulgar little boys in his hope of deliverance, but they seemed too much amused at his plight to do anything to help him. It was very cold, and Flitters had been on the pole a long time. Men stopped on their way to the elevated station to suggest ways of rescuing him, and quite a crowd collected at the foot of the pole. At last an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals came down the street, and stopped when he heard poor Flitters' piteous cries.

"I will give two dollars to anyone who will bring that cat down safely," he said.

There was quite a rush for the pole; half a dozen small boys swarmed up about twice their own height, but they slid down ignominiously, for their hands were benumbed by the slippery pole. They kept it up bravely, however, and all the new comers were pressed into the service.

At length, after poor Flitters had been crouching on top of the pole for *eight hours*, a lineman came along. As soon as he heard the sad tale he threw a large bag over his shoulders, and, fastening on his spurs, he went quickly up and put the trembling creature into the bag and carried it carefully down.

I wonder if all the cats we constantly hear are being let out of the bag are as glad to get out as poor disheartened Flitters was? He dashed into the janitor's room, where he was warmed and fed; but now-a-days when he sits in the office window he doesn't want to see the sparrows laughing at him.

HOW CHARLIE CURED HIS WOUNDS

By Dorothy Q.

[For our animal friends]

"LOOK at Charlie! He is dripping with blood! The skin is torn off his back," exclaimed Charlie's best boy friend in great excitement.

Charlie was in deep trouble and howled as if his pain were terrible. It made the shivers creep all through a body to look at him. A dreadful thing had happened to Charlie, because he had a bad neighbor, a trained fighting dog.

Of course, it was not the fighting dog's fault that he was as savage as a wild beast of the woods. His master kept him that way. The poor dog was only fed every other day. His food was raw meat which made him fierce. The days he was not fed he was hungry enough to eat anything he could pounce on. He was tied up all the time, and that was another reason he was cross and unfriendly. One day he got loose. That very day poor little Charlie, who was one of the nicest little mongrel dogs that ever lived, came near him. Charlie was as gentle as a pet kitten. The boys loved him so much and were so kind to him that he was always playful and happy, and thought the big world was full of only kind boys and girls. He knew nothing of dogs belonging to cruel masters who made them fight for fun and money.

The poor fighting dog had no dog friends. All the dogs he knew were fierce ones, that only came near him to growl at him and bite him. When he saw Charlie he thought he was just the sort of dog he had always been used to. He did not wait to find out. He pounced upon Charlie, bit him,

scratched him, and tore the skin off his back before poor Charlie could think what had happened to him. The cruel master came just in time to save poor Charlie from being killed outright by his fighting dog. Poor Charlie ran home moaning and bleeding.

"We shall have to shoot him!" said the father of Charlie's master.

Charlie's master could not bear to have his pet shot. Just as the boy and his father were talking of Charlie, the fighting dog's owner came up and said:

"Leave him alone. Don't shoot him. He won't die. We can do something for him."

But Charlie did a most wonderful thing for himself. Bleeding and hurt as he was, he limped away to a shed. The floor of the shed had been taken up. The ground was as soft and damp as ploughed ground when the farmer gets it ready to sow wheat. Charlie scratched out dirt, making a hole like a basin. The soft earth he had thrown behind him he burrowed in with his head, making a cave; then he backed himself into this cave. The cool, sweet earth soothed his bleeding back, just as a dear mother's gentle touch does a wound or a tired head.

The spot like a basin that he had dug out first, kept the earth from crowding up to his head, and made a nice place in which the boys could put his water and food. Charlie stayed in his little dirt house until the blood had stopped flowing and the fever had left his wounds. He got well, but his pretty hair never grew on his back again. The boys loved him tenderly. One of his masters loved him more after his trouble. It seemed so wonderful to him that Charlie should know what to do to ease his pain better than any of the boys or men did. It seemed as if that little mongrel dog knew God's way better than many great grown people do.

This is a true story, dear little boys and girls, and I will tell you a secret. The master who loved this dog best lives right here in New York. He is a great actor, and makes people laugh and forget their troubles every week day night. He is as modest as he is great, and but few people know what a noble, tender-hearted man he is. He loves nature, animals, and birds as well as he does boys and girls like you. He paints pictures in which are the prettiest clouds you see in a summer sky, and the clear streams of water that you like to wade in when you are having happy times in the country. Anybody that paints lovely things cannot help knowing a great deal about the animals that live in the sea and on the ground and in the air. He feels very tenderly towards the birds, and says "anyone who will shoot a robin would kill his grandmother." The poor little dog Charlie loved this great actor very dearly. Dogs know whom to trust and love, depend on it.

DEATH IN THE YOUNG WORLD

By S. R. Elliott

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THE quality of the catbird's song has been likened to Mario's voice in some of his best roulades. We children had not heard of this comparison, but we listened in rapture to the wondrous cataract of roulades poured out by our feathered vocalist, and looking at one another with the wise simplicity of childhood, we ejaculated: "Yes, that is a catbird." And what an infinite variety of song and story came from the dainty sprite which sat poised on a twig of the apple-tree, gently rubbing himself against the blossoms, as if his nature resembled that of the purring feline tribe and justified his popular name.

Through all the long Saturday afternoon we heard the carol and watched the movements of this graceful bird, till it seemed to our inexperience that everything in nature was made to be happy, that the spring would last forever, and birds of every feather must always be mating and nesting and singing. Young as we were, we were old enough to observe that it was the male catbird who furnished all the music. Household dust, says the German proverb, gives no bright eyes to beauty, and we understood that Madame Catbird was all too busy with domestic cares to contribute very much to the ornamental joys of life.

As the summer afternoon wore on, there came to our ears from the wilderness of apple-blossoms sounds of domestic calamity. Whether some flaw had been discovered in the architecture of the nest, whether some bird of prey, or still worse, boy of prey, had tampered with the sacred contents of the nest, or whether one or other of the two exponents of mated happiness might, for once, have been inflamed with jealousy, will now never be known. Suffice it to say, that these same sounds of woe, deepening and sharpening, became in time a painful monotony of discord, growing more and more in likeness to the well-known wail of the belated cat, which sits reproachfully mewing at the door-sill when night comes on and no wayfarer is there to ring the bell. 'Twas then that the name "catbird" assumed something of the dimensions of a stigma, and we little ones, with the happy pleasure-seeking instinct of our age, regretted the lost music, and wondered, with wide-eyed sarcasm, if even the delicious singing of the early day compensated for all this "squawking." Then, too, we supposed that this lamentation would die, as so many sounds of nature die, with the setting of the sun, and that the universal anodyne, darkness, would bring peace to the troubled soul of our wailing "birdie." But darkness came and deepened, and a faint, drizzling rain was sent down upon the leaves and flowers, enhancing the odors and freshness of night, but adding somewhat to its loneliness and to our sense of having lost all that we loved best in the light. The sobbing voice continued with a distressing iterance which made us irritable. "Why tan't birdie go to bed and top kying?" said my little sister, aged four; nor did the sobbing cadence die away even after our governess had listened to our prayers, put us to bed, and watched our eyelids closing in infantile forgetfulness. Then the sorrow passed to other ears. Our father, after a troubled day, had

gone to bed tired and somewhat nervous. For a long time he lay discontentedly contemplating the perplexities and anxieties incident to providing for *his* brood. Wondering why he could not sleep, he caught sound of the teasing cry of the bird that would not sleep,—no, nor let him sleep, either. He turned again on his bed and tried to woo slumber in many changed attitudes of listless languor. Just as he was at last sinking into unconsciousness, he started up. I will not venture to give his exact words, but there was something about "that confounded catbird!" He was a man of action, and among his many accomplishments was reputed to be the best rifle shot in the country. One of his favorite amusements was shooting at a mark with an air-gun of his own invention (noiseless, but possessing the dead precision of fate), and acting upon the impulse of the moment, he seized this air-gun, always loaded, and went to the open window of his library. Through many after-years he was wont to declare that he "meant that bird no harm"—that he only thought to scare it. However that may be, we heard the short, sharp snap of the air-gun, and the poor bird was no longer a wailing disturber of the night.

The next day, searching under the apple-tree, we discovered lying in the dewy grass the body of the poor bird, shot through the heart with a bullet so minute that it had scarcely roughened the feathers or stained the plumage. With all reverence we bore the body into our own room and laid it on a table, intending to give it the rites of burial—a tribute we always paid in those days to the dead of our little circle of fauna. We were much saddened, and somehow the sunshine seemed softer, the green grass of a deeper shade, and even the apple blossoms shed more of their petals, as it seemed to us, while the dead bird lay on the little oaken table near a window in our nursery. After sunset, and just before the gloaming, we heard a half-chirping, half-wailing sound, and a catbird made its appearance on the topmost branch of a young cherry tree which stood close beside the window. We waited with breathless expectation to see what he was going to do, for we knew how essential is absolute stillness, either in taming, encouraging, or observing the small wild creatures of field and forest. Our enforced quiet was soon rewarded by seeing the catbird flutteringly alight on the window-sill. Then it flew away, and circled for awhile in a narrowing orbit until it again alighted on the window-sill, with a wail that went to our young hearts. It had seen its dead mate! We were stiller than ever, watching with intense curiosity the movements of this widowed bird. Suddenly, as though desperate beyond the reach of terror, it flew to the open table a yard or two away, and began pecking at the neck feathers of the dead bird. We could see that even beyond its passionate grief, the bird's movements expressed the idea of wonder. In vain it lifted the lifeless head and stepped back to see it fall. Applying itself with more strength, it actually lifted the body and shook it with grief-stricken impatience. Then there was a look of mingled dread and wonder in its glance, and a moan of gentle sorrow from its almost palsied throat, as it seemed to take in, with one semi-circular sweep of the

THE VETERINARIAN

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians, answers to correspondents, and other items relating to that branch of science.

INFLAMMATION AND PAIN

THE pain of inflammation varies much in degree, according to its situation, says a writer in the *Farmer's Advocate*. "The excruciating pain of laminitis, or founder, as it is called, of punctured foot or open joint, is evinced by the distress of the animal. Let any one watch a horse suffering from injury to the foot; see how carefully he puts it to the ground, and how quickly he lifts it again and holds it suspended for a few moments before trying another step. This is due to the unyielding tissues, the horny sole and wall in laminitis, the bruised bone and tendon in punctured foot. The cause of pain is ascribed to compression of the vessels, with effusion of serum, so that whenever they are confined by any unyielding strictures, as in laminitis, there the pain is of the most severe character. Muscular and other softer structures, though endowed with much sensibility during health, are not nearly so painful in disease. Their yielding nature allows free swelling of the parts, which, in most cases, relieves the pain. In violent inflammation the sudden cessation of pain is indeed much to be dreaded. It gives the practitioner good reason to suspect that the vitality of the part has been lost by death of the limb, that the inflammation has gone on to gangrene, to mortification. Generally speaking, it may be set down that pain acts as a danger signal to prevent injury and destruction to the animal kingdom.

When there is a sprain of the tendons or cords of the forelegs of a horse, the muscles, ligaments, and tendons are extended beyond the limits of their elasticity owing to sudden violent movements of the animal, a slip on a rolling stone or a long-continued journey, and as a consequence there is a rupture of the sheath of the tendon—sometimes of the tendon itself. The injured tissue instantly sends an urgent message to the brain that there is need of rest for repairs; the suffering animal is not allowed sufficient rest, and a complete breakdown occurs; then inflammation sets in, the parts become congested with blood, there is heat, swelling, pain—the redness we cannot see unless we look closely into the roots of the hair—and the horse goes lame. If this slight sprain is now treated with hot-water fomentations, dry bandages, and rest, repair takes place—there is a recovery, or, as we term it, resolution. The remote effects of a severe sprain may cause rupture of the minute fibres of these structures; perfect recovery is then rare. The injured ligaments and tendons are susceptible to a recurrence of the injury, as the effusion of lymph has been thrown out, binding the sheath and tendon together, which causes adhesion, one of the results of inflammation.

The reckless use by the farmer or horse owner of the cautery or firing iron, blister, or seton cannot be too strongly condemned, as in many cases they cause unnecessary pain, which is cruelty.

INTERNAL parasites are generally the cause of cats losing their hair. It is recommended that they fast fifteen hours, and then that they be given a tablespoonful of castor oil to which should be added five grains of santonine and three grains of powdered ginger. Allow a saucerful of warm broth or milk an hour afterward, and feed as usual two hours later. Repeat this treatment after an interval of nine or ten days. Dust flowers of sulphur over the cats daily and add a pinch of flowers of sulphur to their food or drink each day for five weeks. They should be washed with warm water, containing eight drops of spirits of camphor, and then should be rubbed as dry as possible. Do not permit them to be kept too hot, as lying before large fires tends to make the hair fall out. Allow no unboiled milk to be given, and provide with any cooked vegetables that they will eat, in addition to meat, bread, gravy, and porridge. Brush them daily with a soft brush to prevent the accumulation of loose hairs, and see that the sleeping abode, whether box, basket, or small house, is kept clean and frequently disinfected.

TO afford relief from flies, which in hot weather cause dogs nearly as much annoyance as fleas, "Ashmont" recommends the use of tar soap; the odor of tar is highly objectionable to the flies. The soap may be used freely in washing dogs, or the dogs may be dipped into strong suds; in either case it will not be necessary to rinse them, for there is nothing poisonous about the active agent. In all kennels there should be kept at hand some antiseptic to be used about the floors, benches, etc., not alone for its deodorizing effect, but for its unfriendliness to vermin and disease. A solution of permanganate of potassium does nicely for this purpose, and is comparatively inexpensive. This salt costs at wholesale fifty cents a pound, while a pound is sufficient to make twenty gallons of a powerful deodorizer, antiseptic because of its activity as an oxidizer. It is best, however, to prepare the solution as required, and to add an even tablespoonful of the crystals to a quart of water, which may be sprinkled about with a small watering-pot.

RUSSIA has tried experiments with aluminum shoes for cavalry horses. A few horses in the Finland Dragoons were shod with one aluminum shoe and three iron shoes each, the former being on the forefoot in some cases, and on the hind foot in others. The experiments lasted six weeks, and showed that the aluminum shoes lasted longer and preserved the foot better than the iron ones.

SAMENESS of food is costly. An animal may thrive for a time on a certain diet, but sooner or later a change must be allowed, or the animal will fall off in flesh or production. Because the lower animals eat what we would not eat, is no reason for giving them food unfit to be eaten. Wholesome food and a variety of it supply all the requirements.

THE VACATION CLUB. By Adah J. Todd. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

In our May number we had something to say about the best use of "The Children's Outing" during a summer vacation. It happens not unfrequently that young people who are delighted for a few days with the novelty of country life begin to weary of it and find it dull for lack of occupation. The author of "The Vacation Club" tells how a party of young people escaped from that danger. They were tired of tennis and croquet; tableaux and amateur theatricals had begun to lose their charm, and nobody seemed to be prepared to suggest any new occupation. At this juncture a lady who happened fortunately to be there proposed the formation of a Natural History Club which should practically explore the hills and fields around them. The proposal was accepted, and an endless source of interest was discovered in common things which nobody had thought about. Miss Lacey, the amiable head of the club, led the children in their rambles, teaching them to distinguish the rocks of the neighborhood, to discover many curious things upon the seashore, to use a handy microscope and enjoy its revelations of unsuspected beauty, and in every direction to find how full the world is of life and how full all life is of beauty. Even in a fresh-water pond innumerable forms of life were found; and the observation of frogs, water beetles, dragon-flies, sticklebacks, water fleas, water mites, and countless other creatures changed many an hour that would have been tedious into an hour of satisfaction and delight. If any one would like to try a similar experiment in vacation time, we would recommend "The Vacation Club" as a helpful example.

HALF HOURS WITH A NATURALIST: RAMBLES NEAR THE SHORE. By the Rev. J. G. Wood, M.A., author of "Half Hours in Field and Forest," "Homes without Hands," etc. With numerous illustrations. New York: Thomas Whittaker.

Mr. Whittaker has done well to republish this excellent volume of the Half Hour Series. The lamented Mr. Wood was no hack writer of books for the market. He was an eminent and accomplished man of science who possessed the rare and happy faculty of making nature intelligible to those who are excluded from profound research. In the present volume, for example, he begins with the wonders of sponge life, teaching his reader how specimens of fresh-water species may be found in almost any slow-flowing river, and how they may be afterward observed with so ordinary an apparatus as a common goblet and a magnifying glass of small power. Then, passing to the sea-sponges, he describes the perfect fairy land of form and color which they both make and inhabit. In the following chapters he tells of the wonderful "Homes under the Sea" which are the dwellings of the cuttle-fish, the octopus, the sepia, the star-fish, the sea-urchin. Then, varying his theme, he discourses, always with marvellous clearness and simplicity, of some "Wonders of the Sea," such as the jelly-fish, with its strange stinging apparatus, the effect of which most of us have felt, but the extraordinary character of which few besides professional naturalists ever learn; and, of course, Mr. Wood does not forget those strange builders of islands and continents, the coral insects, as they are called, with their work of almost infinite variety as well as beauty. Of land animals he writes with the same felicity, confining himself, however, in the present volume, chiefly to the world of insect life, including ants, bees, spiders, locusts, dragon-flies, and many others which are either useful or injurious to man. At the close of the volume one single chapter is devoted to the horse, and there are not many chapters in learned works which will convey so large an amount of really useful knowledge of that useful animal as this short chapter by Mr. Wood.

Of all Mr. Wood's works it may be said that they are written so simply as to be understood by any intelligent boy or girl, and, for that reason, they are just the sort of books that most non-scientific readers require to make them familiar with the most interesting facts of natural history. We must add that their charming style is a delight to any reader who is capable of appreciating the charms of style. In this edition the pictorial illustrations are numerous, and they are well executed. They are not mere pictures, but real illustrations, which assist the reader to understand what he is reading.

IN *Scribner's Magazine* for June, Ernest E. Thompson not only tells us of "The Birds That We See," but shows them to us and jots down snatches of their songs on the musical staff in the corners of the illustrations, so that we may see, hear, and enjoy for ourselves. Sidney Dickenson in the same number speaks of "The Haunt of the Platypus." The platypus is a native of Australia. It is less than a century since the first published account of him appeared in the *Naturalist's Miscellany* of London. Mr. Dickenson says that "wholesale slaughter by skin-hunters has nearly destroyed the platypus in some districts, but at present he is protected throughout the year, and in some favorable localities he is found in every bend and hole of river, creek, and brook."

EL COJO ILLUSTRADO, a handsome illustrated magazine, edited and published at Caracas, in Venezuela, by Messrs. J. M. Herrera Irigoyen & Co., deserves the thanks of all humane persons for its devotion to the protection of dumb animals. In particular it gives us great pleasure to say that this periodical has waged a resolute and at last a successful war upon that masterpiece of gratuitous cruelty, the check-rein, the use of which has now been legally prohibited by the municipal authorities of Caracas. *El Cojo* writes with appreciative interest of Dr. Garner's expedition to Central Africa for the purpose of studying the language of the anthropoid animals in that region. Of Dr. Garner himself it speaks most kindly, describing him as "a true Yankee, and consequently a man of tenacity, forethought, and courage, a physiologist and philologist, firmly resolved to investigate and solve the difficult problem of the origin of speech."

TO agree with Mrs. Olive Thorne Miller, in the June number of the *Atlantic Monthly*, that bird-song is loveliest, that "to get up with eagerness and to stay up with delight" is possible "At Four O'clock in the Morning," one must first be as wide-awake as Mrs. Miller, and then one must be as appreciative as she is of nature and of nature's musicians—the birds. Miss Agnes Repplier in the same number questions "how far animals share man's melancholy capacity for

ennui." The spirited handling of the many questions that arise in the article makes us feel that Miss Repplier's personal acquaintance with ennui must be slight, indeed; else, how can she treat it so brightly?

ALEXANDER H. JAPP, LL.D., F.R.S.E., has an article in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for June entitled "Animal Trials by Jury." "The herds of wild elephants exercise judicial functions and sit as juries in the case of any offence or departure from elephant rules," says Mr. Japp, "while among birds the exercise of judicial functions is still more common. Who, for instance, has not heard accounts of trials by jury among the crows?" In turning over a few pages of the magazine, we come upon another phase of animal life in Nelly Hart Woodworth's "Bird Babyland." Besides the stories of the bird babies themselves, the anecdotes of the brave little bird mothers defending their young should be read by every child who is tempted to rob a nest.

"OUR FRIEND THE FOX-TERRIER" is the title of an article by H. Avery in the June number of *Cassell's Family Magazine*. "The fox-terrier pup," Mr. Avery tells us, "is the *enfant terrible* of the canine family," and this assertion is well supported by Mr. Avery's account of his pet's pranks. Mr. Avery adds, however, "that a fox-terrier is the best of companions, and that one cannot but be touched by the many evidences he gives of his loving fidelity."

"HOW MUCH DOES A DOG KNOW?" asks Mr. J. E. Chamberlain in the *Youth's Companion* of June 1st. Mr. Chamberlain does not answer the question, for, as he says, "the dog's powers of perception are so much greater than man's, that we often give him credit for thinking out things where he does not really think them out, simply because we should have to think them out in order to act as intelligently as he does. But it is impossible to draw the line exactly between reason and instinct, and equally impossible, no doubt, to know that a dog never reasons."

MISS ESTELLE THOMPSON, in the *Christian Union* for May 20th, writes of "The Trap-Door Spider and Its Home." Miss Thompson observes that the spider has an eye to harmony in effect. "If the bank is lichened where she builds, she cuts a crop of minute lichens with her small mandible hooks, and glues them to the outside of her door. But wherever the bank is bare, the nest top is bare also." The similarity of the door of the house to the ground that it occupies is the little housewife's great protection against intruders.

MARY E. BURT writes in the *Critic* for June 17 of "American Genius in the Public Schools," and begs that good literature be given to the children. The literary (or literature) standard in the Chicago public schools Miss Burt has found to be in advance of that of the New York public schools. "Is there any excuse," she asks, "for the existence of reading matter whose sole recommendation is that it is cheap? Good literature, like clay and German wax, is a very plastic material in the hands of a teacher of pedagogical instincts. She can adapt simple sentences from almost any standard writing to the use of the child." "The pup bit the cow on the lip" is a sample from the cheap reader to which Miss Burt very reasonably objects. "'The Vision of Sir Launfal' offers sentences as simple as the one quoted above, and more psychological in value, since they picture pleasanter things to the mind. 'The little bird sits at his door in the sun. He sings to the wide world.' Here are others from prose writers: 'The song-bird builds low. Bob White says, "More wheat! more wheat!" He whistles at his work. The jay steals robin's eggs. The robin cries, "Thief! Thief!"' Good writers are prolific in the production of pretty monosyllabic lessons for first-year pupils," adds Miss Burt. "It needs only the artist to seize them."

"IT is estimated," says the *Forest and Stream* of June 8th, "that in the decade from 1880 to 1890 not less than two million five hundred thousand alligators were killed in the State of Florida." These statistics appear in the recently issued "Report of the Fisheries on the South Atlantic States," by Dr. H. M. Smith, of the United States Fish Commission. "One unfortunate feature of the case," continues the *Forest and Stream*, "is that the alligator has no friends. If the feather-bedecked hat implies the destruction of birds of plumage, the alligator-skin handbag means that the Florida alligator bids fair to follow the Florida plume-birds into the limbo of wild species destroyed for commercial purposes. The alligator is regarded as an ugly customer. His ways are the reverse of winning. No Audubon Society espouses his cause. The sentiment evoked in behalf of the feathered singers in the trees has no regard for the alligator bellowing in the swamp. The alligator must go." But the alligator, we see, has a friend in the *Forest and Stream*—a friend worth having. It is such vigorous talk, backed by such statistics, that open the people's eyes, and we ask our readers if the sympathy given to the seals of the Behring Sea cannot be extended to the alligators of Florida.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, which is now presented in a bound volume, teaches children how to care for their pets and explains how wicked it is to be cruel to animals. But there is much more than this to be found in the volume. There are many well-to-do people owning horses who leave their animals entirely in the care of grooms and coachmen and exercise no surveillance of their own. A lady, of a bitter cold day, never can know that the metal bits, which were at the freezing point, had been thrust into the warm, sensitive mouths of her horses. Check reins and all other fashionable abominations are told about, and their cruelty is made clear.—*The Chicago Herald.*

IT is a paper which should be given into the hands of all children, that they may learn how to love animals, to treat them with friendliness, and to abominate every sort of cruelty. —*Der Demokrat*, Davenport, Iowa.

THE index of articles shows that the noble work of arousing public opinion to the importance of the cause of mercy and kindness to the animal world has been faithfully and courageously done. The articles and illustrations are excellent and forcible in their teachings.—*Journal of Education*, Boston and Chicago.

WE are glad to see that the American S. P. C. A. is of a different metal to the English one. Whereas the latter says—and an echo of this spirit finds response in some who have adopted the *rôle* of advisers to the V. F. U.—that it exists to prevent cruelty and has nothing to do with vivisection, which is an extraneous subject well looked after by a society specially constituted for this purpose, the former acknowledges the logic of its position, and says that from the very inception of The American Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, all its influence has been exerted for the suppression of vivisection so far as that is possible; and when suppression is not possible, then for the restriction of its really unscientific barbarity to the narrowest possible limits. The editor of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS has wisely hesitated to put scenes of horror before the thousands of young readers into whose hands the paper goes, but even to them it is necessary occasionally to give some insight into the horrors of hell.—*The Vegetarian*, London, Eng.

ONE of the most entertaining and instructive journals of its kind. It is eagerly read by children and youth, and many an adult person will find in its pages abundant food for thought and reflection. . . . Contains numerous carefully written articles on the natural history of the animal creation by men who have devoted their whole lives to the study.—*Queen City Mail*, S. Dak.

OUR SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFERS.

We wish to increase the circulation of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS to 100,000 copies each month before the present volume is completed, and in order to accomplish this we need the co-operation of our friends. That they may not go unrewarded, we make the following liberal premium offers:

To every person sending us ten new subscriptions, we will present a beautiful Four dollar "Waterman Ideal" Fountain Pen, and also send OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, postage paid, free for one year. This gold

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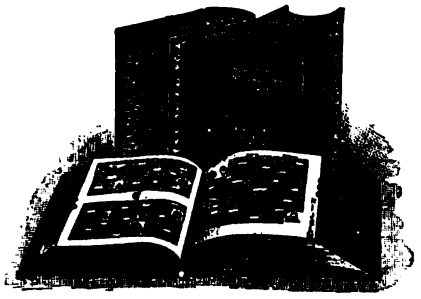

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A BOSTON lawyer had a horse that always stopped and refused to cross a certain bridge leading out of the city. No whipping, no urging would induce him to cross it, so he advertised him: "To be sold for no other reason than that the owner wants to go out of town."

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"BLESSED ARE THE MERCIFUL." MATT. V. 7.

Vol. XX. NEW YORK, AUGUST, 1893. No. 12.

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HUMANE WORK ABROAD

INHUMANITY IN GERMANY

ON the face of the earth there is no kinder-hearted people than the people of Germany, and yet, for some unimaginable reason, humanity to dumb animals is more neglected in Germany than in almost any other civilized country. The Berlin Society for the Protection of Animals recognizes the national defect in the following striking paragraph:

"If any person should ask whether we Germans are a people of culture and conscience, the question would certainly excite surprise. In Germany every one can read and write; we have a well-established administration of justice, an immense system of legislation, and in every village a schoolmaster and a pastor. For every injury to person, property or reputation a remedy is provided, and our care for our poor, sick and orphaned fellow-creatures is at least not less than in other parts of Europe. But the treatment of our dumb animals is very different. In that respect law and custom lag far behind our progress in other departments of civilization and humanity; there seems to be a lack of moral sensibility as well as a defect in the law, and it is necessary to arouse the public conscience to put a stop to barbarities and cruelties which are needlessly practised on our domestic animals because of thoughtlessness, indifference and evil custom."

THE BERLIN SOCIETY FOR THE PROTECTION OF ANIMALS

In a Christian land, like Germany, it is impossible that such a state of things could permanently continue without resolute remonstrance. Accordingly, one of the most active societies for the protection of animals which exists anywhere in Europe has been established in Berlin. Like all other similar societies, it finds its work to be an educa-

tive work. The existing laws for the protection of animals are good as far as they go; and the magistracy has shown itself just in enforcing them. Therefore, while the amendment of the law in various particulars is still desirable, the society wisely believes that it is even more important to arouse the public conscience to a sense of the wickedness of cruelty, and so to create a public opinion which shall be more powerful than the law itself to suppress all forms of inhumanity.

In this great and good work the Berlin Society for the Protection of Animals makes a large use of the press. It publishes many tracts and hand-bills for the information of the public and also for the instruction of persons who sin against humanity through ignorance or the force of evil custom. It addresses teachers on the influence of humanity to animals in the education of children. It submits to the clergy the proposition that the protection of animals is a weighty matter of morals and religion. To all thoughtful men it addresses a plea that cruelty is not only a transgression of the law, but an offence against the moral constitution of man. Of the Christian citizen, in the light of what he sees and knows as matter of fact, it asks a fair answer to the question whether systematic measures for the protection of animals are not both right and necessary. It reminds the countryman that the woods and fields of Germany are becoming voiceless and songless through the wilful yearly slaughter of multitudes of song-birds. It furnishes to the horse-owner a handbill containing ten rules for assuring comfort to the horse, with great advantage to the owner himself. It likewise publishes an excellently illustrated paper on cruel and otherwise objectionable defects in the harnessing of horses. It would defend old and broken-down horses from the misery of being literally driven to death, by advocating the use of horseflesh for human food. It would carry the practice of humanity even into the slaughter-house, and one of its tracts is headed, "Be merciful, even in the slaughter of beasts." In other tracts it makes fierce war on cruel methods of killing animals; and in others still it teaches the butcher how he may perform his office without inflicting needless suffering on his victim. It surely cannot be doubted that a society conducted with such zeal and yet with such discretion must succeed ere long in touching the public heart and arousing the public conscience.

OTHER SOCIETIES

One good thing nearly always leads to another; and in Berlin subordinate societies have been formed for the protection of particular animals. In other parts of Germany animal-protection societies are growing every year, almost every month, in number and influence. The society at Vienna is under the patronage of an archduke, and other societies are similarly patronized by imperial, royal, and other princely personages. In the interior the protection of birds is a favorite object of these societies; some, like the excellent society in Luneburg, teach humanity in a very simple and practical way by feeding the birds during the snows of winter, and attracting them in summer by putting up nest-boxes, to which they gladly resort; while others endeavor to secure the safety of birds from wanton destruction by securing the enactment and enforcement of more satisfactory laws. Last year a commission of several scientific men was appointed to inquire into the existing legislation with a view to its amendment. The report was that the law is good enough to be made the foundation of future efforts, but that it ought to be so extended as to protect all wild birds, with the exception of the very few which are altogether mischievous. The commission further recommended a change of the law so as to establish a close season for the protection of all birds, especially during the nesting time, and urged that the destruction of song birds for food should be stringently prohibited.

ANTI-VIVISECTION

In Hanover a society exists for the prevention, if possible, of the torture of animals in the name of science. The report of that society for 1892 lies before us. At the conclusion the writer observes that, after fifteen years of earnest effort, an absolute prohibition of vivisection can no longer be expected within any calculable time. Therefore, without abandoning the belief that the infliction of cruelty for scientific purposes is morally indefensible, he asks whether it might not be wise to endeavor at least to diminish the evil by lessening the number of victims and preventing the cruellest experiments. Perhaps, he says, the late Prussian minister of religion, Count von Zedlitz-Truetzschler, was right in his conviction that scientific men must themselves be persuaded to remove these stum-

bling-blocks out of the way, and to confine vivisection within just limitations. Thus, without restricting the advance of science, the number of vivisections might be diminished, and there might be some guarantee that useless and aimless acts of cruelty would not be committed. It appears that the society in Hanover has practically reached the very ground which OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS has taken all along. We are more than ever persuaded that until men of science shall admit that the law of conscience ought to rule in the laboratory as well as in the world, vivisection will never be restricted within the limitations which either God or man can admit to be just.

Over land and sea we extend greetings to our German brethren. The campaign of education which the German societies are carrying on will banish the thoughtlessness which fosters cruelty; and they will find, as we find here in America, that when Germans are once engaged in humane work, they become its most zealous and devoted apostles.

THE LONG-DISTANCE RACE FROM CHADRON TO CHICAGO

THE cow-boy race to which we referred in the last number of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS took place in spite of all efforts to prevent it; but the apparent defeat of the Humane Societies really included a very substantial victory. *Three hundred* cow-boys and one woman had announced their intention to enter the race, each with two horses, and if their intention had been carried out, there can be no question that some of the six hundred horses would have been cruelly abused. In consequence of the efforts of the societies, however, the woman rider withdrew, and with her all but *nine* of the cow-boys. There was no process of law by means of which these nine competitors could be legally restrained on the ground that they *might* commit an act of cruelty. The race could not, therefore, be prevented, but the racers were watched by special officers from start to finish, and if a single act of cruelty had been committed, public opinion would have demanded the infliction of an exemplary penalty on the offender. The end of it was that the horses reached Chicago without distress and in good condition, while the riders were exhausted.

In this affair we have a strong assurance of the power of public opinion and public sympathy to protect dumb animals from ill usage which the law can punish but is powerless to prevent. The laws of every one of the three States through which the cow-boy race was made would have been amply sufficient for the punishment of the offender if any act of cruelty had been committed; and yet, as the event has shown, the moral force of public opinion to prevent cruelty was as great as that of the law to punish cruelty. The most gratifying fact connected with the cow-boy race is the evidence that in this country no such atrocity as was perpetrated last year in the long-distance race from Berlin to Vienna will ever be permitted either by the laws of the States or by the humanity of the people.

THE COW-RACE: A NEWSPAPER HOAX

ON June 30th a press despatch from Galveston, Texas, announced that a novelty in the way of cruelty to animals had been projected in eastern Texas. According to this despatch, a prize of $5,000 was to be offered to the winner in a long-distance cow-race from Tyler, in eastern Texas, to the World's Fair. The cow arriving first at the World's Fair with fifty pounds of butter made from her milk on the journey was to receive the first prize. A second prize of $1,000 was to be given to the cow arriving within one week of the winner and having the largest amount of butter made during the journey. It is easy to see that such a race would be sure to be attended with suffering to the unfortunate animals; and in all probability they would be driven slowly until the required amount of butter should be made, after which the driver would consider speed rather than mercy, and would be satisfied to bring his beast to Chicago, though it should then be in a dying condition.

On the face of it, the whole thing seemed to be too preposterous to be true. Nevertheless, to make assurance doubly sure, President Haines telegraphed for information to Governor Hogg, of Texas, whose home is in Tyler, and received a prompt reply that, in Governor Hogg's opinion, the story of the cow-race is a *canard*.

We submit to our friends of the press and of the telegraphic news service that such *canards* as this are unworthy of circulation. Humor is a good thing; but the grotesque is not always humorous, and to make a jest of inhumanity is inhumane.

AT HEADQUARTERS

AN esteemed friend of the Society recently addressed to President Haines a note enclosing a newspaper paragraph, and anxiously inquiring whether the statement it contained was true. The newspaper clipping was as follows: "Kid gloves are so called because they are made from the skins of kids. It is said that for the best and softest quality it is necessary to skin the kids before killing. The animals are, however, stupefied with opiates before the operation, and suffer little pain." In order to secure for our correspondent an answer on the truth of which she might rely, President Haines addressed a note of inquiry to Professor J. A. Allen. We give Professor Allen's answer below, and our readers will be glad to see what he says not only of the flaying of kids alive, but of the same alleged cruelty in case of birds of plumage.

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY,
CENTRAL PARK (77th St. and 8th Ave.).

MY DEAR MR. HAINES:

Yours of the 20th inst. and enclosure received. I have no positive knowledge on the subject as to whether kids are ever skinned alive as stated in the newspaper clipping, but I do not believe it is true. It is what I should consider a newspaper "fake." In the first place, I can conceive of no possible advantage to the quality of the skins to have them removed from the animal while alive. To remove them in this manner would add to the trouble and cost of skinning, whether opiates or anæsthetics were used or not. The whole statement strikes me as a palpable absurdity, on a par with the statement that birds used for millinery purposes are sometimes skinned alive, to add to the beauty of the plumage. How such statements originate is hard to conceive, but I fancy through the propensity of unprincipled persons to impose upon the credulous, for the purpose of needlessly harrowing their sensibilities.

They are doubtless often repeated in good faith, but they can in reality do only harm, for to a great many intelligent people, or to those who have opportunity of knowing they must be untrue, they are repulsive and prejudicial to the cause they are intended to aid. It looks too much like an attempt to strengthen a cause by resort to unfair means.

In the case of the alleged skinning of birds alive to secure finer plumage—a statement that has had great currency in very respectable quarters—the effect of such an assertion upon my own mind is anything but pleasant, although I trust I am not lacking in sympathy for the poor persecuted birds, or in desire to see their slaughter for millinery purposes, or in wantonness or in miscalled *sport*, checked by all legitimate means.

Very truly yours,
(Signed) J. A. ALLEN.

FOR driving a team of horses, attached to an ice-wagon, while suffering from sores on the body, unprotected from the harness, David P. Martin, of 22 Gansevoort Street, was fined $5.

OVER seventeen years ago John Grattan, of Halsey Street, Brooklyn, was prosecuted by the Society for cruelly treating a horse belonging to him. At that time Grattan conducted a milk business on a small farm just outside the city limits. He took a special dislike to one of his horses, and often, so it was reported by the neighbors, he subjected the poor creature to brutal treatment. Inspector Clark, then the only officer of the Society in Brooklyn, was instructed to make an investigation. For several days nothing was done to warrant interference, but one evening Clark saw Grattan tie the end of a rope around the horse's forelegs and then around the body to the hind legs. In this position it was impossible for the animal to walk without stumbling, and when this happened Grattan would strike the unoffending creature on the head and body with a bale-stick. Officer Clark promptly relieved the horse and landed its tormentor in a prison cell. The next morning he was arraigned before ex-Judge Sembler, who sentenced him to pay a fine of twenty-five dollars or be imprisoned for twenty-five days. On the morning of Sunday, June 13th last, Mr. William G. Slote, a citizen of Brooklyn, while on his way to church was attracted by the howls of a dog coming from a vacant lot on Halsey Street, near Ralph. Looking through a hole in the fence, he saw a man in the act of cutting off the ear of a little terrier dog with a razor. Calling a policeman, Mr. Slote caused the arrest of the fellow, who had already cut off the animal's tail close to the body, from which the blood was streaming. The right ear had been partly severed, when Mr. Slote appeared upon the scene and stopped further mutilation. The razor, the severed

tail, and the tortured dog were silent witnesses against the prisoner when arraigned before Justice New in the Second District Police Court. Inspector Clark was present to prosecute, and when the offender was brought out of the pen he recognized Clark, saying at the same time: "*You* did not get me this time." He was the same John Grattan whom Clark had arrested seventeen years ago for cruelty to his horse. The cruelty to the dog was so brutal in its details as to shock the magistrate, and Grattan was sentenced to the penitentiary for six months. The dog, after being photographed, was placed in a veterinary hospital for surgical treatment.

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JUST as the sun appeared above the horizon on Sunday morning, June 18th, a gang of ruffians assembled in a wood near the Bronx River to witness a fight between two bull-dogs. The locality is sparsely settled; therefore it was expected that no interruption would occur to prevent the brutal exhibition. For about half an hour the animals fought desperately, to the apparent satisfaction of the ruffianly spectators. Mr. ——, a resident of the neighborhood, being an early riser, happened to pass that way, and approached the spot without being observed. Upon learning what was going on, he hastened to find a police officer, and fortunately found one about half a mile away. As they were returning to the scene of the fight, the gang caught sight of the policeman and scattered in all directions, leaving only one of the crowd behind, a man named Rourke, who was too drunk to escape, and the two dogs, which were still fighting. The officer separated the poor brutes, and sent Mr. —— to summon the police patrol wagon and a squad of officers. One of the dogs, while on the way to the 32d Police Precinct station-house, died from its injuries. Superintendent Hankinson and Officer Gay of the Society were in court to prosecute the offender, who was held for trial under $300 bail, and warrants were issued by Justice Simms for the arrest of the promoters of the fight. The surviving dog was brought to the ambulance house of the Society for surgical treatment. When asked why they took the risk of so publicly violating the law, one of the gang replied: "Why, the chances of escape are so much better, for you can see the 'coppers' so far off and get away before being nabbed."

A SHORT time since, Superintendent Hankinson lost a pocket-book containing his personal cards, private memoranda, and a sum of money. A few days ago a package was received at Headquarters which proved to be a portion of the lost property, wrapped in a note of which the following is a copy: "Dear Sir:—I found the pocket-book and return it with the papers but minus the money. Why? I'll tell you. About five years ago you raided a place at Woodside, L. I., and arrested me along with others just as we were going to have a rattling dog-fight. You made me lose my sport and money, as well as having me fined ten dollars at Newtown. I was out nearly fifty dollars that night. Now, what was in your pocket-book comes just in time, for I am strapped, so I'll borrow it, but won't promise to pay it back unless, maybe, when you catch me again; but if you do, it won't be at a dog-fight. I am done with that kind of sport. See?"

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BECAUSE he was afraid to strike a man, Joseph Bough beat a horse over the head and neck with a whip. It appears that Bough lost his temper at some fancied injury, and he revenged himself on the unoffending animal. He was arrested and held for trial by Judge Grady under $100 bail.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS

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MISCELLANY

THE WOOD PEWEE

BY LEANDER S. KEYSER

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

ALMOST every person living in the country or in the suburbs of a town is familiar with the house pewee, or phœbe bird. It is usually looked upon as the sure harbinger of spring. I can well remember that in my boyhood days my parents and grandparents were wont to say: "Spring is here; the phœbe is singing." And I am sure that if blithesomeness of tone and good cheer have anything to do with the advent of the season of song and bursting blossoms, the pewit, as he is often called, must be a true herald as well as a prophet. He seems to carry the "subtle essence of spring" in his tuneful larynx, and in the graceful sweep of his flight as he pounces upon an insect. It is quite easy to make the transition from his familiar song of *ph-e-e-by* to the exclamation, *Spring's here*, by a little stretch of the fancy.

But the phœbe has a woodland relative, a first cousin, with which most persons are not so well acquainted, because he is more retiring in his habits, and seeks out-of-the-way places for his habitat. I refer to the wood pewee. If your eyes and ears are not as sharp as they should be, you may get these two birds confounded; yet there is no need of making such a blunder. The woodland bird is smaller, slenderer, and of a darker cast than his relative; and, besides, there is a marked difference in the musical performances of these birds. The song of the phœbe is sprightly and cheerful, and the syllables are uttered rather quickly, while the whistle of the wood pewee is softer and more plaintive, and is repeated with less emphasis and more deliberation. There is, indeed, something inexpressibly sad and dreamy about the strain of the wood pewee, especially if heard at a distance in the "emerald twilight" of the "woodland privacies." Mr. Lowell seldom erred in his attempts to characterize the songs and habits of the birds, but in his exquisite poem entitled "Phœbe" he certainly must have referred to the wood pewee and not to the phœbe bird, as his description applies to the former but not to the latter. He calls this bird "the loneliest of its kind," while the pewit is a familiar species. Taking it for granted that he meant the wood pewee, how happy is his description!

"It is a wee sad-colored thing,
As shy and secret as a maid,
That ere in choir the robins ring,
Pipes its own name like one afraid.

"It seems pain-prompted to repeat
The story of some ancient ill,
But *Phœbe! Phœbe!* sadly sweet,
Is all it says, and then is still.

* * * * *

"*Phœbe!* it calls and calls again,
And Ovid, could he but have heard,
Had hung a legendary pain
About the memory of the bird.

* * * * *

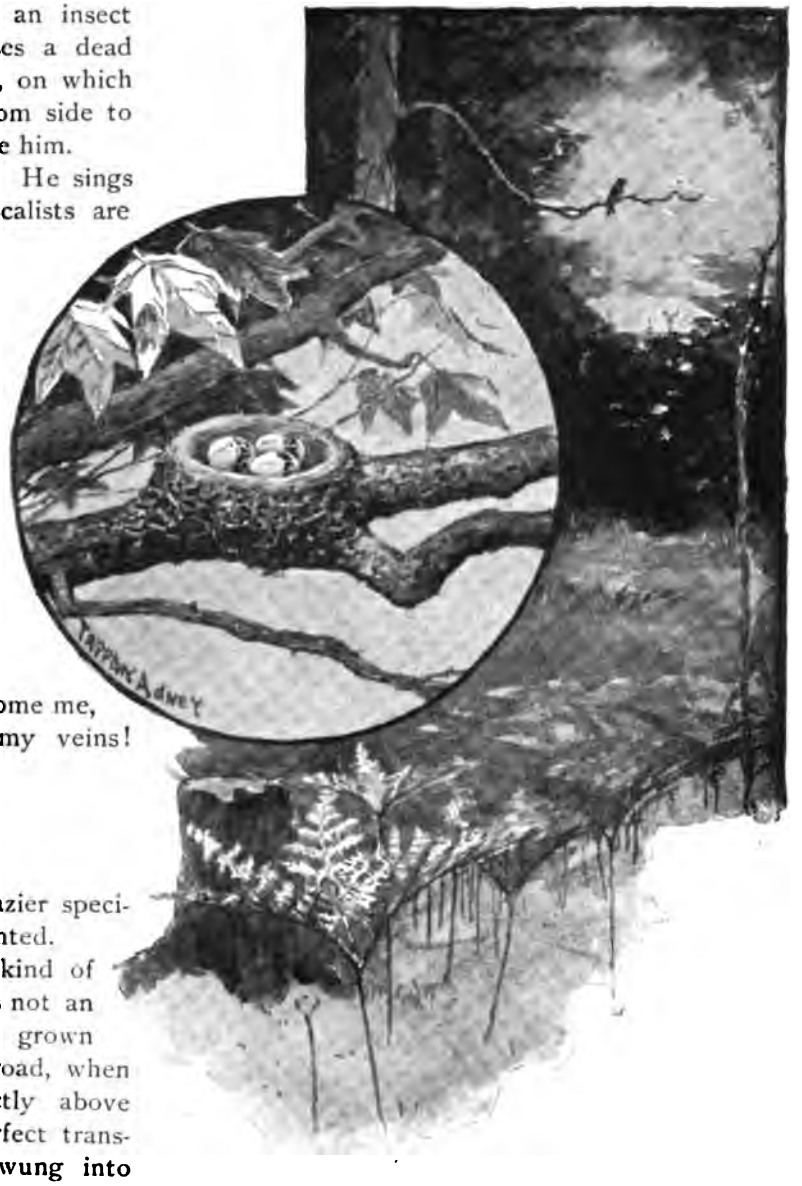
"*Phœbe!* is all it has to say
In plaintive cadence o'er and o'er,
Like children who have lost their way,
And know their names, but nothing more."

This poetical tribute is very beautiful, and would be true to the life if the phonetic representation were a little more accurate. Instead of *Phœbe*, imagine the song to be *p-e-e-w-e-e-e* or *ph-e-e-w-e-e-e*, and you will gain a clear idea of this songster of the wildwood. However, he frequently varies his tune to prevent its becoming monotonous. He sometimes closes his refrain with the falling inflection or circumflex, and sometimes with the rising, as the mood seizes him. In the former case the first syllable receives the greater emphasis and is the more prolonged, and in the latter case this order is precisely reversed. When the last syllable is uttered with the rising circumflex, it is usually, if not always, cut off somewhat abruptly. Moreover, this minstrel very often runs the two syllables of his song together, a peculiarity that I have represented in my notes, taken while listening to the song, in this way: *Ph-e-e-e-o-o-w-e-e-e!* There is a characteristic swing about the melody that refuses to be caught in the meshes of letters and syllables.

In some of the pewee's vocal efforts I have observed that he does not get farther than the end of the first syllable. The song seems to be cut off short, as if the notes had stuck fast in the singer's throat, or as if something had occurred to divert his mind from the song. Perhaps this hiatus is

caused by the sudden appearance of an insect glancing by. The bird usually chooses a dead twig or limb in the woods as a perch, on which he sits and sings, turning his head from side to side, so that no flitting moth may escape him.

And what a persistent singer he is! He sings not only in the spring when other vocalists are in full tune, but also all summer long, never growing disheartened, even when the mercury rises far up into the nineties. What a pleasant companion he has been in my midsummer strolls as I trudged wearily through the woods! On the sultriest August days, when all other birds were glad to keep mute, sitting on their shady perches with open mandibles and drooping wings, the dreamful, far-away strain of the wood pewee has drifted—a welcome sound—to my ears through the dim aisles. He seems to be a friend in need. How often, when the heat has almost overcome me, that song has put fresh vigor into my veins! When Mr. Lowell wrote that



"The phœbe scarce whistles
Once an hour to his fellow,"

he must have been listening to a far lazier specimen than those with which I am acquainted.

Most birds fall occasionally into a kind of ecstasy of song, and the wood pewee is not an exception. One evening, after it had grown almost dark, I was walking along a road, when a pewee flew out into the air directly above my head, and began to sing in a perfect transport as he wheeled about; then he swung into a tree near at hand, keeping up his song in a continuous strain, and in sweet, half-caressing tones, until finally it died away, as if the bird had fallen asleep during his vocal recital. I lingered about for some time, but he did not sing again. Why should he repeat his good-night song?

I have frequently heard young pewees in midsummer singing in this continuous way, instead of whistling the intermittent song of their elders. It sounds very droll, giving you the impression that the young bird had begun to turn the crank of his music-box and couldn't stop. His voice is quite sweet, but his execution is very crude. Wait, however, until he is eight or nine months older, and he will show you what an Orpheus he is. My notes say that on the 30th of July, 1891, I heard a "pewee's quaint, prolonged whistle, interlarded with his ordinary notes." Thus it will be seen that he is a somewhat versatile songster, proving the poet's lines half true and half untrue:

"The birds but repeat without ending
The same old traditional notes,
Which some, by more happily blending,
Seem to make over new in their throats."

Younger readers may, perhaps, need to be informed that the wood pewee belongs to the family of flycatchers, as do also the king-bird or bee-martin, the phœbe-bird, the great-crested flycatcher, and a number of other interesting species, all of

which have a peculiar way of taking their prey. The pewee will sit almost motionless on a twig, lisping his plaintive tune at intervals, until a luckless insect comes buzzing near, all unconscious of its peril, when the bird will make a quick dash at it, seize it dexterously between its mandibles, and then circle around gracefully to the same or another perch. If the quarry he has taken is small, it slips at once down the bird's throat; but if it should be too large to be disposed of in that summary way, he will beat it into an edible form upon a limb before gulping it down. Agile as he is, he sometimes misses his aim, being compelled to make a second, and occasionally even a third attempt to secure his prize. I have witnessed more than one comedy which turned out a tragedy for the poor insect. Sometimes the insect will resort to the ruse of dropping toward the ground when it sees the bird darting toward it, and then a scramble ensues that is really laughable, the pursuer whirling, tumbling, almost turning somersault in his efforts to capture his prize. Once an insect flew between me and a pewee perched on a twig, when the bird darted down toward me with a directness that made me think for a moment that he would fly right into my face; but he made a dexterous turn in time, and swung to a bough near by.

It has been my good fortune to find one, but only one, nest of this bird. It was placed on a horizontal branch about fifteen feet above the ground, and was a neat, compact structure, decorated on the outside with grayish lichens and moss, giving it the appearance of an excrescence on the limb. It is said by those who have closely examined the nests, that they are handsomely built and ornamented, and are equalled only by the dainty houses of the humming-bird and the blue-gray gnat-catcher. The eggs, usually four in number, are of a creamy white hue, beautifully embellished with a wreath of lavender and purplish-brown around the larger end or near the centre.

Though our bird does prefer solitary places for his home, he is far from shy, if you call upon him. He will sit fearlessly on his perch, even if you come quite near, looking at you in his staid, philosophical way, as if you were scarcely worth noticing. Nor will he hush his song at your approach, although he does not seem to care whether you listen to him or not. It is seldom that he can be betrayed into doing an undignified deed, and even if he does almost turn a somersault in catching a refractory miller, he recovers his poise the next moment, and settles upon his perch with as much nonchalance as if nothing unusual had occurred. Altogether, the wood pewee is what Bradford Torrey would call a "character in feathers."

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WHILE the question of good roads is being discussed, I believe it would be a good idea for the smiths and wagon-makers of the country to present to their customers the advantage of wider tires for their wagons. The average tire here for wagons (farm wagons) is one and three-fourths inches, and when the roads are soft, they cut ruts at an alarming rate; or, if you take the same wagons into a field for a load of anything, they nearly always make ruts there, while if tires three inches wide were used, they could haul a load over any ordinary ground without a great deal of damage.

Now, I think the principal objection to wide tires would be the weight of the wheels, but I do not think that would amount to much, for in making the rim three inches wide, you need not make it more than two or two and one-fourth inches deep, and, the tire being three inches wide, one-half inch is thick enough to make a wheel that will stand more rough use, last longer, and not do half the damage to roads that the average wheel does. —*T. C. James, in Blacksmith and Wheelwright.*

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AMONG the animals that Dr. Alcock has specially observed is the red ocypode crab which swarms on all the sandy shores of India. The bigger of its two chelæ or nippers bears across the "palm" a long, finely toothed ridge, and on one of the basal joints of the "arm," against which the "palm" can be tightly closed, there is a second similar ridge. When the "palm" is so folded against the base of the "arm," the first ridge can be worked across the second like a bow across a fiddle, only in this case the bow is several times larger than the fiddle.

And now as to the way these crabs play their fiddles. A robber crab enters the burrow of another. When the rightful owner discovers the intruder, he utters a few broken tones of remonstrance, on hearing which the intruder, if permitted, will at once leave the burrow. If the intruder be prevented from making his escape, the low and broken tones of the rightful owner gradually rise in loudness and shrillness and frequency until they become a continuous low-pitched whir or high-pitched growl, the burrow acting as a resonator. —*Nature.*

FATHER CONFESSOR TO THE SEA

By A. E. Watrous

[For our animal friends]

I

Brown wave beating beneath and brown wing hovering over—
Tell us, cliff dweller, tell us what is the song of the sea?
Thine to its pulse is attuned as the purple wrist-beat of a lover—
Then tell us, cliff dweller, tell us what note hath its grief, hath its glee?

II

Lark hath a tale of the night: a songburst of sunburst the token—
Doth not thy brown breast swell with a songburst, the tale of the sea?
Nightingale throbs on the dusk the plaint of all hearts day hath broken—
As they know the day and the night, the soul of the sea is in thee.

III

But at the lip of the deep, when it sobs, when it shouts, when it roysters,
Ever thou listest, O bird, thy fate as thy forebears' to be,
Songless and patient and dumb, brown friar in thy cliff-crowning cloisters,
Heartful with sins and with woes of thy penitent mighty, the sea.

THE VICISSITUDES OF A TURTLE, RELATED BY HIMSELF

By Mary E. Plummer Clemenceau

[For our animal friends]

I

I AM going to tell you a story, a true one, which I have often wished to relate, but I never knew in what way to communicate it to the world, until one morning not long ago a carrier pigeon chanced to alight upon the wire roof of the cage in which I have lived—alas! sad and forsaken—for the past four years. I felt in a rather talkative mood, and the sun being warm and bright that day, I had dragged myself into the sunniest corner of the small plot of grass which is my garden, my promenade, my only source of pleasure now.

The weary traveller saw me, and we soon fell into conversation. He said that he had just arrived from a far distant country—from America! Upon hearing this word, my heart leaped into my throat, and I listened with breathless interest to every word he uttered. You will understand why my poor old heart throbbed to bursting, as you read my story, if you read it at all.

I was deeply anxious to learn many things of the wonderful land he spoke of, and I pressed him with questions. He told me of a little magazine which some very kind persons are editing over there in favor of protection to all dumb creatures, and the appropriate title given to it, Our Animal Friends. The pigeon informed me that he had been engaged by the Society to fly from country to country to collect stories from the animals themselves, this being the only sure way of obtaining true facts concerning their condition. He said that he belonged to the "editorial staff" of the magazine in question. It must be an important position, because he looked very proud when he told me this, and winked his eye down at me in a knowing manner. I asked him if he would be willing to carry my story over to his journal in America, in case I could make up my mind to relate it. "Yes," he said, "and with great pleasure; only, you know, dear Sir Turtle, that you must try 'to get in' some original ideas, something quite out of the 'common run,' else they might not easily accept your story. They are extremely good-hearted people, but they must have something *new*. They have no time to waste upon trivial tales. They cannot even wait the conclusion of one event before they call for another. Now I do not wish to discourage you; quite the contrary. I am willing to lend you all the help my influence can procure; but honestly, between you and me, what can *you*, a mere turtle, have to say that could interest or amuse those 'go-ahead' folks over there? You, all shut up in your shell, what have you ever known of suffering or sorrow? You have been all your life protected from harm by the very covering upon your back; as for *sorrow*, you surely have been too little connected with the world to have ever felt the sting of its venomous tongue! I may be much mistaken, my aged friend. You may have lived to suffer like all the rest of us; so don't believe me unkind, nor discourteous, I beg of you. If I am blunt in speech, I hope nevertheless that I am a gentleman pigeon, and I really wish you all success with your story. Take my advice, though, and if you have nothing astonishing to tell, why just invent it. I am going to fly down to Spain to get some facts about the bull-fights there, and I'll be back here in France some time next month; in the meanwhile, jot down your 'experience,' my slow friend, and have it all ready to show me. I'll look it very carefully over, and should I consider it worthy of the columns of my magazine, I'll see that you receive a 'check' as soon as possible. Is it agreed? All right. Now I am pretty hungry and thirsty; if you would be so kind as to tell me where I could pick up a few grains of wheat, and find a drop of cool, fresh water, I should be much obliged to your turtleship, and I'll be off."

All through this discourse I had remained motionless in my corner, where the afternoon shadows had crept and almost hidden me, otherwise the smart pigeon-editor would surely have noticed my emotion as he proceeded to lay down the rule in such a matter-of-fact way. He seemed to be kind hearted, notwithstanding his bluntness, and besides, I said to myself, he is a business pigeon and must be excused. I confess I was astounded at all he said, but I made up my mind that I would hold my story in readiness upon his return from Spain, so I hastened to direct him to a certain old tower of the castle where he would find piles of wheat and barley, and a fountain in the centre of the park at which to quench his thirst. Then unfolding his silver-gray wings, he nodded good-by, and off he flew.

Poor pigeon! with your swift wings, though you are able to fly the entire universe over and to learn

and hear so much, you will surely ruffle your plumage in surprise when you come to know what befell a poor humble turtle!

I first saw the light of this world near the city of Tunis. I had several little brothers and sisters, all of whom were good and well-behaved little turtles, obedient to our parents' commands. I was the youngest and the blackest of all, and I had a distinguishing feature which was the cause of great envy and dislike among the different members of my family, but which made me very proud. The black shell which covers me, and which all my lifetime has been a burden and a source of never ceasing annoyance to me, was striped with yellow. It seems that this is a rare freak of nature, and it gave me a very peculiar appearance. I was perfect in form; my eyes were black and twinkling and full of mischief; my feet were tiny, but served me well to scramble off as often as I could, far out of the sight and hearing of my jealous, ill-natured family.

I was ambitious, adventurous, and as turbulent as my clumsy back would allow me to be. I wanted "to see life." I longed to wander off into other countries and see other climes than that torrid one of Africa. My heart was overflowing with generous feelings, and was ever longing for sympathy and love. I used often to think that it was nobler, more capable of devotion, than is often given to man. In fact, I believe still that my heart was human, though condemned to beat and throb with joy and sorrow in this prison-house that covers it. But I am off again—demanding the whys and wherefores of existence, which the wisest of men can scarcely comprehend, much less a turtle like me; so I will return to my turtle babyhood.

One night, as I was creeping off to sleep under the palm leaf, I was picked up without a moment's warning by a party of Algerians who had been roaming through the country in search of curiosities to take to France, where a wonderful exhibition was to be held; I was both startled and delighted to hear them say that we were to start the very next day.

I assure you that I never closed my eyes in sleep that night for very joy in the thought that I was going away to another land where, perhaps (I was a most ignorant little turtle then), I should be released from my hard shell and perhaps be able to walk as fast as other animals. I was going to bid farewell to that slow existence, to those burning sands that parched and dried my little black feet. Oh, how glad and happy I was!

Early the next morning my deliverers arrived. I cast one glance at the old palm tree whose leaves had always sheltered me at night, and then submitted myself joyfully to be wrapped up in the white burnous of one of my companions, and was carried away. It seemed a long, long journey from my desert home to the beautiful city of Paris! On the way my friends made a large collection of many objects; I saw fine silks and rugs, strings of bright beads, jewels, and birds of brilliant plumage; there were other turtles too, of all sizes and nationalities, but I was the admired of all admirers, not one of my kind being so odd as I; the master said he hoped to get a good price for me.

Well, when our bazaar was at last in readiness for the public to visit, it presented the finest aspect of any in the *Rue du Caire*. I was placed in full view of all the passers-by. I was very curious; everything appeared so novel to me. I used to stretch out my head as far as I possibly could, and wished I had more than two eyes, so much was there to see and admire all day long and far into the night as well. How I longed to walk off at a brisk pace as I saw the people do! I attracted much attention. I felt particularly flattered when the pretty, graceful Parisian ladies would stop a moment to take a glance at me, and say some nice little word about me: "*Oh, la gentille petite tortue, est-elle mignonne! Les beaux petits yeux! On dirait qu'ils parlent!*"

I was becoming, nevertheless, weary of this flattery and brightness around me, and impatient for other scenes, when one afternoon I saw a boy passing along, probably a collegian on vacation. Into his large black eyes there came a merry twinkle of mischief, as he sauntered up to me, took his hands from his pockets, and picked me up to examine me more closely. He asked my master if he would sell me for fifty *centimes*. My master bargained for more, but finally let me go at that modest price, on the condition, however, that his young customer would call again. Slipping me into his coat pocket, he started on a run for his home, which fortunately for me was near by, else I should have been mortally injured by all sorts of odds and ends that my new master carried in the same pocket with me. There was an immense jack-knife, some nails, one or two cigarettes, loose matches, and a ball of twine in which I got my poor little feet entangled as I tried to brace myself up the best way I could so as not to be jolted to

death. I was cautious enough to keep my head under cover of my shell, or I should certainly have been strangled by that horrible string. I was sore and bruised, and sick at heart, when at last we arrived in a house where there seemed to be great bustle and noise as though preparations were being made for some extraordinary event. My master never halted in his course until he reached his own room; once there, he locked the door, fumbled among the incongruous collection in his pocket, and drew me out into the light of day. Then he burst into a merry laugh, and I heard him say: "*Mon vieux, nons allons bien nous amuser, tu vas voir!*"

The idea that I was going at last to have some fun after so many tribulations rather brightened me up, and I just ran out my head a little as a mark of my entire approbation of his remark, when some one rapped at the door. Monsieur Adolphe (for such was the name of my young master) was evidently desirous of keeping my presence in the house a secret, for he threw me under his bed with such force that I was stunned, and lay there in the dark, on my back, against the wall, and saw so many stars ablaze around me that I really believed my final end had arrived. There I lay, too weak, too full of pain, to even attempt to turn over on my feet. Oh, how my thoughts flew back to the old palm tree and the soft sands of my far distant home! How I longed to be back there once more! This was the first time I had ever suffered; I did not know how to bear it bravely, you see; and later on, I was destined to endure more and severer hardships. After a while, just as I was becoming a little calmer, I felt myself being poked around under the bed; and after a good deal of tumbling about, which was extremely disagreeable in my present state of body and mind, I was finally pushed out from under the bed by the help of a cane in the hands of Monsieur Adolphe. He then took me up, and throwing his handkerchief over me in order to hide me, I suppose, he carried me into another room where a long table was arranged for a dinner party. There were brilliant lights, and beautiful flowers in profusion covered the table. Everything seemed in readiness, but as yet no one was in the room but this mischievous young man and my poor little self. As he pulled off the handkerchief I took in the situation.

He laid me down with care on the floor under the table, and snuggled me up close to a soft cushion which was placed in front of a chair. I was completely concealed from sight by the heavy table linen, and I was so tired out by the hard treatment I had borne all day, that it was altogether useless for my tormentor to bid me keep quiet, as he slid from the room to await the result of his smart trick.

I had just commenced to feel quite at ease, and was dropping off into a comfortable doze, when I heard the door re-open and the soft rustle of silk and satin gowns with much chatter and laughter —the guests were entering the room. Soon all seemed to be seated around the table, and the conversation and gayety grew louder as the banquet continued. All this time I had not moved. I was forgetting my aches and pains, and the cold numbness that had nearly paralyzed me was fast disappearing; in fact, I was beginning to feel quite like my own self again, and my love of adventure was urging me to set out on an exploring expedition under the table, among the cushions and feet of the guests. So I commenced by climbing up on the soft velvet pillow near which I had nestled all this time. To tell the truth, I was very curious to get a nearer glimpse of a dear little foot that rested upon it, wearing a gossamer black stocking and the daintiest little black satin slipper embroidered with tiny jet beads that glistened so in the half light that their sparkle reminded me of a certain little turtle love's eyes far away in Africa—but that's an old story, so I return to my ascension of the cushion.

I had just reached the upper edge of it, and was about climbing up the tantalizing little foot, when suddenly, quicker than a flash of lightning, that same little foot bounded out of my reach; the cushion rolled with me pell-mell under the middle of the table. There was a scream of terror; everyone sprang to his feet; questions and exclamations followed in rapid succession, and above all the hubbub I could distinguish the voice of Monsieur Adolphe, as it rang through the room in a long peal of laughter. An explanation was demanded and given, and then a search was made for me, the miserable little culprit, the cause of all this fright and uproar! It is needless to say that I was soon discovered, more dead than alive from fright myself. Then, of course, followed a series of jokes at my expense, some of which I could not but think were in extremely bad taste for persons of such high standing in society as they appeared to be.

For example, the gentleman who gave the dinner party declared that, had he been aware I was in his house, he would have ordered his cook to transform me into turtle soup for the special benefit of the very lady whose naughty little foot had just placed me in this critical situation! He even proposed to have me stewed into broth immediately, declaring that turtle stew would be the best remedy for her agitated nerves!

Ah, what a monster he was! May he, too, suffer some day as I did then! Some fine dames, who examined me through their long-handled eyeglasses, exclaimed, "what lovely hair-pins" could be made out of my glossy black and yellow shell, and for the second time in that dreadful day I believed my fate was sealed. I was trying to resign myself to the lot of being swallowed as hot broth by one, and adorning the golden ringlets of another, when the beautiful lady whose foot had spurned me thrust them all aside. Kneeling down she took me, the despised little wretch, into her soft white hand, and with the other she caressed my poor aching back. Her sweet eyes met mine as I glanced timidly up to them from under my roof. I think I must have shown her the deep gratitude I felt in that one glance, for I blessed her in my heart. I heard her say in a pitying voice: "*Pauvre petit chéri*"—and I knew no more. The pain and fright had been too great for even my brave little self to bear, and I lay unconscious in the gentle hand that had saved me from death. How long I remained in this state I know not.

FOR some time past swallows have been trained successfully to do the work of carrier pigeons. M. Desbouvrie, who has been training these birds at Roubaix, believes that in case of war they would be ten times more useful than pigeons, as he finds them to be more intelligent; they also fly at a higher altitude and are able to obtain their food while on the wing. In a recent experiment, fifteen of these birds were given absolute freedom, when they flew in different directions, and in about twenty minutes came back and perched on their trainer's hand.—*Chambers' Journal.*

A HERO OF THE ZULU WAR

BY WALTER BROWNE

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

MANY are the stories that have been told of canine civilians who have sacrificed themselves for love of their masters, or saved their owners from disaster and death; but the record of gallant deeds done by "Lion," the fighting dog of the Irregular Cavalry (Bakcis Horse), who went all through the Zulu war, and died a glorious death at the battle of Ulundi, has never yet been given to the world.

Lion was not an aristocrat by birth. He boasted no high-sounding pedigree, and would have been ignominiously thrust from any bench show in the world. If he had set up for a fox-terrier, his long shaggy hair would have turned the laugh of the most inexpert dog-fanciers against him. Had he sought to pose as a spaniel, his short, perky ears would have "given him away." Bull-terrier in build, with hair of a stag-hound and the kindly eyes of a setter, his family descent was a mystery. Nobody knew to whom he belonged, nor whence he came; he just joined the regiment of semi-volunteers which had been hastily formed of all classes of adventurous spirits in Natal and Cape Colony to punish Cetewayo and his Zulu hordes. He walked into camp one morning, and became a recruit without the usual formalities of enlisting, swearing allegiance, or undergoing surgical examination. He wanted neither rank nor title. He simply joined the regiment, and marched with it, and fought and fell, and at last found a soldier's honorable grave outside the late king's kraal at Ulundi, in the heart of Zululand.

The present writer was there a few months ago, and finding a rough wooden headboard on which the word "Lion" was just visible, he took great pleasure in honoring the memorial of the fighting dog with a new coat of paint. A friendly Zulu who led him to the spot seemed to respect the old dog's resting place as much as the graves of human warriors, which are sprinkled too thickly over the surrounding country.

Lion was a terror to the dusky wielder of the assegai and knob-kerrie, whose trick of shamming death was so often fatal to overconfident victorious soldiers of the English variegated scratch army. He was never deceived, and many of the Irregular

troops, nay, not a few men of the Seventeenth Lancers, who were foremost in a number of Zulu engagements, owe their lives to the timely warning of this intelligent dog. While the lines were steadily advancing, and the brawny Zulus still stood their ground, with bullets and the deadly spears flying about like hail, Lion would march, panting and excited, in the foremost rank, silently watching his foes, and anxiously awaiting their disorderly retreat. Then, when the order came to charge, he would rush forward, intent upon his quarry, which was such of those brave blacks as scorned to fly but were not too honest to sham death, and who, springing suddenly up, would stick the enemy in the back. Much havoc was done among the English troops by this treacherous trick.

In the pursuit of the Zulus, whenever Lion saw a living savage he would bark furiously. He would not even look at a dead Zulu, but if one of them was "foxing," a good bite from Lion roused him to fury, and a headlong attack on Lion was usually cut short by a revolver bullet crashing through the crafty black warrior's woolly head.

When the battle of Ulundi was over, and the Irregulars were quietly following in the wake of Colonel Buller's forces toward the Kaffir king's great kraal, a party dismounted at the little river to get a draught of water, and as the dog, like his companions, was about to drink, he suddenly sniffed, and commenced barking furiously. The attention of the troopers being thus aroused, they saw, only a few feet from them, a Zulu standing in the water with his head hidden by the overhanging rushes. Another moment, and some white man would have lost his life. Five more hideous heads were speedily discovered in the same pool, and soon the water was undrinkable and red with blood. As the fifth Zulu fell, however, Lion became silent and satisfied. He quenched his thirst with the air of a dog who has done his duty, and he exhibited no squeamish distaste for the blood of his enemies.

Presently the great hive-shaped mud huts of King Cetewayo's kraal were sighted. Colonel Buller cried out: "Now, then, who is first into Ulundi?" Immediately a headlong helter-skelter forward dash was made for the enclosure, the fighting dog being in the van of those who made for the deserted palace of the king. Lord William Beresford, on his little cob pony, took the stiff fence grandly, and had the honor of being first. Close upon his heels was Lion. Then commenced a searching and looting of the ten thousand huts which made up this gigantic encampment, before the whole place should be set on fire and burned. While this was going on, no one noticed what had become of the regimental dog, but some hours afterward the poor brute was found inside a squalid kraal, dead, and pierced in seven places with the cruel, broad-bladed assegai. Doubtless the brave animal had smelt out a hiding Zulu, and alone and unaided had entered the miserable mud heap, crept in to give single-handed battle to an armed and powerful enemy, who had stabbed him to death and then made good his escape. It would have gone badly with that black gentleman if the boys of the Irregulars could have laid hands on him the hour they found the body of their pet, the pride of their regiment, the companion who had gone through the whole campaign heroically facing danger, never shirking duty, risking his own life fearlessly to save that of his human comrades, only to perish unnoticed and alone when the last battle had been fought and won, and an honorable peace might have blessed the remainder of his life.

Poor Lion was buried with military honors, and there, in the heart of that wild country, near the spot where he so distinguished himself, his bones now lie. Fortunately there are no signs of disturbance by jackals or vultures, which abound in Southern Africa and have sadly desecrated many soldiers' graves. "Lion," the name given him by his comrades in arms, is the inscription which marks the place of his rest, and his memory is still more gloriously enshrined in the hearts of members of the Irregular Cavalry of the Flying Column, who are now scattered over all portions of the world. "He fell like a soldier."

BAVIECA.—The hundred or more old Spanish ballads about the Cid—*El Cid Ruy Diaz de Bivor*—contain frequent references to his favorite charger Bavieca. In one of these ballads the Cid directs that at his funeral he shall be placed in full armor upon Bavieca, and so conducted to the Church of San Pedro de Cardeña. "When ye bury Bavieca, dig deep," says Ruy Diaz in his last will and testament, "for shameful thing were it that he should be eaten by curs who hath trampled down so much currish flesh of Moors." Bavieca was buried near his master, before the gates of the monastery at Valencia, and two elms were planted there to mark the site.

NATURE'S SECRETS

WE were talking to a great thinker the other day, and somehow we said something about mysteries, or we spoke of something as being mysterious. We have forgotten exactly how the question came up; we shall never forget how it was put down.

Said our thinker: "To say that a thing is mysterious, is only a way of saying that we do not understand it. Why not start in with that?"

We never argue with a thinker. Our plan is to keep quiet until we have had a chance to think too, and so we began to muse over the so-called mysteries of Nature, when suddenly the thought came to us that our young people might like to join in, and might perhaps like to form opinions of their own about Nature's secrets.

If you are a schoolboy or a schoolgirl, spending this glorious August holiday in the country, you have the advantage of us. All you have to do is to go out of doors and meet Nature face to face. When you see the ocean rolling before you, or the mountains standing grandly against the horizon, or the nearer trees and flowers, so beautiful, so mysterious, if you do not know them as a naturalist does, you may then be puzzled into the belief that Nature has secrets. So she has; but in a thousand ways she is frankness itself. Every great discovery (another misused word) has been made by patient training of the eye, ear, and brain to see, hear, and understand what is open to every one. The men who see and hear and understand are the wise men, the great men; the others have simply thrown away their opportunities. Let us take an example. Electricity is everywhere. It is in the air we breathe. It has flashed in the clouds for ages and ages. But who has taught us to use it as a man-of-all-work to deliver our messages, to light our streets and houses, to run our street-cars? Why, men who have patiently observed what it does, and so have learned what it can be made to do. The best advice we can give to young people is to learn to see, and to begin as young as possible. Some have better eyes than others. There is room in the world for everybody, however; the near-sighted may observe much that the far-sighted cannot see, and we all know that the hearing of the blind is wonderfully acute. As for our place in the world, a French writer says that we take up just so much space as our bodies require, and that God gives it to us as a free gift. We, of course, are already grown; but you, boys and girls, remember that all the time you are taking up more and more space every day. You may crowd others by placing yourselves in their way; but then you may help them along by your companionship, growing up side by side with them, and occasionally stretching out your strong young arm to encourage some one who may not be growing as fast as you are.

PUGWUGGLE'S IMPRESSIONS

BY ELANOR CORBET

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THERE'S a song my master's servants sometimes sing, called "The Babies on Our Block;" and since we moved over here it's my opinion there ought to be another one composed with a bow-wow chorus, and named, "The Doggies on Our Street." You see, my folks have built a new house a long way from our old one, and I'm just getting acquainted with the neighbors who live with their families in the other houses. A queer lot they seem to be. There are not many houses on the street—not a dozen altogether—and, of course, it's the best locality in the town, or *my* people wouldn't have built here; but there are dog-folks at half the houses, so it's quite a lively neighborhood when we are all let out for air and exercise.

First, there's little Nick Lokens, who lives across the street, and who appears to be very sedate and of a reflective turn of mind, like a quiet old bachelor who has a good many fixed habits and is very set in his ways. It is said that he is very neat, and the dogs next door to him told me that when he wants a taste of something good at the family meal time, he gets a little cloth and spreads it down by his mistress' chair, so as not to soil the carpet. Just fancy taking so much trouble! He's generally very quiet, and doesn't run about much alone like the rest of us; but he often jogs down the street with the little maid-servant when she is sent on an errand, and if it is muddy weather he has to stop and have his footies wiped before he can go indoors and see his friends. The other doggies laugh at him, and call the little girl "Nicky's maid;" but, in my opinion, he's a well-bred person, though he's far from handsome, being too long in the body and too short in the legs.

His nearest neighbors are a very lively pair, and contribute a good deal of noise, if not much wit, to the neighborly intercourse. The one which has lived there longest is small and thin and black, and his name is Fidget, which is very appropriate, for he is always in motion and is a tremendous barker. Judging from the noise he makes, you'd think he was the bravest terrier that ever lived, and so he is—when he's inside of his own fence, with the gate shut between him and the rest of dogdom. When he was younger he used to be very fond of a romp, and every night he would drag off his master's suspenders for a plaything. But he's older and wiser now; and, besides, he has Schneider to play with. He's quite a new comer, and is fat and white, and not a bit pretty; but, oh my! isn't he conceited! just because he has been trained and can do tricks just like a circus dog, you know. Why, I'd be ashamed if I couldn't be cunning and funny of my own accord without being taught. However, Schneider isn't a bad fellow, as dogs go, though he does sometimes put on airs and snub Fidget, because he remembers that his master said he was worth a hundred dollars. My friends don't think he's worth anything like that, and they wouldn't give *me* for a dozen like him.

Talking of conceit, Schneider is nowhere compared to the persons next door. Their name is Brown—Jim and Ned Brown—and they live in a new house too, and they are so

stuck up because they've got a nice yard with plenty of soft grass all fenced in. You see, the people who belong to me haven't had time yet to get our place all in order, so we've no fence around it; and when I want to go out and sniff the air, they tie a long rope to my harness and tether me to the piazza railing, and then those hateful Brown dogs come and peer through the fence, and say:

"Hello, Puggie, what are you doing with all that clothes-line? Don't you wish *your* folks could afford to have a nice fence like ours?" I always pretend I don't understand the setter dialect, for I despise to take any notice of such taunts. I believe they're just envious of me because I'm always washed and brushed, and have on good clothes, with satin rosettes on my harness, while they're the dirtiest people you ever saw; all their feathery paws and tails, and even their stomachs, are caked with red mud. And for all that, they're so proud that their young master's uncle is the Governor!—always with a big, big G, mind you! As if that was anything wonderful. Why, my friends are called Princes, and princes are next to kings, and away ahead of governors always.

There's a great deal of sinful pride on this street anyhow. Next door beyond Jim and Ned Brown lives a great mastiff who is of more consequence (in his own estimation) than all of us put together, just because his name is Duke; and he struts up and down his front yard, and insists that we shall all say, "Your Grace," when we address him. Well, I did the other day. One of his ears is queer, and won't stand up straight like the other, and it makes him look so comical I nearly laughed my harness off the first time I saw him. When I heard of his ridiculous pretensions, the first time I was out by myself I went up and peeked through the fence, after seeing that the gate was tightly shut, and then I called out:

"Oho, your Grace! how is your lopsided highness this morning?" Gracious! wasn't he mad! I thought he'd have *glared* me to death; and I don't suppose we'll ever again "speak as we pass by." Maybe it wasn't very polite of me, but I have no patience with dog folks who put on such frills. Collars and harness, and bells and bows, are proper apparel for us, and it's not becoming to be sticking feathers in our caps.

Beyond these people lives the only person I am really jealous of, for his folks make as big a fuss over him as mine do over me. And besides, he is called very handsome, though I am sure I can't see the beauty of a thing that looks like an animated door mat, and hasn't tail enough to curl a single bit. I heard some one say that he has wonderful eyes for such a little dog, and I must confess that when he goes out after his bath he looks like a silver fluff ball, and half the women who meet him, say, "Oh, what a beautiful little dog!" He wears a harness like mine, and it has a big cherry satin rosette on it; and when he isn't out walking he has on an orange, or blue, or scarlet necktie with a silver bell hanging from it. His name? Well, it's James; but for ordinary, every-day use his family call him Jimmie. His big eyes are bright as stars, and he's as fat as a little pig; but he makes out he's very delicate, and every once in awhile his doctor comes and takes him away for a week or so. And when he comes back he brags an awful lot, because his doctor is a Russian count, and because *he said* there wasn't a small dog at the last Bench Show that could compare with James.

Well, that's all the people who live on our street, but a very pretty little Scotch person sometimes comes to call at the opposite house. She is evidently "quality," for she keeps a carriage, and has a coachman who takes great care of her. I think of paying my respects to her some day when she comes up the street, if I'm not tied up on the piazza. I did hear that there used to be another person in the house where Jimmie lives—a collie, named Mr. Shepherd, who was a real gentleman by birth and breeding. I am told that he was not puffed up with pride, though he knew he was handsome and clever; but he died before our new house was even begun, so I never knew him. I think we should have been friends, for he was a thoroughbred, and so am I. Anyhow, he wouldn't have called me a "dude pug," as that rude Jim Brown did.

A SUMMER NIGHT

BY ANNIE L. HANNAH

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THE long bright day is ended,
Night's sombre shadows fall;
Out from the lovely gloaming
We hear the Bob-White's call.

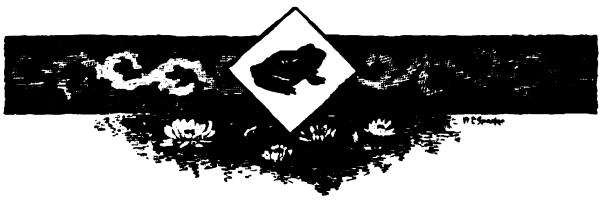
Rustling the ripening wheat field
The soft, sweet south wind goes,
Kissing the fair white lilies,
Bending the stately rose.

Up from the brook in the meadow
Comes the frogs' trumpet call;
Hear you the crickets' chirping
Down by the old stone wall?

Hark! from the distant woodland,
How sweet, and yet sweeter still,
Is borne to our ear through the valley
The note of the Whip-poor-Will.

And now a sweet, sleepy twitter
Above our head is heard,
From the nest where the drowsy mother
Is hushing her baby-bird.

And gently on our spirits
Steals, through the cool moonlight,
A calm as sweet and restful
As this peaceful summer night.



THE TREE HOUSE OF THE BAYA

By J. Carter Beard

[For our animal friends]

THE baya is one of the most skilful of weavers. You should see the beautiful home, woven of grass and palm-leaves, that, with the aid of his faithful little wife, he makes amid the branches of some lofty cocoanut-tree, or perhaps on the roof of some native house, to do justice to his art as a nest builder.

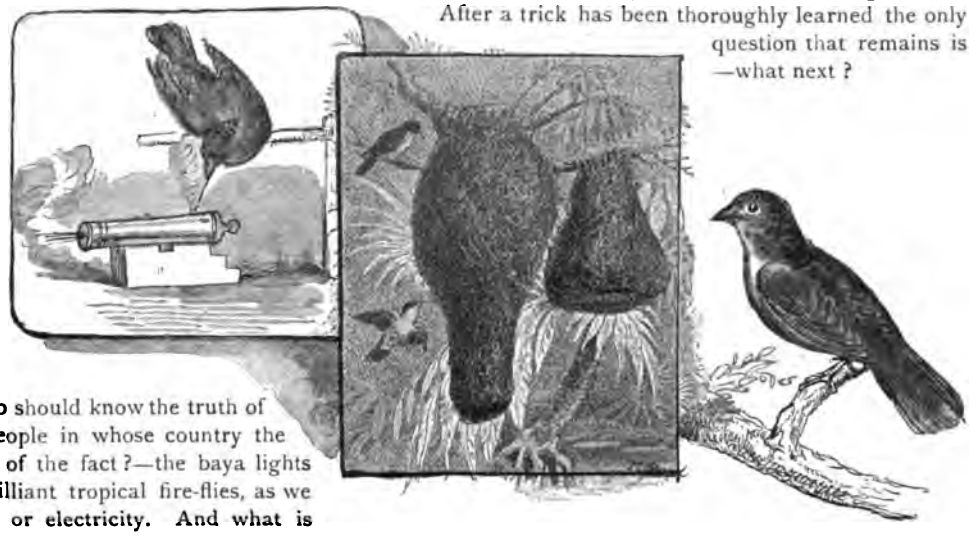
Other birds content themselves with saucer-shaped houses open at the top and exposed to all weathers, but the baya weaves him a nest that is water-tight and storm proof. More than this, it is a double nest, since, beside the warm, dry chamber where the hen bird broods her eggs, it has another room for the male, into which the little ones also go when they are able to leave the sheltering wings of their mother.

If the story is true—and who should know the truth of the matter better than the people in whose country the birds live and who assure us of the fact?—the baya lights up its home at night with brilliant tropical fire-flies, as we light ours with lamps or gas or electricity. And what is very curious, the bayas fasten the fire-flies into lumps of damp clay which serve as candlesticks for their living candles. As the nest is hung from the branch of a tree or the edge of the roof of a house, the door is at the end of a long, neck-shaped entrance-way on the under side, so that neither beast, bird, nor reptile of prey can get at it.

In shape the wonderful nests built by the baya are somewhat like those of our oriole or hang nests, but they are larger and much more skilfully built. They are generally made of grass, and sometimes of palm-leaves torn into strips. As many as a hundred nests, and even more, have been counted hanging to the eaves of a single house. The owners of the nests seemed to live on very good terms with the people who occupied the house, and flew in and out attending to their affairs quite regardless of the somewhat noisy housekeeping going on beneath them. They were not interfered with, for the house people were native Hindoos or Indians, and these people are very kind to birds and beasts.

This little bird is one of the most interesting and intelligent of pets. When taken young and carefully taught, he will pick up rings or such matters dropped down a well, will take a flower from the hair of a lady who has been pointed out to him and give it to any other person, and on a sign from his master will take bits of candy in his bill and place them between the lips of any person present. He can even be taught to fire a toy cannon. Little balls of gunpowder are prepared, which the little bird takes in his bill and places in the cannon until it is loaded. He then picks up a tiny ramrod and drives the load home. This done, he seizes a lighted match and applies it to the touch-hole. If the gun fails to go off, the baya will try again and again, until, to his great delight, the cannon discharges with a report loud enough to scare all the crows in the neighborhood, while he remains quietly perched upon the barrel. The Baya is taught many other tricks, and among them to twirl a stick with a ball of fire at each end, holding the stick in the middle by his beak, and flourishing it around his head so rapidly that he makes little circles of fire.

If bayas are placed in a cage and furnished with strings or strips of cloth, they will weave them in and out amid the wires of their cage until they have scarcely room to move about. It seems as if they could not find enough to do. After a trick has been thoroughly learned the only question that remains is —what next?



UNCLE JABEZ'S CONFESSION

By Rev. Heman Dyer, D.D.

(For our animal friends)

I DO not think I was considered a bad boy, as people call bad. I certainly did not lie, steal, or swear, nor did I ever play truant at school or give my teacher much trouble. I always got my share of credit marks, and took home to my parents certificates of good behavior. Indeed, I have the opinion that I was generally regarded in the neighborhood as rather a nice kind of a boy. But in looking back upon that portion of my life, one thing occasions me very much regret and sorrow. It is the remembrance of reckless and, at times, cruel treatment of animals. I need not tell the ways in which I not only injured their feelings but hurt and wounded their bodies. These things were cruel, and needlessly cruel, and now whenever I think of them I blush and feel ashamed all over. My only excuse is that I was not taught as a child and made to see that such cruel things were very, very wicked. It is just as wrong and wicked to be cruel to our dumb animals as to be cruel to one another. Perhaps more so, for they are so dependent upon us. They are serving us all the time, and yet they cannot speak and tell us in words how much they suffer when cruelly treated. I am glad to know that the attention of the children—our boys and girls —is being called to the subject. If they will take hold and help, they can do wonders, and I can assure them that if they live to be old men and women, few things will give them

greater pleasure than the remembrance of what they did to save the animals which God has given us for our service, from cruel and inhuman treatment. Uncle Jabez prays that they will help.

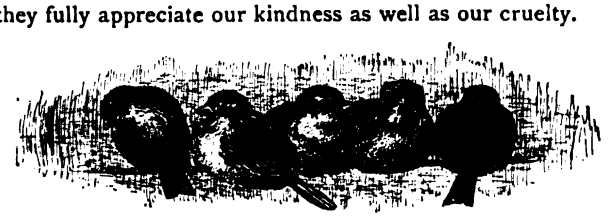
I am now an old man, but long years ago I was a child—a boy—and I grew up in the country on a farm. It so happened that I had no playmates of my own age, and so I had to make companions and playmates of the animals around me. There were a good many of them. I will mention some. There were the old black and white cat and her kittens, just as 'cute and frisky as they could be. Then there were the good-sized dog, Trip, and a little speck of a puppy they nicknamed Tomtit. These were much of the time in the house, and afforded a great deal of fun and amusement. Cat, kittens, dog, pup, and I had rollicking times, racing, chasing, and tumbling on the floor, or scrambling after the ball or marbles as they went rolling and spinning about. I tell you it was real fun. At times even the old, dignified mother-cat would break loose, dash among us with her tail flying, and make things awfully lively. It would have made you laugh till your sides ached to see how the pup and the kittens performed their parts. Tomtit didn't stand (or sit) much on dignity, but pitched in whenever he had a chance, chewing the old cat's paw or the kitten's tail, if he found them lying loose around. Every now and then he would be given a lesson in manners and a short box on the ear from the mother-cat's paw, and his only response would be a yelp and a shake of the head. Occasionally a young lady kitten would resent his too great familiarity by puffing up her tail and sticking her hair out every which way. Sometimes, to give emphasis to her indignation, she would give a small growl and show her teeth, and Tom soon found out that some things could be better done by not being done at all. The cats and the dogs had a good deal of sparring before they got used to taking their meals together. Poor Tom had his ears boxed with the cat's paws many a time, and sometimes the claws were sticking out of the paws, before he learned all the ins and outs of cat and dog etiquette. But in progress of time matters were so adjusted that they got along famously well and became a happy family.

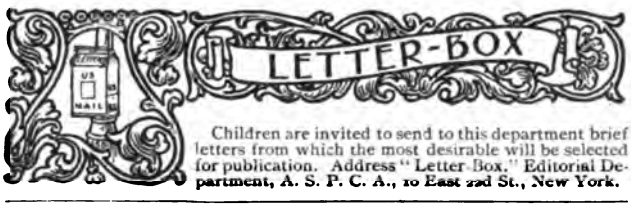
I will tell you one or two things about a cat and dog I afterwards had. When I was old enough, I had a gentle horse which I rode a great deal. The horse, the dog, and myself became almost inseparable; usually where one went the others went. Exactly how it came about I do not know, but I do know that in some way it came to pass that when I mounted my horse at the horse-block, the dog also mounted up behind me, put his paws on my shoulders, and sat with his head close behind my head. In this position we rode miles and miles together, much to the amusement of the people. If Trip spied another dog at any of the houses we passed, he was sure to salute him with a friendly bark or two, and then stick his nose up and lick my face, as much as to say, "Didn't I do the polite?" A cat I had at this time took it into her head that she must go with me and the dog wherever we went. If we went into the fields or the woods she would stick close by us. Whenever the dog went chasing and barking after a bird or a squirrel, Pussy felt it necessary to stick up her tail, fuss about, and appear to be doing something quite important.

One time Trip and I were going to take a ride on horseback. The cat was on hand at the horse-block. I mounted, and so did the dog. Seeing the cat making queer motions, I waited a few moments before starting. Immediately she sprang from the block and seated herself on the horse behind Trip. Unfortunately she felt it necessary to use her claws in order to hold on. The horse resented that, and began shaking himself rather vigorously. Puss only sent her claws in all the deeper. Up went the horse's heels; "bow-wow," went Trip; off went Pussy; and that cured her of her ambition to ride on horseback.

Puss met with another disappointment in her rather strange if not strained companionship. In some of the lots on the farm were two or three small ponds, to which we often went in the summer. Nothing pleased Trip more than these excursions, for he did so luxuriate in a good swim. He was never more happy than to have sticks or chips thrown in for him to bring out. He could scarcely wait for the article to reach the water before he would plunge in and make a tremendous splashing. Now to Pussy this was an almost unendurable trial. If there is anything cats dislike, it is to have wet feet. If they chance to step into a puddle of water they are in woe, and as soon as they get out they stick up one foot after another, and give it a thorough shaking and drying. On this matter the dog and cat had to agree to differ.

Though my dog was a most devoted friend, he could at times show a strong and proper resentment. I recall one occasion. I was sitting under an apple-tree, with many apples lying around me on the ground. Trip, full of life, was capering about. I commenced throwing apples off as far as possible. This was what Trip liked. Away he bounded and would not stop until he had found the apple, and, taking it in his mouth, he brought it to me, expressing his great pleasure in the performance. This play had continued for some time, when I thought I would make a little change; so, while Trip was standing about fifty feet away from me looking at something, I fired an apple at him and struck him in the side. It really hurt him a good deal, but it scared him more. He gave a tremendous jump and a frightened yelp, which set me to laughing. Trip turned and looked at me. He seemed to know I was laughing at him, for he came slowly towards me, and when he came near enough, I heard his angry growl and saw his white teeth. My conscience smote me. I felt that I had done a mean thing. At once I started up, flung my arm around his neck, and cried out: "Dear old Trip, I am so sorry. I beg your pardon." Now, I do not know how much he understood my words, but I do think he understood my feelings, for the ruffled hair on his back instantly smoothed down and he commenced licking my hands and face, and his tail was as lively as ever. It taught me a great lesson, a lesson I have never forgotten, and that is this, that our dumb animals can be made real friends and companions, and that they fully appreciate our kindness as well as our cruelty.




LETTER-BOX
Children are invited to send to this department brief letters from which the most desirable will be selected for publication. Address "Letter-Box," Editorial Department, A. S. P. C. A., 10 East 22d St., New York.

TO THE EDITOR OF OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS:

Thinking that it might be interesting to the young readers of this the best of magazines to hear of a pet which we had when living near the Adirondack Mountains several years ago, I will try to tell them of it. Some four or five rods in front of our house was an ordinary board fence. We had noticed a pretty little chipmunk running back and forth, and the thought came to us to see what kindness could do toward taming him. We sprinkled kernels of pop-corn between the fence and the house. In a few days the chipmunk came to the house in search of the dainties, and he soon grew so tame that if I lay on the floor with a few kernels of corn on my clothing, he would play upon me and even search my pockets for the corn and sugar he was sure to find there.

He had a nest near the well, to which he would travel as fast as he could after he had filled his mouth so full that his head was by far the largest part of him.

He grew so very tame that we seldom ate a meal without the little fellow's being upon the table, eating berries and other things out of a dish reserved for him alone.

About this time, Mrs. A—— had a quantity of berries drying for future use. The berries gradually disappeared and the children were accused of pilfering them, until, on getting up earlier than usual one morning, we saw "Dickey" busily at work carrying the berries to put with his corn for the winter.

Many visitors came to see the antics of our little pet. "Dickey," however, had become too tame to object to strangers, although he would not permit them to handle him, as he would our family.

We have had a number of pets, but none that we prized as we did "Dickey." If we called, "Dickey, Dickey!" he would come running as fast as his little legs would carry him. We left home two or three weeks later in the summer, and we never saw the little fellow again.

Let some of our young friends try the experiment of taming a chipmunk. They will be surprised at the amount of enjoyment it will give them.

Yours very truly,

DR. T. J. A.

DEAR LETTER-BOX:

Down by the asparagus-bed where Mr. Robbins' field joins ours is an apple-tree. It is a great big apple-tree with a hollow around it, so that a person who is not very big can get into the hollow and lie down exactly as he would in a room with high walls. I take books and read there; it is such a splendid place. When I lie on my back the twisted boughs above make a ceiling such as an artist ought to paint. I would like to see a real room with trees painted in the corners and the ceiling a mass of bent branches, with glimpses of the sky glowing through them.

One day I took OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS to my private reading room. After devouring the stories about so many different kinds of animals, I began to wonder whether I really cared for all animals or for only a few. I like horses and dogs best. There is no doubt of that, and I think most fellows will agree with me. I have never paid any attention to other pets. While I was lazily thinking that horses and dogs are the only animals worth attention, my hand touched something soft beside me—something alive that hopped away a little distance and then stood still. I could see it without turning my head. It was a toad. I stared at it a while, and it returned the compliment. They are hideous creatures when you examine them. Suddenly I thought, Why not make a pet of it? It would be something to study, and I suppose it is as much one of our animal friends as another.

I have devoted myself to that toad's education for a week. You may think me ridiculous, but I am actually fond of him. He knows me pretty well. He is not brilliantly intelligent, but that may be because he comes from a long line of uneducated ancestors. Why should he not be the progenitor of a race of cultured toads?

Yours very truly,

ARTHUR NORTON AMBROSE.

LAKE MOHONK, NEW YORK.

Dear Letter-Box:

Once I found my dog Trump playing with my hat and chewing it all to pieces.

I wondered and wondered how he should be punished. To whip him was not fair. I had left the hat on the bed instead of putting it away in its box. I went to him gently and took him in my arms. "Trump," I said, "see what you have done. Don't you ever touch a hat again. Do you hear?"

He put his head down, looking as sad as if I had whipped him. Then I shut him in a dark closet for ten minutes, and from that day to this he has never touched another hat.

You see, Trump is the kind of dog that does not need whipping. He is eight years old now, so that if he had been naughty by nature, he would have eaten up more hats. I think dogs ought not to be whipped till the second time they do wrong. You don't know what they are thinking about even then, and it is fair to give them one chance more.

Yours truly,

NELLY L——.

SOUTH YARMOUTH, CAPE COD, MASSACHUSETTS.

THE VETERINARIAN

Under this heading will appear notes from practical veterinarians, answers to correspondents, and other items relating to that branch of science.

PINK EYE

BY G. D. S.

[FOR OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS]

THE majority of curable diseases of the horse's eye are easily recognized without the use of any artificial aids. Indeed, the ophthalmoscope is here, for obvious reasons, of little practical utility.

Pink eye, one of the most common affections, is simply a local manifestation of an underlying constitutional disease, which disease consists of an inflammation of the cellular structures—that is, a general cellulitis. It is most frequently epidemic; but sporadic, or what appear to be sporadic, cases sometimes occur. Sudden atmospheric changes from cold to heat favor the development of the disease, while a sudden change in an opposite direction—that is, from heat to cold—will aid in checking it, and, indeed, often seems to stamp out altogether a threatened epidemic. These facts point to the theory that the disease is caused by germs. Poor ventilation, or any hygienic defect in the surroundings, undoubtedly exerts an unfavorable influence both on the causation and progress of the disease. That it is contagious as well as infectious is a very well known and important fact.

When it breaks out in a stable the first case or cases usually remain unrecognized until the local manifestations occur, and even then the appearance is such that the groom is often blamed for having hit or in some way injured the eye. To the skilled observer—and all may be skilled—the first, or one of the first, symptoms is an elevation of temperature, which runs from 102° to 104° F., or even higher. So important is this that where one or two cases have occurred in a stable it is wise to frequently take the temperature of the remaining animals, in order to be early apprised of the next victims. There will be also a loss of appetite, and a certain amount of constipation, as shown by frequent but scanty passages. The extremities generally swell, though in mild cases this may not occur. The animal hangs his head, looks dumpish, or, in other words, does not look well.

The appearance of the eye is characteristic, looking, as it is often expressed, like a ball of fire. On opening the lids, an intense inflammation is revealed, and the whole mucous membrane or conjunctiva is fiery red, swollen, or thickened. The pain is severe and is aggravated by light, to avoid which the animal stands, when possible, with closed eyes and lowered head.

An efficient and simple method of treatment is as follows: Give an enema of a quart of cold water every three or four hours. This serves to reduce the temperature and relax the bowels, and should be continued one, two, or three days, or until both these results have been accomplished. Nitrate of potash (saltpetre) given in drachm (teaspoonful) doses three times a day, is valuable, chiefly for its diuretic effects. In place of the enema, a cathartic, such as linseed oil, may be given. The local treatment of the eyes consists in bathing them in pure cold water to which common salt has been added. (A good and easily remembered proportion is a handful of salt to a bucket of water.) This solution is antiseptic, slightly astringent, and should be applied three times a day. A word as to the method of applying the eye bath. Do not stand in front of the horse, but at one or the other side of the neck while bathing the eye of the opposite side. To test the value of this point, ask your groom to administer the bath, and while he stands in front of the horse watch how very effectually he douches everything but the eye, himself included. To relieve the pain, the safest thing for the laity to do is to paint the eye with a feather dipped in tincture of belladonna. The horse, of course, closes the eyes, and the lids must therefore be opened with the finger and thumb of the left hand, where the feather is drawn through, allowing the lids to close over it.

Sometimes it is necessary to scarify the mucous membrane where the swelling is very severe and persistent, but this should always be left to the surgeon.

Never use warm or hot water.

The food should be soft and relaxant, and if the horse refuses and continues to refuse it and is losing strength, stimulants, such as whiskey, eggs, etc., should be given. Keep, if possible, in a box stall, which is well ventilated, darkened, and perfectly clean.

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A FREQUENT cause of colic in the horse is the congestion of the alimentary mucous membrane which follows a superficial chill. The latter occurs most frequently when a horse has been worked or driven and is then left unprotected in the cold. The congestion of the mucous membrane causes sluggishness of the bowels and impaction of fæces, as denoted by frequent but small passages. Now, if the horse is driven while in this condition colic is very apt to occur. A simple plan of treatment is to give an opiate, or, better still, a dose of oil or an enema.

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THE question of feeding cows grain in the summer does not receive proper attention, nor do farmers and dairymen study the matter as they should, for if they did, they would surely not expect their cows to give profitable returns when fed on poor grass alone. There is not an intelligent farmer who would think of working his horses through the summer on hay or grass alone, yet the horses are not doing any heavier work than the cow that is giving a full flow of milk. There is no doubt that it pays in more ways than one to feed cows grain. A grain-fed cow will almost invariably come into winter quarters in a far better condition than the one which has had none.

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THE English government will not buy for cavalry purposes a horse which has been docked, and officers are not allowed to ride them on parade, even if they be private property.

THE HOPE OF THE GOSPEL. By George MacDonald, author of "Unspoken Sermons"; "Hamlet, A Study with the Text"; "Robert Falconer"; "The Flight of the Shadow," etc. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

With the theology of the writer of these most interesting discourses we are not concerned in this notice, with the exception of the doctrine of animal immortality which he avows and defends in a very striking lecture on "The Hope of the Universe." Naturally he takes as his text the famous passage in which St. Paul declares that the whole creation which is now groaning and travailing in sufferings which are akin to those of mankind, has been subjected to them "in hope," and that its "earnest expectation" awaits "the manifestation of the sons of God." Our author contemptuously brushes away the shallow exegesis which would rob that suggestive passage of all significance. He refuses to admit that God, whose love to man is so loudly preached, has no bowels of compassion for other creatures which are capable of suffering, and which do suffer—sometimes horribly—from the heedlessness and wilful cruelty of men. He insists that if the hope of immortality for man is founded on our faith in the wisdom and goodness of God, a like hope of immortality for every sentient creature in the universe can be equally well founded on the same basis. If man in a future life is to advance from glory to glory, he can see no reason why the meanest creature in the world may not likewise rise from stage to stage of higher being in a future life, or haply in some long procession of future lives, until it, too, may be prepared to rise into the state of "glory." In all this there is surely nothing contrary to Holy Scripture or the Christian religion; but orthodox readers may possibly be startled by Mr. MacDonald's view of the possibilities of the future life for men who are as little prepared as beasts for the life of glory. He says:

"All animal forms tend to higher; why should not the individual, as well as the race, pass through stages of ascent? If I have myself gone through each of the typical forms of lower life on the way to the human—a supposition by antenatal history rendered probable—and therefore may have passed through any number of individual forms of life, I do not see why each of the lower animals should not as well pass upward through a succession of bettering embodiments. I grant that the theory requires another to complement it; namely, that those men and women who do not even approximately fulfil the conditions of their elevated rank, who will not endeavor after the great human-divine idea, striving to ascend, are sent away back down to that stage of development, say of fish, or reptile, or insect, beyond which their moral nature has refused to advance. Who has not seen or known men who *appeared* not to have passed, or in some things to have approached, the development of the more human of the lower animals! Let those take care who look contemptuously upon the animals, lest, in misusing one of them, they misuse some ancestor of their own, sent back, as the one mercy for him, to reassume past forms and conditions—far past in the physical, that is, but not in the moral development—and so have another opportunity of passing the self-constituted barrier."

IN *Harper's Magazine* for July there is praise of the ass, and it is Colonel T. A. Dodge, U.S.A., who gives it, and, what is more, Colonel Dodge gives it in an article entitled "Algerian Riders," which opens with an account of the Arabian thoroughbred. "Good horseflesh," Colonel Dodge tells us, however, "is as rare in the desert as it is in England or America. A faultless horse is a pearl of great price; and, like the Scriptural jewel, a man must often sell all that he hath to buy it." One of the illustrations of the article shows a Spahi racking, and Colonel Dodge observes that "all Arabs ride with a severe gag-bit, just as all bronco riders are wont to do. The bit of the country is like the Mexican bit—a ring in the horse's mouth with a single branch at the back of it, to which the reins are attached. The rein is slack, but the least tightening of it on the severe bit makes the horse jerk up his head," as is shown by the illustration. "One does not admire the nose in the air; it suggests a bit which the horse fears." Then, turning to the ass, Colonel Dodge goes as far as to say: "Were I a Homer, or a Dante, or even a Holmes, I would indite an epic, or at least a rhyme, to the character, strength and courage of this noblest of the race. . . . The little creature can be bought for seven or eight francs, does during his life the work of a dozen men, and exhibits the qualities of a score of saints. He is never vicious or obstinate, but works faithfully until his poor old ears flop downward from age, and he literally falls under his load and dies in his tracks, after serving his often cruel master some score or more of years. When he is put to work as a yearling, he does not last so long. I have ridden one at eighteen months, which had been trained but two weeks, yet was gentle, bridle-wise, and well gaited. Where is there such a horse?"

THE EAST AND SOUTH DEVON ADVERTISER, of May 20, published at Newton Abbot, England, has been sent to us because of its account of a lecture on vivisection, given at the Public Rooms at Newton, by Mr. T. A. Williams, of Bristol. "Vivisection," according to Mr. Williams, "is much more than mere opinion; it is a question of 'facts,' and these would have to be unmistakably stated before the system could stand justified, even along the line of abstract science only; and then would come the larger and more important question of its ethical influence upon humanity." "How far," asked the lecturer, "is the physiological profession decided that vivisectional experiment is a safe means of discovery? There is an influential and growing minority in the ranks of the medical profession who insist, as in the words of Sir Charles Bell, 'that experiments have never been the means of discovery, and that a survey of what has been attempted of late years will prove that the opening of living animals has done more to perpetuate error than to enforce the just views taken from anatomy and the natural sciences.'" At the close of the lecture Captain Quintanilha read the audience an extract from a book entitled "Work and Wages," by the late Thorold Rogers, professor of Political Economy at Oxford. "I make no doubt that the ordinary hardships of human life in England were greater, and I am sure they were more general, than they are now. Under better sanitary conditions life is greatly prolonged. So 'engineering,'" added Captain Quintanilha, "to which the world owes so much in many other respects, has done infinitely more for the health of the people than all the vivisectors put together."

"ANIMAL COURTESIES" is the title of an article by Alexander H. Japp, LL.D., F.R.S.E., in the July number of

Cassell's Family Magazine. "Voltaire," says Mr. Japp, "defines courtesy as a native kindliness or the beauty of the heart." Of all the anecdotes told us by Mr. Japp to prove the kindliness among animals the most touching is a story of a little old hen. "She had become blind, or nearly so, and she kept by herself in a dark, retired corner of the fowl-house. There she might, perhaps, have starved but for the constant and sympathetic attentions of a duck. Twice daily, as long as the poor bantam lived—some three weeks—this good Samaritan was observed to fill her capacious beak with from twenty to thirty grains of barley, with which she proceeded to the fowl-house, and there deposited her store immediately in front of the bantam."

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE is not only upon its feet at the age of two months, but it can "stand alone," and it takes its stand very naturally among the leading magazines of the day. In the July number before us Raymond Blathwayt has an article upon "Wild Beasts. How they are transported and tamed." Karl Hagenbeck, the author tells us, has furnished the material for the article, and Mr. Blathwayt has certainly made good use of the facts at his disposal. What most interests us is the rule given for the taming of wild beasts: "Kindness, coolness, and firmness." The young animals of Mr. Hagenbeck's menagerie practice their tricks with the regularity of children at work under a conscientious tutor. "After awhile, when school was over," says Mr. Blathwayt, speaking of one of these private exhibitions, "the goats and ponies left the arena, and then the door of the big cage which gave upon the circle, was thrown wide open. It was pretty to see the little lions and tigers running home, for all the world like an infant school dismissed to play. The pretty creatures gambolled about for a short while in their cage, and then lay down to rest."

UNDER the heading "Rod and Gun," the July number of *Outing* gives excellent reasons why the true sportsman should now lay aside his gun. "There is no glory in grassing even straight strings, when the conditions are all against the birds and in favor of the man at the score." The fairness of this declaration should impress any lover of sport. For our own part, we cannot understand how a man, calling himself a sportsman, can find sport in the wanton destruction of game out of season.

IN GOLDTHWAITE'S GEOGRAPHICAL MAGAZINE, May–June, 1893, A. H. Bell tells young people about "Prairie Dogs," and in "The Young Folks' Geographical Corner" is given a "Field Lesson in Natural History," in which the young folks are taught to use their eyes. The article upon prairie dogs describes their towns, in which as many as two hundred of the dogs live. The dogs will work together to dig a well. Only one dog digs at a time, while the others carry out the dirt. They may have to dig to the depth of one or even two hundred feet, but they keep at it until the well is finished.

"WHY NOT BE A VETERINARY SURGEON?" suggests Austin Peters, M. R. C. V. S., in the *Youth's Companion* of July 13th. "To the young man just completing his college course, or the youth about to leave school without going to college, the question, 'what shall I do?' presents a most serious problem," says Mr. Peters. "The veterinary surgeon should not be merely a 'horse and cow doctor.' A well educated veterinary surgeon is one whose opinion should be sought and his suggestion followed out in outbreaks of contagious diseases among animals and in respect to the public health so far as it is influenced by these maladies. The problem of keeping our flocks and herds in health is closely connected with that of keeping in health the whole body of the people."

THE OUTLOOK, as our readers probably know, is the title of a new series of *The Christian Union*. In the number for July 8th, Philip Poindexter writes of "Cruelty to Children," and gives the New York society, which aims to prevent such cruelty, the credit it so justly deserves. We have not the space to quote largely from Mr. Poindexter's article. Every one should read every word of it for himself. The closing words are, that "the great thing to remember when thinking of The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children is that more than thirty-six thousand children have been given through its efforts the chance in life that otherwise they would not have had," and that "the founders of this institution built wisely and well, and deserve the hearty coöperation and sympathetic assistance and good-will of those who would be glad to see cruelty and injustice banished from the world." Further on in this same paper, is "A Painted Lady," by Fanny C. Neale. "Not a painted picture of a lady, but a painted lady butterfly," says Miss Neale, and then she goes on to paint a dainty word-picture that will catch the fancy of young and old.

BOOKS RECEIVED

THE HOPE OF THE GOSPEL. George MacDonald. New York: D. Appleton & Company.

WORKERS WITHOUT WAGE. Edith Carrington. London: Griffith, Farran & Co., Newberry House, 39 Charing Cross Road.

THE NEW PRIESTHOOD. Ouida. London: E. W. Allen, 4 Ave Maria Lane.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS

A VERY bright little magazine. This monthly . . . is certainly doing a good work, carrying as it does a message of humanity to all the world, and teaching as its principle that when Christ spoke of "the least of these" He meant not only humanity, but the brute creation as well.—*Leisure Hour*, Philadelphia.

WELL calculated to instruct all who read it.—*Los Angeles*, (Cal.) *Hotel Gazette.*

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, which is doing its share in the good work of The American Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, has some very entertaining matter. It deserves support for its cause as well as its merit.—*Confectioner's Gazette*, New York.

BRIM full of good things. Every animal lover should have this journal on his table.—*District Record*, Albany.

APPEALS for more humanity to dumb creatures, and is well edited.—*Canadian Journal of Fabrics*, Montreal.

OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS is as good as ever. Every farmer should take this magazine for the good it will do in the family. —*Orange County Farmer*, Port Jervis, N. Y.

We commend to humane people, especially those who are in sympathy with organized efforts to prevent cruelty to animals, OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.—*Coast Review*, San Francisco.

A VERY interesting monthly journal.—*Daily Mercury*, New Bedford, Mass.

CONTAINS many interesting articles for older persons as well as some stories for the boys and girls. We wish a copy of the same could be placed in the hands of every boy and girl in America, for its aim and object is a good one; viz., that of protecting our birds from the "plume hunters," and our animals from the hands of abusive masters. Long life to OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS.—*Pinckney* (Mich.) *Dispatch.*

THE contents of the magazine comprise interesting accounts of the usefulness and intelligence of domestic animals, their dependence and friendliness, and their claim upon us for kind and humane treatment. Much information is given of the best modes of their treatment and care in health and disease. We know of no publication which better deserves the patronage of all who like horses and dogs and other domestic animals.—*New York Ledger.*

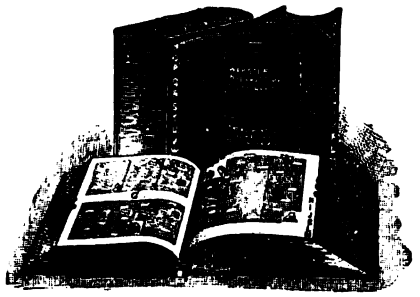
OUR SPECIAL PREMIUM OFFERS.

We wish to increase the circulation of OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS to 100,000 copies each month before the present volume is completed, and in order to accomplish this we need the co-operation of our friends. That they may not go unrewarded, we make the following liberal premium offers:

To every person sending us ten new subscriptions, we will present a beautiful Four dollar "Waterman Ideal" Fountain Pen, and also send OUR ANIMAL FRIENDS, postage paid, free for one year. This gold

pen is universally admitted to be "the best in the world," and has the very latest improvements. If you receive one that does not suit you, it can be returned, and either exchanged or made satisfactory. Remember this costs you nothing.

Perhaps you have a pen; therefore we make this offer: To every person sending us twenty-five new subscriptions, we will give a copy of WEBSTER'S INTERNATIONAL DICTIONARY, in rich and substantial sheep binding. This dictionary is the legitimate successor of the famous Webster's Unabridged Dictionary which which has been so long the standard authority on the words and usages of the English language. It is not an old, useless edition, but the very latest, and should have a prominent place in every home. Send us the twenty-five subscriptions and we will send you the dictionary, express paid.



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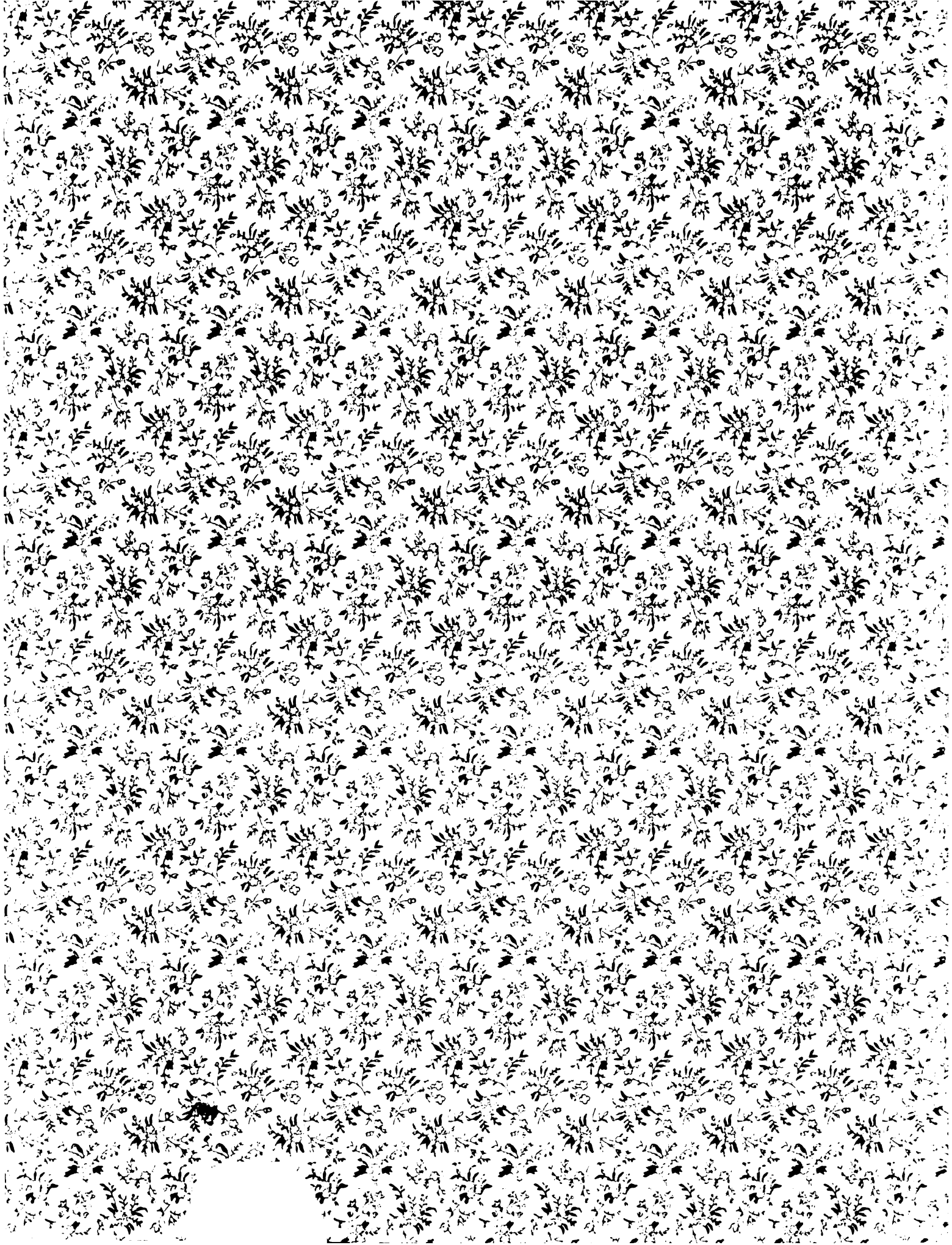

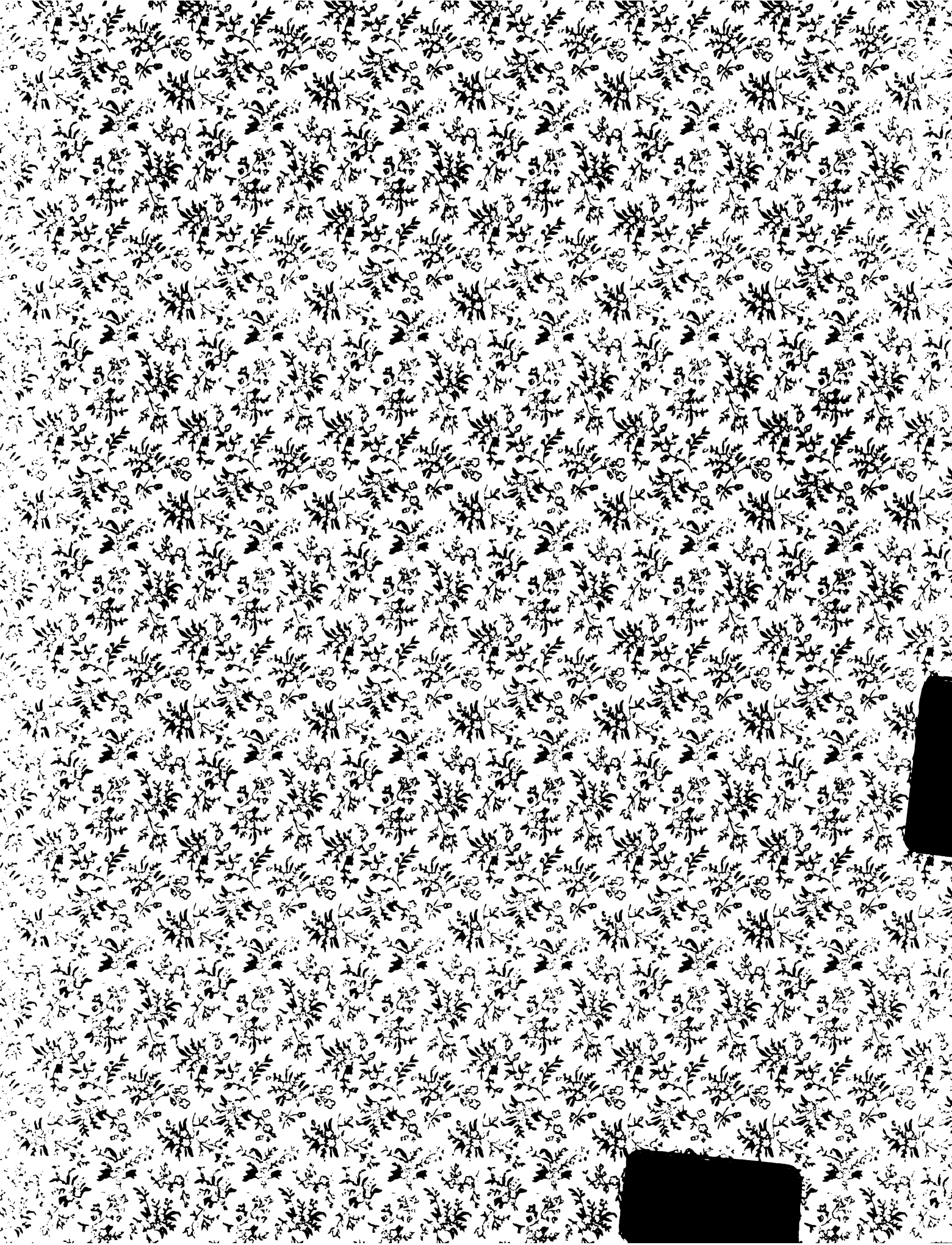

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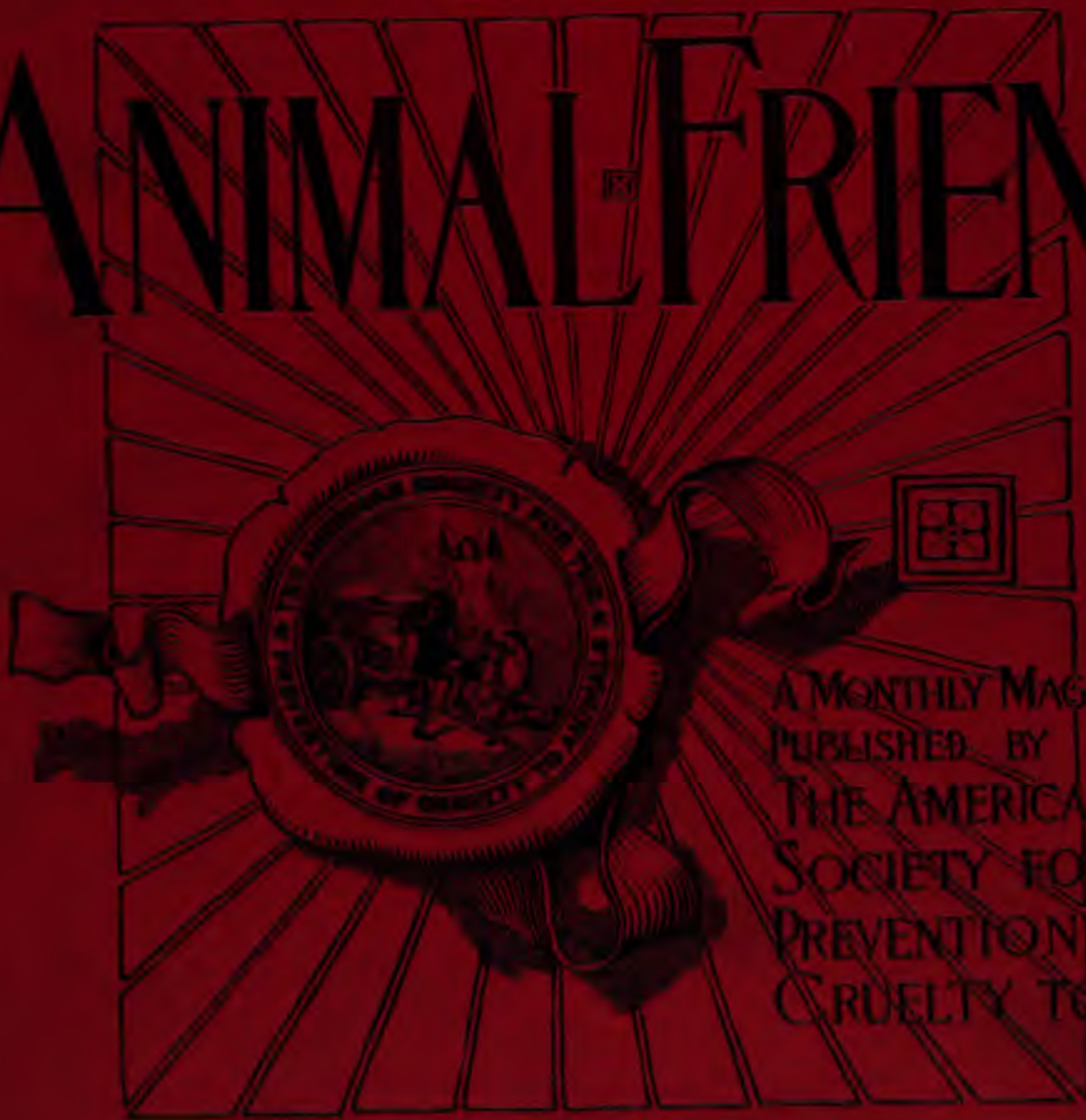

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